

THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

372
✓
122

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THIRD SERIES, VOL. 6.

FROM THE BEGINNING CXXXVII. JULY TO DECEMBER, 1901.

Vol. 137

BOSTON:
THE LIVING AGE CO., 13½ BROMFIELD STREET.



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art

VOL. CXXXVII.
THIRD SERIES. VOL. VI.}

JULY, 1901.

372

No. 1

THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

The death of the most illustrious of the recent sovereigns of the world has been followed by an outburst of respectful eulogy, not merely from her own subjects, whose pride no less than their affection was concerned in the matter, but also from independent observers in all countries, even in those which are, by old habit or recent prejudice, hostile to British institutions, and to the rulers of our Empire. It has been gratifying to us to feel that the virtues of Queen Victoria rose so high above all international jealousies as to command veneration even when it must have been grudgingly accorded. In all the nations—but particularly, it should be said, in France and America—that ugly habit of scolding, from which we ourselves cannot pretend that we are free, gave place, at least momentarily, to a respectful and sympathetic appreciation, for which, unversed as we are to these amenities, we can hardly be too grateful. This was a very striking tribute to the person of the late Queen, and one which when we reflect upon it, must have arisen more from a correct general estimate than from any very exact knowledge. The character of Her Majesty was very widely divined; it cannot with truth be said to have been very precisely

known. The fierce light which beats upon a throne has two effects, the one of which is more commonly perceived than the other. It throws up, indeed, into brilliant prominence certain public features of the character, but none the less it produces a dazzlement, a glare of glory, in the flood of which it is not easy to analyze with exactitude the component parts out of which that character is formed.

For a little while, after the death of a person for whom a semi-religious admiration has been felt, the blaze of reverence continues. It takes some time for the bewildering radiance to die down, and to leave the majestic potentate in the common light of man. But this regression to the mortal state is inevitable, and it occurs not merely in the moral and religious sense which has always impressed the Bossuets of the pulpit. It occurs in the natural order of history; and it is when it has done its worst, and the solitude is most blank around a royal coffin, that we begin to see what the robes and pageantry concealed. Was it a human being at all? Was it worthy of the idolatry it awakened? How much of the worship was paid to a woman, and how much to a fetish? In the utterances of a loyal and justly emotional

press, we have heard the last and least-measured accents of a praise that was too closely allied with pain and grief to analyze or to discriminate. But reason tells us that this cannot last. It tells us that Queen Victoria must, in her turn, take her place among all the other great preceding figures, who are judged not as what they seem to be, but as what they were. It appears to us that the time has come to begin to abandon the note of purely indiscriminate praise, and to put even this revered personage into the crucible of criticism—to endeavor, in other words, to note, without any blind or sycophantic laudation, what were the elements and what the evolution of her character. We can try to do so with the more perfect serenity, seeing that by such treatment it has scarcely anything to lose, and, to the undazzled mind, not a little to gain.

The theories of heredity are not encouraged by any study of the temperament of the late Queen. There was little of her father or of her mother that could be discerned in the constitution of her mind. On the paternal side, in particular, although some traits which were really habits, have been held to resemble those of, for instance, George III., Victoria offered few or none of the characteristics of her Hanoverian forbears. But in no instance could it be more plainly laid down that while, as we know, poets are born and not made, sovereigns, on the contrary, are rather made than born. Highly exceptional conditions combined to mould the youthful spirit of the Queen into the composite and elaborate mechanism which it became. It has been customary to say that she was unique, and this is in measure true; but if by this phrase it is meant to be inferred that she was born with an irresistible trend towards personal greatness, like a Napoleon, or a Darwin, or a Hugo, it appears to be wholly incorrect. The

daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was born, we seem to see, a rather ordinary mortal, with fine instincts, considerable mental capacity and a certain vital persistence which was to serve her well. These qualities, not in themselves very unusual, were, however, educated by circumstances which made the very most of them, and, in particular, which enabled them to provide a basis upon which rare excellence could be built up.

The first fact, in short, which we are required to recognize if we wish to comprehend the character of Queen Victoria, is that it was, to an unusual degree, a composite one. It was not brilliantly full at some points and void at others; it had no strong lights and shades. It presented to the observer a kind of mosaic, smoothed and harmonized by circumstances into a marvelously even surface. There was no one element in her mind which would certainly, in other and untoward conditions, have made itself prominently felt. It was this, indeed, which constituted the very essence of her originality, her completeness on so many sides, her marvellous unity and efficiency, the broad, polished surface which she presented to all the innumerable difficulties which beset her path in life. It might be hazarded, as a paradox, that her originality lay in her very lack of originality, in the absence of salient eccentricity. Her character was built up of elements which are usually antagonistic, but which in her case were so nicely balanced that they held one another in check, and facilitated, instead of embarrassing, that directness of purpose and instinct for going straight to the mark, which were indispensable to success in her sovereign career.

We speak for the moment of the Queen's character, not as it had been in earlier and more tentative years, but as it has revealed itself, since the

death of the Prince Consort, to those who have publicly or privately been brought into relations with her. There are none now living who have known this composite mind of hers in any other condition than completed. The Lützens and the Melbournes did something to prepare the surface of it; they helped to fit the pieces into the tessellated floor. But in the memory of living man it has never presented any but a finished appearance. The originality of it, as it has presented itself in recent times, was discovered, when it was closely studied, to be formed of a singular conjunction of shrewdness, simplicity and sympathy. It will be found, we think, that it was upon a kaleidoscopic combination of these qualities in ever-varying proportions that almost every characteristic act of Queen Victoria was based. Montaigne understood how, in the case of persons fenced in from the combat of life, each little impact lays its stamp on some facet of character. *Chaque parcelle*, as he might have put it, of the temperament of the late Queen was the result of some pressure from these her three cardinal qualities.

Her discriminating shrewdness was at once an invaluable gift and a dangerous weapon. There is no question that it had more than anything else to do with her prolonged success as a politician. It is not difficult to see that it might have proved a peril to her. She early recognized that indulgence in it might lead her astray in the direction of obstinate prejudice, and she was always on her guard against its vagaries. No one that knew her late Majesty well will be inclined to deny that her extraordinary pertinacity, her ingrained inability to drop an idea which she had fairly seized, might naturally have developed into obstinacy. By nature she certainly was what could only be called obstinate, but the extraordinary number of op-

posite objects upon which her will was incessantly exercised saved her from the consequences of this defect. She was obliged to cultivate her powers of discrimination, and to introduce into her action that element of deliberate and conscious choice which is fatal to the blind indulgence of prejudice. The habit of suspending her judgment, in other words, prevented her from ever resting too absolutely on one order of ideas. The old Pythagorean tag tells us that adversity is the touchstone of character. In the case of Queen Victoria the same effect was produced by the isolation of extreme prosperity.

It followed that her will, so trained and fortified, usually kept the Queen on a high plane of action. She was actuated by an extraordinary singleness of purpose, from which, however, it was only human nature that she should sometimes descend. It was in these moments of moral relaxation that she was exposed to the danger of yielding to prejudice, for in these conditions obstinacy, in the true sense, would take hold of her. Conscious as she was of the vast round of duties in which she had to move and take her part, she was sensitive about the quantity of time and thought demanded of her from any one point. Hence, if she thought one of her ministers was not thoughtful in sparing her unnecessary work, she would with difficulty be induced to believe that his demands were ever essential. She would always be suspecting him of trying to overwork her. Her prejudice against Mr. Gladstone, about which so many fables were related and so many theories formed, really started in her consciousness that he would never acknowledge that she was, as she put it, "dead beat." In his eagerness Mr. Gladstone tried to press her to do what she knew, with her greater experience, to be not her work so much as his, and she resented the effort. He did it

again, and she formed one of her pertinacious prejudices. The surface of her mind had received an impression unfavorable to the approach of this particular minister, and nothing could ever in future make her really pleased to welcome him.

In daily life, too, the inherent obstinacy, not checked by the high instinct of public duty, would often make itself felt. The Queen was fond of a very regular and symmetrical order of life. In this she showed her great instinct for business, since her hours had to be filled and divided with as rigid a precision as those of a great general, or the manager of a vast commercial enterprise. But the habit of regulating all the movements of life necessitated the fixture of innumerable minute rules of domestic arrangement. The Queen displayed an amazing quickness in perceiving the infraction of any of these small laws, and she did not realize how harassing some of them were to those who suffered from their want of elasticity. There they were, settled once and forever. In small things as in great, the Queen never believed that she was or could be wrong on a matter of principle. This was an immense advantage to her; in great matters it was an advantage the importance of which, in steadying her will, could hardly be over-estimated; but of course in little things it was sometimes apt to become what is colloquially called "trying." Again, since it is in moments of physical weakness that the joints in every suit of human armor discover themselves, so, when the Queen was poorly or exhausted, those around her were made to feel how, with less self-control, she might have appeared arbitrary. She would be cross for no reason; she would contest a point and close the argument without further discussion. At these moments those who knew her best could realize what

a merciful thing it was for her own happiness that the immensity of the field of her actions and her decisions forcibly kept her mind upon the very high plane which was its habitual station.

To form an accurate opinion of human beings who were presented to her attention was so important a part of her whole function as a sovereign, that it took a foremost part in her intellectual exercise. She was thoroughly convinced of the importance of being correct in her reading of character, and she devoted her full powers to it. In her inspection of a strange minister or a newly-appointed member of her household, she had a method well understood by those who observed her narrowly. She received the unfamiliar person with a look of suspended judgment in her face. Her eyes and her mouth took on their investigating aspect. She could be seen to be making up her mind almost as though it were a watch which had to be wound up. If the analysis was easy, and the result of it satisfactory, the features would relax; a certain curious look of amenity would pass across her face. But if the presented type was complex or difficult, those who knew the Queen extremely well would perceive that her mind was not made up after all. The lines of the mouth would continue to be a little drawn down; the eyes, like sentinels, would still be alert under eyebrows faintly arched. But sooner or later she would succeed in her analysis, and an almost unbroken line of examples served to give her a justified faith in her acumen. She was scarcely ever wrong, and she was slow to admit a mistake. The judgment formed in that cool period of suspended observation, of which we have spoken, she was content to abide by; she defined the personage after her own acute fashion, and such as she had seen him first so she continued to see him.

This sureness of judgment was veiled by a simplicity and an absence of self-consciousness which took away from it the most formidable part of such an ordeal. Often, doubtless, the humorous look of indecision which preceded the Queen's inner summing-up, must greatly have baffled the victim of her analysis. "What is Her Majesty thinking about?" he might say to himself, but never with a sense of real discomfort, because of the Queen's complete freedom from anything like personal vanity. This was once exemplified in the case of a public man presented to her for the first time. Something was said about his opinion of the Queen. "Dear me," she said, "I did not give a thought to that. It is so beside the question. What really signifies is what I think of him." If this initial examination was embarrassing to a timid person, no one was so quick as the Queen to observe the result and to mitigate any outward sign of its cause. Then all her kindness would assert itself. To the awkwardness of real modesty no one in her court was so indulgent as herself. Once when a man who was presented to her had been so particularly clumsy that his efforts were afterward smiled at, the Queen reproved the merriment. "He was shy," she said, "and I know well what that is, for sometimes I am very shy myself." The most serene and dignified of women to external observation, it is possible that indeed Queen Victoria had a little secret core of timidity, for she was rather fond of confessing, with a smile, to "a stupid feeling of shyness," especially if that confession could make another person comfortable.

Perhaps it should be noted that there was one result of the Queen's studied habit of suspending her judgment which was not entirely convenient. She feared to commit herself; and sometimes her cryptic phrases, short and

vague, with the drawn lips and the investigating eyes fairly baffled her ministers. They put before her State conundrums to which she was not prepared to give an immediate answer; and she puzzled them to divine what she had on her mind. She left them in their uncertainty and sent them away bewildered. It would perhaps have been convenient if, in these cases, she would have deigned to admit she was herself undetermined.

We have said that when once she formed a deliberate judgment with regard to a person, it was difficult to induce her to revise it. But her innate and yet carefully cultivated kindness tempered the severity of a harsh decision. She would moderate her condemnation; she would dwell upon some pleasant trait in a character not otherwise to her fancy. There can be no doubt that she was aware that her view of others, shrewd as it always was and astonishingly close to the truth as it would often be, was not infallible. Those who watched her could almost see her hold her severity in check, draw herself together lest she should be tempted to be severe, to forget that her first duty was to be quite just. She was, however, very impatient of dulness and of want of instinctive perception. This was, perhaps, where she was least inclined to be indulgent. It would be respectfully urged that some lady who was out of favor was "a nice kind woman." "Yes," the Queen would reply, "but I've no patience with her, she's so stupid." This was not out of any kind of intellectual arrogance, but because stupidity, in relation to herself and the business of the court, was rust on the axle of the coach of state. It was necessary that all things about the Queen should be lubricated with the practical emollient of common-sense and alertness.

Those who were much with her were never allowed to forget that she was

the most important person in the room. Without the least emphasis, or need for emphasis, her character imposed itself on her surroundings. It was part of her real importance in great things that she was obliged to be a little tyrannical in small things. After all it was essential that the court and the country should continue to move; and in order to do this properly, they must revolve smoothly around herself. No doubt in a degree which she would scarcely have admitted in her secret thought, she was always conscious of this. If any one had ventured to put this into words and to submit it to her, she would unquestionably have acquiesced in it. It was not personal vanity; it was a proper acceptance of her in-born station in the general social system. Oddly enough, though she bore her imperial greatness with such perfect ease and modest assurance, she sometimes displayed a certain love of the exercise of power for its own sake, in little things. It might almost be said that, feeling decision to be of the first importance to her in her professional life, she was tempted to protect her judgment in matters of petty moment by an arbitrary exercise of will.

The Queen's celebrated punctuality could not be counted among unessential or petty forms of decision, for this was a habit the paramount importance of which she had seen very early in her career. She would deign to justify her impatience of dawdlers by saying: "I can't afford to be kept waiting. If I am to get through my work, I mustn't have my moments frittered away." Punctuality was almost more than a habit with her, it was a superstition. She was really persuaded that all the institutions of the country would crumble if her orders were not carried out to the letter and to the instant. Very few people know how superbly she continued to stand sentry to the business of her empire. She never relaxed

her hold, she never withdrew under the excuse of sorrow or weakness, or old age. This persistent and punctual attention to affairs lasted much later than most people have the least idea of. She did her business, as Head of the State, until the Thursday before her death. Then, and not till then, did the last optimism of those about her break down. There were amusing instances, in earlier days, of the tyranny of her promptitude. It was well known that, not only must not the Queen be kept waiting for a moment, but there must be no hitch in her service. She well knew how much is gained to an organizing and directing mind by the removal of everything that can vex the temper or distract the attention; and a military exactitude as to times and seasons became a religion with all those who waited upon her. What she liked was a sort of magical apparition of the person wished for, the moment that her wish was formulated; and many were the subterfuges by which her courtiers attempted to become visible the moment that Aladdin touched the lamp. But no rule is without an exception. In the long years of her reign there was only one individual who dared to break the law of punctuality. The late Lady Mount Edgcumbe had as great a *penchant* for unpunctuality as the Queen had for the opposite. By principle she was never quite in time. Oddly enough, so devoted was the Queen to this noble and accomplished friend, so completely did she enter into the humor of the thing, that she was never known to be the least incensed at it. But Lady Mount Edgecumbe was a licensed libertine, and in the dread circle of lateness none durst tread but she.

The memories of all those who have served her long and observed her closely abound with instances of her genuine humanity. It was her intense womanliness and loving tenderness

which prevented the stiff regularity of her life and her persistency of purpose from degenerating into a hard autocracy. It is evident that with the authority which was assured to the person of Her Majesty, and the extraordinary edifice of obedience which she had built around her, unkindness or mere sourness of temper would have wrought great misery in her entourage. It would have been impossible, if the moral nature of the Queen had decayed, to have resisted her wishes, however unreasonable they might have been. It is easy to conceive what misery even a slight abuse of her great power might have caused. But her extreme sweetness of heart stepped in and saved all. It was unquestionably a sense of this human genuineness, divined rather than known, which was the secret of the extraordinary and indeed unparalleled sympathy which existed in her last years between her subjects and herself. Cool observers noted, during the festivities of her later jubilee, the evidences of a latent magnetism passing between the Queen and her people, over the heads of her official interpreters. It was as though the Queen spoke to her subjects face to face, as if her very presence hypnotized them. When she returned to Buckingham Palace, amid the shouts of those who gathered at the gates, the tears gushed from her eyes, tears of pure thankfulness. This was the signal for an outburst of frantic and perfectly unpremeditated loyalty. The Queen felt it; she had not the habit of subtleties of speech nor of the "fine shades," but she said over and over again: "How kind they are to me! How kind they are!" This was her formula for a perfect sympathy between a subject and herself. She used it commonly for a minister or a guest whom she liked, and now she used it in the same sense for the nation that she loved, and that loved her.

It is time to endeavor to define, before the clear memory of it is lost, the exquisite manner of Queen Victoria. This was the characteristic in her which grew most definitely out of her training and surroundings. It was made up of what she had learned as a child from Baroness Lützen, as a girl from *grands seigneurs* who gently guided her first unpractised footsteps in public affairs, as a young matron from the Prince Consort. Probably we should be right in attributing the most striking parts of it to the second of these classes of influence, and especially to the admiration she had felt for the experience of life and the stately *tenue* of Lord Melbourne and of Lord Conyngham. These men belonged in measure to the tradition of the eighteenth century; they could recall the time when people wore perukes and long silk waistcoats, and entered drawing-rooms delicately, with the *chapeau-bras* pressed between the palms of their hands as they bowed. It was a very curious chance which ordained that the earliest guides of the youthful Queen should be men of mature age extremely conservative in manner and bearing, carrying about with them an elaborateness of conduct which was already, sixty years ago, beginning to be antiquated.

The consequence was that the Queen, carefully preserving this tradition as she did, and perpetuating it by her august example, retained not a little of the air of a bygone age. Without pedantry, her scheme of manner was distinctly more *vieille-cour* than that of any one else in Europe. In itself beautifully finished, it offered positively an antiquarian interest. But people who saw her seldom, or who were not accustomed to differentiate, made a mistake in speaking of "the Queen's beautiful manners." She had no "manners" at all in the self-conscious or artificial sense. Her charm was made up of

spontaneous kindness and freedom from all embarrassment, built upon this eighteenth-century style or manner which she had inherited or adopted. She acted as a great lady of 1790 might have acted, not because she set herself to have good "manners," but because that was how great ladies, trained as she had been trained, naturally behaved, with a perfect grace based upon unsuspecting simplicity. What was inherent nature in her manner struck recent beholders with amazement as conscious art; but what deceived them was a survival of the stateliness of the eighteenth century.

Her "manner" was greatly aided by a trait so unusual and so strongly marked that no sketch of her character could be considered complete which failed to dwell upon it. It was perhaps the most salient of all her native, as distinguished from her acquired, characteristics. This was her strongly defined dramatic instinct. Queen Victoria possessed, to a degree shared with her by certain distinguished actors only, the genius of movement. It is difficult to know to what she owed this. From the accounts preserved of her earliest girlish appearances, it would look as though it had been innate. She certainly possessed it in full force as far back as human memory now extends. What we mean by her instinct for movement may perhaps be made apparent by the use of a homely phrase—she was never flurried by a space in front of her. How rare this is, even among the most august of every nation, only those who have had some observation of courts can know. The most experienced princes and princesses hesitate to "take the stage," to cross alone, without haste and without hesitation, over a clear floor, just so far as is exactly harmonious and suitable. The most hardened are apt to shrink and sidle, to appeal mutely for help. These movements never gave Queen

Victoria a moment's inquietude. She knew by divination exactly where, and exactly how, and exactly how far to advance; how to pause and how to turn, and how to return were mysteries which never bewildered her in the slightest. When the Czar Alexander II was here in 1874, the Russian court was astonished at the easy and unconscious dignity with which the Queen would walk straight over to some obscure person, and enter gracefully into conversation with him. That so much stateliness could be combined with so unconscious a simplicity was the subject of their continual amazement.

Something more must be said about this habit of the Queen. Her movements on these occasions were never made without a purpose. It was not her custom to go directly to a personage of the first importance who had just been brought within her circle. She made it a practice to be well informed, and she greatly disliked being put at a conversational disadvantage. She would therefore walk over to a man or woman of less prestige, and obtain from him or her the information she required about the ultimate object of her enquiry. But it would often happen that in the course of this auxiliary interview the Queen's sympathy and interest would be arrested; and while she was collecting facts about the third person, her attention would be drawn away to the individual from whom she was receiving the information. Hence the court was often amused, and those who had but a superficial knowledge of the Queen were surprised, to see her, at a formal reception, linger long in apparently confidential exchange of ideas with one of the least important people in the room. Of course the person so distinguished was enchanted, and the Queen had made another friend for life, and one whom she would never forget. Then she would serenely resume her turn round the room, entirely

unembarrassed, greatly interested in each fresh mind that was presented to her. These were occasions of singular interest to the student of her character, who would try, but try in vain, to decipher the inscrutable look in her face. It is impossible to conceive a social function more distressingly set about with snares for an unwary footstep. But the Queen was trammelled by no *bourgeois* fear of not doing the right thing. She trusted to the unfailing nicety of her famous dramatic instinct.

There are still a few who recollect her demeanor when she went to Paris to greet the Emperor and Empress of the French in 1855. She was not known in France; Parisian society had not made up its mind whether it meant to like her or not. Her tiny figure disconcerted the critics, and somebody quoted Emile Deschamps, "La reine Mab nous a visité." Paris decided at first sight that it did not like her English dress, and was frigid to her "want of style." But within a week Paris was at the feet of the little great lady. Her conquest of France happened at the gala performance at the Opera. Everybody was watching for the sovereigns, and the moment was highly critical. The Empress was looking magnificent, a dream of silken splendor; the Queen, as ever, somewhat disdainful of her clothes, had made no effort to shine. But when the party arrived at the box of the Opera, her innate genius for movement inspired her. The Empress of the French, fussing about her women, loitered at the door of the box; the Queen of England walked straight to the front, waiting for no help and anxious for no attendance. She stood there alone for a moment, surveying the vast concourse of society, and then she slowly bowed on every side, with a smile which the most consummate actress might envy.

This was a great moment, and the way in which it struck the French was

extraordinary. "La reine Mab" became from that day forth the idol of Parisian society, and "the way she did it," the consummate skill of the thing, was celebrated everywhere by the amateurs of deportment. She was never embarrassed; if a question could possibly be raised about etiquette, she would say, "What does it matter?" She felt herself to be a law-giver on all such questions. In the same connection, her behavior to the Empress of the French was a model of good style. The Empress Eugénie was at that time one of the most exquisite human beings in Europe, while Queen Victoria was not, and knew that she was not, what is understood by "pretty." But she was frankly and simply charmed with the admiration which the beauty of the Empress awakened wherever the sovereigns went; she shared this admiration, and it never crossed her mind to resent the expression of it. She would as soon have been piqued at the effect caused by a gorgeous sunset or by a tropical flower. Her admiration was returned on other grounds; the Empress Eugénie's visits became a pleasure which the Queen always looked forward to. The manner of each of them to the other was perfect, and the friendship between the two ladies, begun nearly fifty years ago, ended only with the life of the Queen.

Queen Victoria was unique in combining simple and unconscious dignity with a distinct theatrical instinct. She was unrivaled in her sense of the proper *mise en scène* of a formal ceremonial. When her chamberlains were at a loss to see by the light of nature how a court function should be arranged, at the last moment there was always the resource of appealing to the Queen. This dramatic imagination of hers made her a formidable critic of manners and in particular of attitude. It was no matter of doubt with her how this, that, or the other should

be said or handled; she knew at once, infallibly, what was the one right way. Hence she was sometimes, as it appeared to laxer disciplinarians, rather severe on ugly manners; she used to complain that so-and-so had "such an uncomfortable way of behaving." It jarred upon her nerves; it was a discord which the perfect rightness of her own instinct made it difficult for her to comprehend. But she never showed the discomfort which she felt. Her command over her face was absolute, and only those who knew her very intimately could detect the slight tightening of the lips and concentrated expression of the eyes which showed her sense of annoyance.

Queen Victoria's genius for movement was born with her and not inherited. She certainly did not receive it from the excellent Duchess of Kent. She attributed something of her perfect ease to the early training of a French dancing-mistress, but it was certainly innate. Although the drama was that branch of the fine arts in which she took the greatest interest, she herself never acted in the private theatricals which were so prominent a part of the court life at one time. She was not, perhaps, a careful student of drama itself, from the literary point of view; it was the scenic effect, and, in particular, the elements of scenic attitude and movement, which occupied her attention. When she attended the theatre, which she loved, she always commented on any lack of propriety in action; and, on the other hand, the presence of this quality attracted her strong approval. It is recollected that she placed Grisi on a higher level than all other operatic performers in this respect. When that actress flung herself across the door in "The Huguenots," or arranged the poison scene with the Duke in "Lucrezia Borgia," and when Viardot Garcia rose to the height of her invective in the "Prophète," the Queen's

face blazed with approbation. She would turn in her box and say, "There! not one of the others could do that, no, not even Alboni!" At the private plays at court, she was always an acute observer, and, when she consented to advise, a superlatively practical stage-manager; while, when professional companies came down to act before her—an event to which she looked forward eagerly, and which she enjoyed like a child—it was always the effective theatrical movement which interested her most.

Of her personal attributes, her smile was perhaps the most notable. It played a very large part in the economy of her power, and something of the skill of her dramatic instinct passed into its exercise. No smile was the least like it, and no shadow of it is preserved for posterity in any one of her published likenesses. In particular, under the evil spell of the photographic camera it disappeared altogether, and those who never saw it can have little idea of the marvellous way in which it brightened and exhilarated the lines of the Queen's features in advancing years. The subtlety of a smile is forgotten sooner than any other feature of a countenance, and it may be well, while the memory of it is still fresh, to attempt some poor picture of it in words. It came very suddenly, in the form of a mild radiance over the whole face, a softening and a raising of the lines of the lips, a flash of kindly light beaming from the eyes. Then, in another moment, it was gone, leaving behind a suffused softness, something that was the antidote to embarrassment or fear. The Queen could express all *nuances* of feeling by her smile. Sometimes it would suggest the gentlest of reproofs, in a depreciating glance, with a sparkle in the eye which withdrew the least apprehension of offence. Sometimes it would be a little *espègle*, with

a hint that the smiler was wide-awake, was aware of the subtleties of the occasion. Sometimes it would be coyly negative, leading the speaker on, the lips slightly opened, with a suggestion of kindly fun, even of a little innocent *Schadenfreude*. But of all the varieties of the Queen's fascinating smile, perhaps the most delicate was the sorrowful one at the troubles of her friends; this was a sort of pale beam emanating from the motionless features, a faint illumination all made up of affection and sympathy and regretful experience of the fragility of human happiness. Curiously enough—and we have to note this as one of the little contradictions in the Queen's character—as she grew older, and her opinion grew firmer, she certainly grew less positive in many of her expressions of it. The more easy she felt it would be to dictate, the less did she seem to desire to be dictatorial. This tolerance, too, was to be read in her smile, a cautious suspension of judgment, a faintly humorous and intentional ambiguity. Her smile, in fact, was the key for those who knew how to turn it, to the secrets of the Queen's character.

In the intimacy of home life, and particularly when the discipline of her household was relaxed at Balmoral or at Osborne, the Queen gave way without restraint to her very quick and rich sense of humor. If those of her ladies who have seen her at the little purely feminine dinners in Scotland or at Mentone would but speak, they could give us charming studies of Her Majesty in the *allegro* vein. The jests in which the Queen delighted were not of the very subtle kind. But a rather primitive kind of fun, when she was in the mood for it, would amuse her almost beyond her own endurance, till she was simply breathless and could bear no more. Her rather prominent blue eyes would positively beam with entertainment. Sometimes she was taken,

and at very awkward moments, with what the French so aptly term *le fou rire*. She had no very cautious sense of the proper range of jokes, and has been known to pass them on with an extraordinary rashness. A very charming element in her humor, when it was less exuberant, was a certain kindly shyness, as though she were not quite sure of being met half way, and yet believed that she would be, and, at all events, would venture.

Although so given to perceive the risible side of things, and, therefore, unprotected against laughter, the Queen could, when it was necessary, perform feats of endurance. On one occasion an embassy from a leading Oriental power, never represented at our court before, was to be received for the first time. The event was of some importance, and the reception very ceremonious. The English court, however, had not been prepared for the appearance or the language or the formalities of the envoys. From the very opening of the scene, there was something inconceivably funny about everything that happened. When, at last, the ambassadors suddenly bowed themselves, apparently as men struggling with acute internal pain, and squeezed their hands together in passionate depreciation between their knees, the English court quivered with merriment like aspen-leaves. The Queen alone remained absolutely grave. If anything betrayed emotion, it was a deepened color and a more intense solemnity. The envoys withdrew at last with salaams the most exquisite imaginable, and then, but not till then, the Queen broke down, saying, through her sobs of mirth, "But I went through it, I did go right through it!"

The Queen made no pretensions to smartness of speech, yet she could often surprise those who talked with her by her wit. It consisted—to a great degree—as, indeed, most wit does—in a

rapid movement of the speaker's mind, which dived suddenly and reappeared at an unexpected place. Her sincerity led her to a quaintness of wording which was sometimes very entertaining.

One instance of this, among many which rise to the memory, may be given here. A piece of very modern music had been performed in the Queen's presence, manifestly not to her approval. "What is that?" she asked. "It's a drinking song, Ma'am, by Rubinstein." "Nonsense," said the Queen; "no such thing! Why, you could not drink a cup of tea to *that!*"

Her sense of humor was that of a strong and healthy person. It was a natural outcome of the breadth of her normal and wholesome humanity. That she had a very remarkable fund of nervous strength follows as a matter of course on the record of what she was and what she lived to do. Her courage was one of the personal qualities of which her subjects were most properly convinced; they knew her to have a royal disdain of fear. One of the little incidents, hardly noted at the time, and soon forgotten, which deserve to be revived, was connected with the attack made upon her in 1850 by Robert Pate, who struck her across the face with a cane. She was on her way home from her afternoon drive, when, just as the carriage turned into the archway on Constitution Hill, the assault was made. She was announced to appear at the Opera that evening, and her frightened ladies said that of course she would stay at home. "Certainly not," she replied. "If I do not go, it will be thought that I am seriously hurt, and people will be distressed and alarmed." "But you are hurt, ma'am." "Very well, then every one shall see how little I mind it." The usual orders were given, and at the proper hour she appeared in the theatre, where the news of the attack had pre-

ceded her; the whole house was in consternation. The Queen walked straight to the front of the royal box, stood there for every one to see the red weal across her forehead, bowed on all sides, smiled and sat down to enjoy the play.

On her last visit to Dublin, she was strongly urged to have an escort of cavalry always close to the carriage. She refused point-blank. "Why, if I were to show the least distrust of the Irish, they would think I deserved to be afraid of them." Under no conditions did she ever show the slightest panic or any fear for her own person. When the Fenian troubles were at their height, there was an idea that an attempt would be made to kidnap the Queen from Osborne, and she was consulted as to steps to be taken for her further protection. She laughed aloud and put the proposals by. "Poor things," she said, "if they were so silly as to run away with me, they would find me a very inconvenient charge."

The attitude of Queen Victoria towards religion formed a very interesting element in the composition of her character. It was two-fold, the political and the personal, and these two never clashed. The political side can easily be defined. She accepted, without discussion, the paradox that she was the head of two more or less antagonistic religious bodies. It did not trouble her at all that at Carlisle she was the official representative of the Anglican Church, and a few minutes later at Lockerbie, she had become the official representative of Scottish Presbyterianism. This she not merely did not question, but its discussion annoyed her; she did not permit any trifling with the subject. She considered her political relation to the national religions exactly as she treated her headship of the army or the navy. It was a constitutional matter which she never dreamed of disputing. To have

asked how it coincided with her personal inner convictions would have seemed to her like asking her if she had ever served as a soldier or a sailor. She was the Queen of Great Britain, and the sovereigns of this country were heads of its two national churches. She wished to be kind to her Catholic subjects in the same way; "I am their Queen, and I must look after them," she said. She would have been quite prepared to have been the religious head of her Mohammedan and her Buddhist subjects in India, in the same professional way. She looked upon these things as part of the business of her statecraft, and never allowed the matter to trouble her conscience.

Of her personal religion it behoves us to speak with great reserve and with deep respect. Yet it was so prominent a feature of her character that we are not justified in excluding it from our study. Be it simply said, then, that in Her Majesty the religious life was carried out upon the plainest Christian lines, without theological finesse, and without either vacillation or misgiving. She never disputed about questions of faith; she never dwelt on its circumstances. She was always very shy of airing her convictions, and had something of the old eighteenth-century shrinking from what she called "enthusiasm." She desired above all things to avoid the appearance of cant, and brought to the discussion of religion, as of all other things, that exquisite spirit of good breeding of which she was the acknowledged mistress. It may be hazarded that the forms of service in which she found most satisfaction were those of the Presbyterian Church. But she never discussed them, and never was at pains to defend them. If by chance some ardent theologian in Scotland should find it irresistible in the Queen's private presence to split hairs and insist upon subtle shades of dogma, he was listened to but not an-

swered. Presently the collie-dog would yawn and the Queen would faintly smile; if the divine was a wise man, he would accept the criticism. The Queen—it must be admitted—had no leaning to theological discussion, and not much curiosity about creeds.

Preachers not unfrequently made the great mistake of setting their sermons directly at Her Majesty. This was never approved of, and even when it was done in a roundabout way it was sure to be discovered. The Queen greatly preferred a direct appeal to the congregation in general; she liked to merge herself with the others—to be forgotten by the preacher, except as one among many souls. References to her "vast empire" and her "sovereign influence over millions of men" always gave offence. "I think he would have done better to stick to his text," she would say. She had no love for any sort of excess; she discouraged asceticism as a branch of the "enthusiasm" that she dreaded; she did not approve of long services, and would sometimes scandalize the minister by indicating, with uplifted fan, that the sermon was getting too lengthy. She said of one clergyman, "I think he would do better if he did not look at me. He catches my eye and then he cannot stop." The Queen disapproved of proselytism in the court; she would allow of no distribution of tracts, no propagation of fads and "peculiar opinions." There was no reason why there should be any sects, she thought, and no proof that modern people were any wiser about morals than their forefathers. She was a Broad Churchwoman, in the true sense, and her attitude towards dogmatic religion was a latitudinarian one, though perhaps she would have disliked it being defined in that way. In the old Tractarian days she felt a certain curiosity in the movement, but when Lady Canning tried to convert

her to High Church views, the Queen was very angry. It rather set a mark in her mind against a person that he or she was a ritualist. It was always an element in her reticence with regard to Mr. Gladstone, that he was too High Church; "I am afraid he has the mind of a Jesuit," she used to say. She liked Roman Catholics very much better than Anglican ritualists, partly because she had a respect for their antiquity, and partly because she was not the head of their Church, and so felt no responsibility about their opinions. She had foreign Roman Catholic friends with whom she sometimes spoke on religious matters with a good deal of freedom. Her knowledge of many phases of modern religious thought was rather vague; and when the creed of the Positivists was first brought to her notice, she was extremely interested. "How very curious," she said, "and how very sad! What a pity somebody does not explain what a mistake they are making. But tell me more about this strange M. Comte."

The religious position of the Queen as a human being can be very simply defined. The old peasant at her cottage-door, spelling out a page of the Bible was an image that particularly appealed to her. She was full of beautiful and perfectly simple devotional feelings; she was confident of the efficacy of prayer. She looked upon herself quite without disproportion, not as a Queen, but as an aged woman who had been sorely tried by anxiety and bereavement, and by the burden of responsibility, but who had been happy enough to see through it all that it was the will of God, and to feel that that lightened the load. It was her cardinal maxim that all discomfort comes from resisting that will. To her parish-priests she always showed particular kindness, and some she honored with her confidence. Dean Wellesley, in many ways like-minded with her-

self, was long her trusted confidant. Nephew of the great Duke, he was a noble type of the enlightened statesman-priest, and he was the latest survival of all those men who were grouped around the Queen in her early youth. He exercised a paramount authority in matters of Church preferment, where the Queen never questioned his wisdom, for she had proved him to be raised above all sectarian prejudice by his remarkable elevation of character. Dean Wellesley was aware of the importance of his advice to the Queen, and he refused bishopric after bishopric from unwillingness to leave her. At his death, in 1882, she was deeply afflicted. No later chaplain could hope to exercise quite the same power as Dean Wellesley; but Dr. Davidson (the present Bishop of Winchester), who, after a short interval, succeeded him in the Deanery, obtained in later years an influence closely resembling that of his predecessor. In the Established Church of Scotland, no minister received clearer marks of Her Majesty's favor, and none, it may be added, deserved them better, than Dr. Norman Macleod, whose elevated and lovable character, compounded of strength and tenderness, good sense, humor and sympathy, was animated by a form of religion specially attractive to the Queen.

Perfect as she was in a regal and political aspect, filling more than adequately an astonishing number of offices, it was yet inevitable that there should be sides of life in which Queen Victoria was not inclined, or was not, let us boldly admit it, competent to take a leading part. Such shining qualities as hers could not but have their defects, and it is the poorest-spirited obsequiousness to pretend that they had not. No one brought a greater tact to the solution of the questions, What can I, and What can I not do? than did her late Majesty.

When it came to her asking herself, Can I be a leader of intellectual and aesthetic taste? she promptly decided that she could not, and she did not attempt the impossible task. It may be admissible to regret, or not to regret, that the Queen did not take the lead in the advancement of literature and art among her people. It may be a not insufficient answer, founded upon absolute common-sense, to say that she had, literally, not leisure enough to do everything, and that she very wisely diverted her attention from those subjects in which, as a leader, she might have failed. She had no time to fail; consequently, if there was the least doubt concerning her ability in any one direction, there it was useless to push on.

This was particularly the case in regard to literature. She saw a vast and growing work being performed by her subjects, and she did not feel that she was in touch with it. She accordingly left it alone, and had the wisdom not to attempt to patronize what she was not sure of comprehending.

If we are content to examine her personal tastes and predilections, they were not brilliant, but they did no discredit to her understanding. She was naïve about the books she read, which were mainly novels and travels. Walter Scott was her favorite author; but she had a great partiality for Jane Austen. The Prince Consort was an enthusiastic student of George Eliot, and he persuaded the Queen to read her books; she continued, perhaps partly for the Prince's sake, to express great admiration for them. The Queen had no real feeling for poetry, although she professed a cult for Tennyson, founded upon her emotional interest in his "In Memoriam." More modern authors received little attention from her; and the stories current of the Queen's particular interest in this

or that recent writer may be dismissed as the fables of self-advertisement. She would sometimes begin a book at the earnest request of one of her ladies, who would immediately write off to the author: "I am happy to tell you that the Queen is now deep in your 'Prodigies of Passion,'" but the correspondent would fail to mention that Her Majesty had tossed it away when she reached the fifth page. She would be very full of a book of information while she was studying it, would be riveted by particular anecdotes, and would quote them eagerly.

It could not with truth be said that her interest in art was much more acute. Here again it was always her instinct that guided her rather than cultivated knowledge. She never took the right kind of interest in the beautiful objects she possessed in her palaces, and it is mere courtly complaisance to pretend that she did. In painting, two or three foreigners pleased her, and she rang the changes on their productions. In portraiture she greatly preferred likeness to artistic merit, and it was this that kept her from employing some of the great Englishmen of her reign. The Queen was entreated to sit to Mr. G. F. Watts, but in vain. When it was argued that he would produce a splendid painting, she would say: "Perhaps so, but I am afraid it would be ugly." Lady Canning, at the time of the Pre-Raphaelite revival, tried very hard to lead the Queen's taste into fresh channels, and to woo it away from its cold German traditions; but she did not succeed. Frankly, the Queen did not care about art. She did not attempt to become acquainted with the leading English artists of her time. The only studio of a master that she ever visited was that of Leighton, whose "Procession of Cimabue" the Prince Consort had bought for her, and whom she thought delightful, though perhaps more as an ac-

complished and highly agreeable courtier than as a painter.

Her attitude to music and to drama was much more interesting, though very simple. She had a sweet soprano voice, and had been trained by Costa to produce it prettily. She was very modest and even deprecatory about this accomplishment of hers, in which, however, she acquitted herself charmingly. Her favorite musician was Mendelsshon, who had greatly pleased her in early days as a man. She would have nothing to say, until quite late in life, to Wagner or Brahms, and once dismissed them all in one of her abrupt turns of conversation, "Quite incomprehensible!" "I'm bored with the Future altogether," she used to say, "and don't want to hear any more about it." She was not more partial to some of the old masters, and once closed a musical discussion by saying, "Handel always tires me, and I won't pretend he doesn't." She carried out her aversion to the last, and forbade that the Dead March in "*Saul*" should be played at her funeral.

At the play she must always have been a charming companion, her attention was so gaily awakened, her spirits so juvenile. She was fond of drama, even of melodrama, and let herself become the willing victim of every illusion. Sometimes she put on a little sprightly air of condescension to a companion presumably ignorant of stage affairs; "now listen carefully, You think that woman is the house-keeper, but you wait and see." And at the *dénouement*, the Queen was always triumphant: "There! you didn't expect that, did you?" She thoroughly enjoyed a good farce, and laughed heartily at the jokes. She delighted in Italian opera, and when she liked a piece she steeped herself in every part of it, the melody and the romance, and heard it over and over until she knew the music by heart. "*Norma*" was a

great favorite, and in later years Calvé won her heart in "*Carmen*," to which opera—music, plot and everything—the Queen became absolutely devoted. And the pieces of Gilbert and Sullivan were an endless delight to her; she would even take a part in these very drolly and prettily. No one could form a more sympathetic audience, whether in music or drama, than the Queen. She gave her unbroken attention to the performer, and followed whatever was being done with an almost childish eagerness. If the tenor began to be in the least heavy, the Queen would be observed to fidget, as though hardly restrained from breaking into song herself; and at the slightest deviation from perfection of delivery her fan began to move. No part of her character was more singularly interesting than the way in which, in such matters as these, she preserved a charm of juvenile freshness like an atmosphere surrounding the complex machinery of her mind.

One side of her development which must not escape consideration was that which made her, without rival, the leading woman of the world of her time. The way in which the Queen faced the society of Europe, or rather advanced at its head through the greater part of her long life, was the result of a variety of influences, from within and from without. To follow these curiously would lead us too far, and we must confine ourselves to a consideration of certain definite effects upon the Queen's character. But before doing so it may be well to offer a few remarks with regard to the court which she formed around her, and which took the stamp of her personal tastes and temperament. To comprehend the constitution of the Victorian court, it must be recollected, first and foremost, that the Queen had an extreme respect for *tenue* in all its forms. When she was alone with her usual

companions, nothing in the world could be more easy than she was in her deportment and conversation; but on anything approaching a state function utter rigidity was to be observed. This exterior stiffness, for which the English court became rather uncomfortably celebrated throughout Europe, was due, doubtless, in the first instance, to the tradition of Stockmar through the Prince Consort. When the Prince came to this country, there was an idea abroad that the court of Windsor was very much too free and easy. He early induced the Queen to take the same view, and with her remarkable tenacity of purpose, she acted on those lines until the end. There were certain modifications, of course. Some people now living can recollect the intensely German evenings at Windsor, with their curious round of etiquette. The Queen herself invented the convenient but embarrassing habit of having one person after another called up to converse with her. Meanwhile silence had to be maintained in the rest of the room, and the whole social effect was stilted to the last degree. The Royalties stood together on the rug in front of the fire, a station which none durst hold but they; and amusing incidents occurred in connection with this sacred object. When Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton first dined with the Queen, he strolled about the drawing-room afterwards so freely that Her Majesty whispered in agitation, "If you don't do something to attract his attention, in another minute he'll be—on the rug!"

But although the rule of the court in these matters was so absolute, and its habits intensely conservative, the Queen's private manner was never affected by it, even on these stately occasions. Sometimes the court, on arriving in the drawing-room after dinner, would form a semi-circle around the Queen, and stand while she spoke to one after another. There was, of

course, no other talk. When this ordeal was over, the Queen would take her flight to the sofa, where the Duchess of Kent was already seated at a round table at her game of cards. The formality of the evening would then subside, and the Queen would be once more the charming, easy companion with whom her ladies had gone sketching in the park in the morning.

The Queen was sometimes a little nervous lest people whom she did not know well should be tempted to take a liberty. Of course, as years rolled on, this became a more and more utterly incredible supposition, but in old years more than one dinner-party at Windsor was spoiled by it. At the shadow, or less than the shadow, of an undue freedom, she would freeze, and in all probability not thaw out again through the course of the dinner. She had a droll way of referring to these mischances, for which she had always the same formula; she used to say, "I chose to have a headache last night. I am not quite sure that — is discreet." This was a favorite word with the Queen, and she used it in a variety of meanings. It meant well-bred, and it meant tactful; and it meant personally or instinctively agreeable to Her Majesty. It was rather a dreadful moment when she said that somebody was "not discreet." Her favorite form of showing displeasure for want of discretion was to leave off asking the indiscreet person to dinner. The Queen invariably selected her own dinner list; and people who had unconsciously offended found out their error by not being asked for several successive nights. In process of time their sin would be pardoned, and the sign of it would be the reappearance of the name on the dinner-list.

She had a very fine instinct for good breeding, but this did not prevent her from being sometimes a prey to vulgar

toadies. People would enlist her sympathies for some decayed relation of their own, and the Queen would become violently interested. If, as not unfrequently was the case, the personage proved disappointing, she would often be exceedingly forbearing. "Not very pretty manners, poor thing! Well, well!" she would say, and that would be the end of it. On the whole she did not resent this commonness of manner so much as she did lofty behavior. She looked askance at pretentious people, and in this direction she was certainly sometimes tempted to injustice. She was always a little afraid of "clever" women; and a reputation for superior intelligence was no recommendation in her eyes. She liked the ladies about her to have extremely good manners, with a pretty presence, but she shrank away from any woman who, she feared, was "going to be clever." It had been very early instilled into her that it was man's province to be clever, and that it was much best for woman not to intrude into it.

The men with whom she had been principally brought into contact at the beginning of her reign had not been remarkable as a group for their mental cultivation. There seems to be no doubt at all that the "man of the world" of fifty years ago was in every respect a more ignorant being than he would be if he flourished to-day. Not merely did he not know much, but it was a point of honor with him to conceal what little he did know. The wives and daughters of these noblemen surrounded the young Queen, and impressed upon her the idea of what English women ought to be. In the course of time Prince Albert appeared upon the scene, with his head full of the precepts of Count Stockmar, his store of German culture, and his genuine taste for science and philosophy. The Queen was partially converted to the Prince Consort's views; not merely

was she proud of his attainments, but she admitted to herself that it was proper that there should be cultivated and learned men, who should walk in line with the Prince. But as regards women, she retained her preconceived ideal. She would certainly never have allowed that every action of theirs could be analyzed under one of three categories, as it was said that Stockmar had persuaded Prince Albert to believe.

Much must, however, be left to conjecture when we speak of the formation of the Queen's character at that early date, as there are few survivors amongst us to consult, and as the memoir-writers of those years scarcely thought of preserving the intimate and homely details which would now be so invaluable. Old court circulars and lists of the *personnel* of the court, indicate, however, that then, as now, the court consisted of eight ladies of the bed-chamber, simply styled ladies-in-waiting, eight maids of honor, eight equerries, the Prince Consort's private secretary, and the privy purse. Other special posts were filled by other occupants when they were required at Windsor or in London. From 1854 onwards, for the next fifteen or twenty years we meet with names, such as those of Lady Canning, Lady Macdonald, Lady Jocelyn, the Duchess of Athole and Lady Mount Edgcumbe. Each of these remarkable women left a vivid impress on the daily life of the Queen. The extraordinary courage and strength of purpose of Lady Canning, exhibited as they were through the Indian Mutiny and afterwards, are matter of history. In Lady Macdonald there existed a love of literature and language which Prince Albert greatly admired and which he recommended to the notice of the Queen. But it was Lady Jocelyn, brilliant and witty—the most beautiful woman of her day, and doomed to close her life as the most

unhappy—who was more uniformly fortunate than any other of the Queen's early companions in sustaining that spirit of artless gaiety and sparkling good manners in which Her Majesty delighted.

The influence of the Duchess of Athole upon the Queen was unique. No one, perhaps, ever charmed her Royal mistress so completely. The Duchess was a romantic being, who seemed to be transferred to life straight from the pages of one of the Waverley novels. She was, before she came to Windsor, and whenever she was back at home in the north, the type of a Scottish chieftainness. Her purpose was inflexible, her sense of humor broad and full, her will that of a woman who was born to rule, and who knew it. Full of kindness to those who acknowledged her sway, but quick to resent and resist the slightest encroachment, the smallest slight to her pride, the Duchess of Athole seemed created by nature to fall at court and to fling over the traces of its discipline. But her brain was full of wild Celtic romance, and this was fortunately centred with an intense devotion upon the person of Queen Victoria. Whatever homage she would have demanded from others for herself, whatever claims her fierce pride made on the allegiance of her clan, the Duchess was only too happy to lavish on the Queen. She was not conventional, and she laid herself out to persuade the Queen to share her breezy love of out-door life. The result on the Queen was a further appreciation of scenery, and of the landscape-painters whom the Duchess would sometimes bring in her train from Dunkeld.

In slightly later times women scarcely less remarkable than these, and in some cases still more intimately bound up in the Queen's private life, took the place of the older ladies. Lady Mount Edgcumbe, whose musical talents were

a ceaseless source of delight to the Queen, formed a link between the older generation and those who, like Lady Ely, with her tireless devotion, and Lady Churchill, whose life closed but a few days before that of her Royal mistress, succeeded them in their duties and their privileges. Although the gentlemen in waiting did not occupy so much of her time, there were several, such as the present Duke of Grafton, Lord de Roos, Lord Hertford, and General Hardinge, who were counted among the Queen's real friends for life.

The maids of honor were never reckoned in court esteem as quite so high in consideration as the ladies-in-waiting. Some among them, however, as particularly Miss Phipps, continued to serve the Queen as secretaries to the end; and two, Lady Biddulph and Lady Ponsonby, as wives of the successive keepers of the privy purse, shared with their husbands the privilege of attending the Queen wherever she went. None of these whom we have mentioned could be called dull or commonplace women. Each had some peculiar strength or charm of temperament; and it might be supposed that each would exercise some direct influence upon the Queen's character. But it is more than doubtful whether they can be said to have done so. Queen Victoria was curiously independent of her attendant ladies. She valued them, she appreciated their qualities, she leaned on their devotion; but she was never under their influence. She accepted their services in a dispassionate, professional way, and she ever, by preserving a quiet tone of decorum, checked any exaggerated expression of personal affection the moment that it was threatened.

The Queen, full of warmth and human tenderness as she was, and surrounded all her life by persons deeply devoted to her, to whom she was deep-

ly attached, was singularly without what could truly be called friends. The atmosphere of her life was too much charged with formality to allow of what could deserve the name of a deep personal friendship between herself and any of her subjects. No one, it was made apparent, was ever quite necessary to her; the indispensable person did not exist. Lady Canning used to warn enthusiastic novices of the danger of cultivating any illusion on this point. She would say, "You will be delighted with your waiting at Balmoral or at Osborne. You will see the Queen intimately, riding, dancing, playing, dining. You will think she cannot get on without you, and then you will come back one day to Windsor, and somebody else will take your place, and you will have become—a number on the list." Undoubtedly, in her ripe wisdom, the Queen encouraged this.

She desired above all things to keep the society immediately around her person on a serene and even footing. There must not be the least approach to favoritism; and she would check herself first of all if she discovered a tendency in her own manner to encourage one person at the expense of another. But, in truth, her engrained professional habit made her free of all her ladies.

It is a matter of ancient history that in 1839 the Queen waged a determined battle with Sir Robert Peel on the subject of the appointment of her bed-chamber women. He offered his resignation, and she accepted it without the least compunction. It is not so well known that she failed in her second and parallel controversy, about her private secretary. No Government would hear of creating any such appointment, and the post continued to be officially unrecognized until the very close of her reign. It was none the less powerful, however, for being unofficial.

In Baron Stockmar's letters to the Prince Consort, he acutely points out how the Prince may best serve the Queen, by acting as her private secretary. He tried to do this, with the help of G. E. Anson; of course the result was that the unseen man of professional knowledge and habits, became the moving spirit. It continued to be so after the Prince's death. If any one doubts this, let him turn to the Queen's letter on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in the "Life of Archbishop Tait." Can any one fail to detect, in the liberal accent with which the Queen deprecates the rejection of the Bill, that there is more of General Grey in this letter than the mere shaping of the draft?

It came about in this way, unofficially, and as it were, unconsciously, that after the death of the Prince Consort the Queen gradually found herself at the head of a little staff of confidential officers. These consisted originally of General Grey, and then of General Ponsonby, as private secretary, with Sir Charles Phipps originally, and then Sir Thomas Biddulph, as the keeper of the privy purse. Eventually there was an arrangement by which Sir Henry Ponsonby combined the two offices with the aid of two assistants. Still later, there was a return to the original arrangement; and Sir Arthur Bigge was private secretary, and Sir Fleetwood Edwards keeper of the privy purse, to the end. This staff, never officially acknowledged in the fulness of its functions, had to exercise the most complete self-effacement, and became, in effect, an expansion of the Queen's personal power in action. The watchword of the lives of her private secretaries was devotion to the will of the Queen. The secret of the power they exercised was faithfully kept from the public, and will always be kept. These men gave their lives to her service, without

demur or reserve, and it is as much to her honor as it is to theirs that she inspired such complete devotion in men of such remarkable gifts.

The duties of the private secretaries included not merely communication on the Queen's behalf with the principal departments of the Government, but the reading through of all the despatches, and the digestion for the Queen's use of all documents—the keeping watch, in short, upon everything of public importance which went on in and out of Parliament, and the scheduling it so as to save the Queen's time as much as possible when it became necessary for her to form a decision. Not till many years have passed by will the real work of the private secretaries be fully known, but history is sure to confirm the verdict that, whatever their duties may ultimately prove to have been, they carried them out with complete self-effacement.

In this delicate and responsible position, it was the Queen's constant wish that the private secretaries should never allow their own political feelings to be discoverable. They had to consent to belong to no particular party, to suffer, in fact, political disfranchisement. This, with the utmost sagacity, they always contrived to do; and ministers of every complexion have acknowledged the impartiality of the private secretaries. Lord Beaconsfield said to a political friend, "I believe that General Ponsonby used to be a Whig, but whatever his politics may once have been, I can only say that I could not wish my case stated to the Queen better than the private secretary does it. Perhaps I am a gainer by his Whiggishness, as it makes him more scrupulously on his guard to be always absolutely fair and lucid." The tributes of Mr. Gladstone were not less explicit. It is greatly to the credit of the private secretaries, who came nearer to the mind of Her Majesty than any other

persons, that they never forgot to efface their own views and wishes in her sovereign will. She exercised that will with complete independence; and, from the death of the Prince Consort onwards, if she ever found any of her gentlemen issuing an order without her cognizance, she did not fail to make her displeasure felt.

Throughout periods of crisis nothing could equal the firmness with which the Queen supported the decisions of her ministers. This was peculiarly the case during the South African War, when her loyalty to the Government never flagged for a moment. That she regretted that she had not seen the end of the war was true, but that she wished it to be prematurely stopped, or stopped by weak concessions, is absolutely untrue. A story has been circulated by some interested persons to the effect that, in her last words to the Prince of Wales, she ordered him to "stop the war." This is a sacrilegious falsehood to which it is proper that the most direct denial should be given. Such inventions do real mischief, and distort the popular conception of the Queen's character. Having decided, as head of the Army, that war with a foreign nation was necessary, the Queen never drew back. She had a soldierly feeling which supported her throughout, and weak remorse was never one of her failings. The kindly and humane expressions which she used in individual cases could only by wilful violence be distorted into an appearance of disloyal opposition to her ministers in regard to a national question of vital import.

At the same time the Queen was less ready to yield to ministerial dictation than is commonly supposed. She did not admit it at the time, but she allowed it afterwards to be felt, that if she had made up her mind on a question of principle, she would not yield without a struggle. Of her relations

with various Governments much has come to light which it would be otiose to repeat here. Less is known of her intercourse with Lord Clarendon, whom she liked, although she was a little intimidated by his sarcasm and his bright, free speech. She had a certain *nuance* of dislike in her relations with Lord Palmerston; she thought him a *roué*, and his jauntiness was not to her taste. The rebuff she once administered to him, as Foreign Secretary, is matter of history. Lord Granville was excessively fortunate in all his dealings with the Queen. A finished actor and a finished man of the world, he contrived in all conditions to maintain exactly the correct tone. The remarkable gifts of this astute statesman never appeared to such brilliant advantage as during his interviews with the Queen, whom he exhilarated with his gaiety and sprightly wit. Of Lord John Russell she said amusingly that he would be better company if he had a third subject; for he was interested in nothing except the Constitution of 1688 and —himself. She esteemed Lord Derby, but she considered him a little boisterous. On Lord Aberdeen she placed a deep reliance; he was easy and explanatory in his official dealings with her; and in his somewhat grim fashion he always tried to make his interviews pleasant to her. For Lord Grey (then Lord Howick) she had an indulgent appreciation, although she once described him as "the only person who ever flatly contradicted me at my own table."

None of these statesmen, however, approached the remarkable ascendancy which Disraeli exercised over the Queen. No one, it is certain, ever amused her so much as he did. After she had overcome the first instinctive apprehension of his eccentricity, she subsided into a rare confidence in his judgment. She grew to believe that on almost all subjects he knew best. With

his insinuating graces, his iron hand under the velvet glove, his reckless disregard of court etiquette, Disraeli was almost the exact opposite of Lord Granville; but from him the Queen bore what she certainly would have resented from almost any one else. He was never in the least shy; he did not trouble to insinuate; he said what he meant in terms the most surprising, the most unconventional; and the Queen thought that she had never in her life seen so amusing a person. He gratified her by his bold assumptions of her knowledge, she excused his florid adulation on the ground that it was "oriental," and she was pleased with the audacious way in which he broke through the ice that surrounded her. He would ask across the dinner-table, "Madam, did Lord Melbourne ever tell your Majesty that you were not to do" this or that? and the Queen would take it as the best of jokes. Those who were present at dinner when Disraeli suddenly proposed the Queen's health as Empress of India, with a little speech as flowery as the oration of a maharajah, used to describe the pretty smiling bow, half a curtsey, which the Queen made him as he sat down. She loved the East with all its pageantry and all its trappings, and she accepted Disraeli as a picturesque image of it. It is still remembered how much more she used to smile in conversation with him than with any other of her ministers.

That the Queen preferred Scotland to any other country is well known. In the sincere and artless "Journals," extracts from which she was induced to publish, this delight in the Highlands glows on every page. It was always remarked by those around her that her spirits steadily rose as the time approached for her journey to Balmoral, and that when she actually started she was as eager as a child on a holiday. The total absence of re-

straint, and the comparative removal of responsibility, acted most pleasantly on her spirits, and to those whose duty it was to serve her she was never perhaps so completely charming, so easy to satisfy, so warmly genial, as when she was driving and sketching and drinking tea on the remote Aberdeenshire moors. In Scotland, too, she even laid aside something of her decisiveness. She would indulge, in little things, in the luxury of not quite knowing her own mind, and was even in some matters under the domination of favorite and trusted domestics. She had the peculiarity of never being sure which road it was best to take, or what garment to wear, and her drives became, on this account, prolonged agonies of indecision.

Bound up with this love of the Highlands was the Queen's romantic passion for her Stuart ancestors, mainly seen through an atmosphere of the romances of Sir Walter Scott. It became difficult to decide whether she liked Aberdeenshire because it reminded her of the tartan heroes, or whether much wandering over the braes brought the lives of the Jacobites home to her. One of the Queen's strongest traits was her partiality for the Stuarts; she forgave them all their faults. She used to say, "I am far more proud of my Stuart than of my Hanoverian ancestors;" and of the latter, indeed, she very seldom spoke. She once reproved one of her gentlemen rather sharply for condoning the acts of the Butcher. She drew herself up and remarked, "I do not like to hear the Duke of Cumberland praised; he was a shocking man," not wholly on account of his action after Culloden, but also because of her fondness for the romantic prince, whom she would never allow any one in her presence to style the Pretender. She cultivated a deep and almost superstitious admiration for Charles I, who was never anything less

than "the Royal Martyr" in her eyes. All the objects which had belonged to that family, which she could gather together, she preserved with the greatest veneration; and it is recalled that when she visited the late Lord Ashburnham's collection of Stuart relics, the Queen was quite overcome with emotion. No disparaging remarks were ever permitted in her presence, even with regard to James II. It is very amusing that she never seems to have been willing to admit that the success of either Pretender would have been fatal to herself. If some stickler for historical accuracy suggested the delicacy of the situation, the Queen would say: "The Stuarts pretenders? Because of me? There is no question of *me*. You can't argue about that. But I'm talking of *them*." She adored Mary Stuart and had a proportionate dislike for Queen Elizabeth. Dean Stanley used to say that this last prejudice was unjust, because she was herself so very much like that sovereign in character. "When she faces you down with her 'It must be,'" he declared, "I don't know whether it is Victoria or Elizabeth who is speaking!"

The Queen greatly enjoyed her visits to foreign countries, and particularly those to Italy. When she stayed in Florence she was eager to see every beautiful corner of the city, and to visit all the interesting churches. The difficulty which attended the inspection of the miraculous picture in the Annunziata added a peculiar zest to the permission which she ultimately received. The Queen was indirectly, but not the less deeply, influenced by the beauty and antiquity of her surroundings in Italy. It was the home of the music that she loved best. It represented the romance of art to her. She was extraordinarily interested in the system of the Misericordia, and quite put out by the success of her ladies-and gentlemen-in-waiting, who brought

back news of having met the processions on their merciful errand. At last by dint of driving about and loitering in likely places, the long-wished-for meeting was effected. The Queen hastened home to report her good fortune to her ladies: "And the poor man was really *dead*," she exulted, "not merely wounded like yours!" She had tender scruples as to whether she ought to be drawn about the churches in her Bath chair; "I should hate them to think I was irreverent," she said. She was indefatigable in her choice of fresh views to rest before and admire, when she camped out for tea in Italy or France. In old days, as in the Highlands, she would sketch during these expeditions; but of late she had not attempted this.

The Queen had a great affection for the Italian language, and spoke it easily, though not as she spoke French. She gave herself quaint practice in this accomplishment. Never did an organ-grinder make his appearance near Osborne but, if the carriage met him, it had to be stopped, while the Queen conversed in Italian with the grinning musician, and enquired after the health of his monkey. She liked to hear the sound of the language, even in its least classic form, and Neapolitan singers in the street were quite irresistible to her. Something about the whole character of the Celtic and Latin races was sympathetic to her; she felt at home with their turns of temperament. She desired, almost passionately, to be loved by the Irish, and when she went to Dublin in 1899 she believed that they did love her. She felt the stimulus of success in pleasing, but she acknowledged that the work required of her was twice as great as it had been on her earlier visit. She did her very best to win the affection of the Irish, but the effort fatigued her much. She was carried through it all by her enjoyment of the wit and gaiety of the crowd. She

kept on saying, "How I delight in the Irish!"

In closing this brief study of one of the most remarkable personalities of the nineteenth century, a few words must not be omitted dealing with the Queen's attitude towards her own regal position. No one ever accepted her fate with a graver or more complete conviction. It is possible that if her signature had been required to a declaration, on paper, of her belief in the divine right of kings, she would have thought it prudent to refuse to sign; but in her own heart she never questioned that she was the anointed of the Lord, called by the most solemn warrant to rule a great nation in the fear of God. She was fond of the word "loyalty," but she used it in a sense less lax than that which it bears in the idle parlance of the day. When the Queen spoke of her subjects as "loyal," she meant it in the mediæval sense. The relation was not, in her eyes, voluntary or sentimental, but imperative. If she had been a wicked or a foolish woman, it would have been very sad; but the duty of obedience would, in her idea, have been the same. Subjects must be "loyal;" if they loved their sovereign, so much the better for them and for her, but affection was not essential. In her phraseology this constantly peeped out—"I, the Queen," "*my* people," "*my* soldiers." She regarded herself professionally, as the pivot round which the whole machine of state revolves. This sense, this perhaps even chimerical conviction of her own indispensability, greatly helped to keep her on her lofty plane of daily, untiring duty. And gradually she hypnotized the public imagination, so that at last, in defiance of the theories of historic philosophers, the nation accepted the Queen's view of her own functions, and tacitly concluded with her that she ruled, a consecrated monarch, by Right Divine.

DIES IRÆ.

In the lives of most men there has been a week at the memory of which ever afterwards a dark cloud comes down and makes a possibly sunny world momentarily a place of gloom. It may have been a week of injury or of crime, of loss of wife, children or fortune; perhaps of that silent wrestling with spiritual forces which is one of the most common and mysterious visitants of men in a state of education, wherein increasing knowledge battles eternally with increasing doubt and distrust of knowledge. Every man has had this black week in his life—a week of despair and the sick horror of defeat, of which as I say, even the reminiscence can put out the sun, and keep one staring dully back into the desperate past until the fit is gone. And what a man experiences an army experiences; not as an agglomeration of men—for to each *homunculus* of that mighty *homo*, an army, his own private happenings appear to bulk larger than the vast ones he shares in—but as a soul in itself compact of thousands of souls, all utterly subservient to the interests of the entity in which they are lost and whelmed. Much has been written of the unanimity of mobs in the street. It is as inferior to that of an army as disorder is to discipline, and is only better known because men sit in window-seats, pencil in hand, and quiz a mob wherever collected, whereas an army in action is far from window-seats, and its professional analysts, if it numbers any, are commonly too busy and absorbed to ply their curious trade. But in reality every man in the fighting-line is a moral symplegmometer in himself if he only knew it. What he feels when the first shell bursts at dawn the whole army is feeling; the same at high noon, with its roar of

battle and its heat; the same when the firing dies with the dying light in the evening, and friend and foe sink down where they have crouched all day, too weary even to hate any more. All this sounds very unlikely and grotesque, but we assure the unbatuled reader that it is true. The emotions that speed along a fighting-line come sometimes almost as a shock to oneself, they are so resistless, often so inexplicable and disconnected with the actual events in progress. But they come all the same, and come to all at once, and a moment of joy, a week of gloom, to one, is joy or gloom to all.

The general who can create this joy or dissipate the gloom has nothing to learn in his profession. That is what is meant by a "leader of men," and is a thing apart from strategical skill, or even personal popularity. It requires a strength amounting to genius to breast a great wind of emotion which seems to blow whither it listeth, so sudden and sometimes illogical is its direction. The majority are content to be borne along by it, which is but another way of saying that there are more inferior or mediocre generals than good ones—a fact which might not be considered remarkable had not this war clearly proved that, amongst its junior commissioned ranks, the British army is, judged by this standard, blessed with more good officers than bad ones.

The army of Natal, surely the most eager and purposeful army which ever took the field, had, in accordance with the aforementioned law, its black week in its short but eventful life. It had, as all the world is aware, very many dark weeks of suspense, danger and defeat; but one especially, I think, over which the gloom brooded unrelieved from Saturday to Saturday, when even

temporary triumph seemed to give no promise of victory, and defeat itself was silently accepted as the inevitable thing. I refer to the battle of Spion Kop, which did not at all, as many seem to suppose, begin and end with the catastrophe upon the kop itself. The actual fighting, the "rush and hold on" which distinguishes a battle from an engagement, began on Saturday, January 20, and ended when our troops dragged their exhausted limbs back over the Tugela pontoon again in the dawn of Saturday, January 27. Between these two dates the fighting was uninterrupted and dogged, and it is of these seven days of strain, with the thousands charging, firing, dying along the crest of the mountains, that one who was present will think when he hears the battle of Spion Kop mentioned in after-days.

I pass over the various stages of the approach of Buller's army to the battle-ground. They seem, even at this short interval of time, a mere confusion of night-marches, casual bivouacs and hasty snatches of sleep, with rumor more abundant than rations, and rain abundant enough. Then the pontooning of the ever-present Tugela, an ill-managed crossing—troops and baggage, baggage and troops—a watchful day on a ridge opposite Fairview Farm, with nothing to watch but a gallant little figure storming Sugar-Loaf Hill all alone,¹ and holding up his hat on the top as a sign of victory in the face of the whole army. Then a chaotic bivouac by Venter's Spruit, when a division might have been the prey of a moderately well-educated company, had the Boer army possessed one; men, horses, oxen in one huge muddle at the bottom of a bowl. Thus two days of idleness, whilst across the valley the Boers were digging for dear life, their

laboring figures showing up plainly on the sky-line in the sight of wondering British private and wonderful British general. Then, when Boers were ready and Britons already disconcerted and distrustful—the battle.

John Martin, a genius well-nigh forgotten, except amongst dealers and *dilettanti*, is the only artist I know of who could have done justice to the *mise en scène*. On the left a rank of tremendous spurs, stretching out like huge gnarled talons into a fertile yellow valley, like a miser's hand towards a heap of gold. Between the spurs, of which the left one is the aforementioned Sugar-Loaf Hill, profound recesses and gorges, deep and dark as Tophet, with never a tree or bush to relieve them; at the head of each gorge the bluff face of the main feature, which stretches away towards the enemy's position more or less level. There are four of these spurs and three intervening gorges, and on the right of them the ground runs sharply away back from their alignment into the Boer position itself, curving back again some 2,000 yards further on. In the crescent thus formed lies "Three-Tree Hill," and in prolongation of its farther horn Spion Kop itself, a long, narrow-topped hog-backed mountain, the thumb of the vast splayed-out hand. Beyond Spion Kop a spacious amphitheatre of level hills, destined to witness the next act in the drama, of which the fatal kop is the left, and Doornkloof the right, with little Vaal Krantz like a mere ant-heap in the centre, all innocent of its coming fame as the most shell-stricken kopje in South Africa. I briefly mention this amphitheatre because, though it has little to do with the coming struggle, a portion of the overflow of the great combat found its way into it, and a battalion of General Lyttelton's

¹ This brave man, a trooper of the South African Light Horse, was killed next day by a shell

on the very scene of his daring. I regret that I have been unable to find out his name.

brigade at Potgeiter's Drift had to be sent forward to suffer in the final crash.

About 3 P.M. on Saturday, January 28, the Lancashire and Irish brigades, under General Hart, rushed the two right gorges, with a dash that was positively startling in its unexpectedness. The artillery preparation was a mere form. There was a hasty bang, bang, bang, from the artillery position on Three-Tree Hill, a terrified crackle of musketry from the occupants of the re-entrant, and up from the shadows burst the Irish and North-Countrymen with a typhoon of yells, and a momentum that nothing but death could stop. But death was there; a tremendous fire broke out from the ridge behind, as the cheering soldiers flowed over the level above the re-entrants. The foremost men fell in heaps, and the rear-most were stopped, as all should have been stopped, at the crest-line. "Thus far, and no farther," sang the Mausers. "Farther back still," bellowed the French guns, as they tried to whisk the men off their precarious crest-line with well-aimed shrapnel. But the batteries on Three-Tree Hill, six field and two howitzer, have something to say to that, and the ground in front of Hart soon becomes a whirlwind of dust as the shrapnel beats upon it. The grass is set on fire and burns furiously, and all over the battlefield, as if sent by the telegraph-wire, runs the dreadful news that twenty wounded Boers are being immolated amongst the flames. O Bellona! what were the ancients about when they dubbed you goddess? Or have such devilries only come with enlightened warfare? But the crest-line is ours, and our men cling to it all night, whilst the fire in front of them burns fiercely, and we of the reserve brigade lie chilly out on picket behind the newly won position, watching the red glow in the sky, and wondering who has been killed and what the mor-

row will bring forth. Up on the hill-side all is comparatively quiet; only an occasional flare of musketry shows how many pairs of eyes and ears are straining through the darkness watching for the slightest movement, all alert even at the rustling of the grass-tufts in the fitful night wind. It is a life-time, that clinging to a position won at nightfall throughout the night. The intensity of years is crowded into the sleepless hours, when men can almost feel the thousands of hostile eyes staring towards them, perhaps along rifle-barrels, or through the stalks of the long grass, nervously peering to stem a rush, or stealthily measuring whether the distance is short enough to make one. But there was no movement on either side, though the only sleepers were the British dead, which lay like seaweed marking the high tide-line of Hart's onset, and the poor charred corpses of the Boers lying hideously on the burnt black grass.

The dawn of Sunday, January 21, was greeted with crash after crash of volleys from the hill-crest. It is a curious thing, but in battles which extend over days there is often a kind of hesitation as to which side is to say "Good morning" to the other first on any particular day, even though the situation is perfectly well known to both. It is very seldom that a line of sangars puts its hands, so to speak, funnel-wise to its mouth and bluntly yells it to its enemy; more often than not the day's work is begun by an apologetic dropping shot or two at long intervals, and it is commonly well on into the morning before the "potting" swells into the rattle and roll which tells that men are hard at it "with their coats off." But there was no doubt at all about this Sunday morning. There is nothing apologetic or doubtful about General Hart to start with, gallant fiery Irishman, too hot with the *ignis sacer* of fighting to see anything ridiculous in a

sword angrily brandished at an enemy a thousand yards away. Soldiers under the eye of a man like this do not fire dropping shots, the rifles blaze and bellow and volley as soon as there is light enough to charge the magazines, their owners ready to speed after that waving sword, forgetting that it is as much an anachronism as the dare-devil recklessness of its owner, careless whether it waves to Ladysmith or to Gehenna. How the volleys peal amongst the gorges and caverns, as the reserve brigade (General Hildyard's) streams forward to take the left re-entrant of the three—three battalions in front, the fourth (the writer's) crowded out for the present, and held in support under a flat-topped kopje on this side of the valley. Over the yellow plain roll the lines of men, a shell or two singing over them and falling at random, with the well-known earthy thump and sulphurous sputter; they reach the base of the mighty ramparts, are lost for a time in the deep recesses between the bastion-hills, and reappear on the summit. There is a scuffle, a blast of musketry like the sound of rending calico, and the ridge, the barbican of the main work behind, is British property.

Why Hart and Hildyard were allowed to win these outworks so easily is not, I think, so much of a mystery as it is made out to be. The Boer main position, an immensely strong one, lay along higher ground about 1,200 yards in rear of the summits of the spurs and gorges I have described, and separated from them by a nearly flat plateau, extending perhaps half-way back before falling away into the big donga which formed, as it were, the ditch of the fortress. The Boers knew well enough that no amount of strength on these outlying ridges could keep the English stormers from the crest-line, and the Boer is not a man who can think with equanimity of almost certain flight across a thousand yards of

flat, with a triumphant British division hard on his heels. So, with that extraordinary acumen, and appreciation of ground which they have always exhibited, their leaders preferred to forego the glorious rifle practice possible from the ridges at our troops in their advance across the valley, merely holding the crest with a skeleton line of pickets, whilst the main body lay all ready for the acres of slowly moving Britons they expected to see roll across the intervening plateau. At one time on this day their expectations were in part fulfilled. Some companies of the Queen's and West Yorkshire, ordered to essay what to every eye was the most hazardous of experiments, did rush up over the crest-line onto the naked flat. The roll of fire which greeted them told the result plainly enough, without the line of bloody stretchers which straggled back across the valley, with here an arm stiffly uplifted like a little mast between the stumbling bearers, or a leg fixed in pain or death. Where will British privates not rush at the word of command? and, in the name of pity, why are such commands given? Men must of course be asked to dare much in battle; but most soldiers will agree with me that in this campaign the knowledge that our soldiers will dare all has too often caused them to be sent to do it without sufficient justification. The cruel and ignorant home-bred cackle over the Spion Kop despatches would almost seem to show that the British Public, fond as it is of its soldiers, yet recognizes no grain of mercy for them in action, no moment when a general, thinking that the object to be attained is not great enough, certain enough to warrant the certainty of terrible losses, may say, "Hold, enough!" But soldiers know their public, and if the "front" has occasionally been moved to bitterness by the criticisms and cavillings of "home," by the cruelty and ignorance aforementioned,

I can answer for it that the obvious ignorance has been always held in calmer moments as excuse for the apparent cruelty, and the only part of such discussions really deplored is the fact that results made discussion impossible. I shall have occasion to refer again to this subject. It is a year now since England heard with horror of the days of wrath I am describing; but still the only memorial of the men who died during them is an unjust, unwholesome and semi-political whispering and winking over the generals, over a Minister who, with a cynicism unparalleled even in a British Cabinet, publicly proclaimed his preference for cooked despatches to raw ones, over a gallant man who, in the eyes of all who know the facts, added immeasurably to his record of gallantry by daring to save a gallant brigade from certain annihilation. But at present all this is premature; to our tale again.

A lull followed the disastrous incident just described; it was of short duration, and was broken into by the first shot of six days' continual sniping and volley-firing. All along the ridge ran the steady roll of fire, from behind low sangars, big boulders, from little depressions, sometimes dying away in portions of the line, sometimes redoubling in intensity throughout its length, as if by common impulse. Now a company would top the orchestra with rhythmic volleys, whilst the thousands of free-lances on either side stayed their hands for a moment as if to listen; then the independent firing would recommence, rifle by rifle, until the rhythm of the volleys was drowned in the tremendous rattle; then two or three Maxims would chime in, and the whole ridge resounded from end to end, peak calling to peak, ravine to ravine. What a study in diacoustics! Living for four days amid such a storm is apt to produce fancies, a sort of aural *fata morgana*.

I became aware that the note permeating a battle is one endless E flat. How it sings and drones throughout the long days, audible, or rather sensible, amid the many-toned hubbubs around, dropping occasionally a third of a tone, but always reascending to its endless semibreve. It is the same in a storm at sea, only there the note is higher, more *aigu*, and not nearly so sad and menacing as the voice of the battlefield.

It was to this crashing accompaniment of musketry that the writer's battalion moved forward in the late afternoon to relieve a regiment upon the crest-line. A shell or two wide of the mark and a sprinkling of bullets dropping almost perpendicularly, were all the notice taken of our unseen but doubtless signalled advance. Evening was just falling when we entered the deep gorge, at the top of which lay the battalion we had come to relieve. It was a curious and depressing spectacle. Imagine a huge basin of blackish-brown earthenware, with sides so steep that your neck is strained as you look up from your position at the bottom of it. From the encircling rim are darting innumerable spurts of flame, looking almost scarlet against the darkening sky; these are from the rifles of the men clinging like flies to the crest-line. All around a casual "whit! whit" more felt than heard, as the Mauser bullets whisk down at the end of their flight and plop into the soft earth, or strike with a crisp spit upon a boulder. There are not very many of them now, for the Boers are "easing off" after a hard day, and we are sending them ten Lee-Metfords for one Mauser across the plateau. The relief is soon effected. We climb up the stony wall, the released battalion stumbles wearily past us, and disappears in the gloom behind to its well-earned rest, all save one of its officers, who refuses to go until he

has found some of his dead still lying out upon the plateau. He pokes about in the darkness in front of us, at the hazard of his life, finds the horrors he is looking for, and on his return joins us in a hasty candlelight dinner, with as much unconcern as if he had been out mushroom-picking. Wonderful the adaptability of human nature, which can handle death as if it were but the complement of life, or a casual part of it, instead of being its counter-buff!

The night passed quietly with only an occasional spasm of firing from our crest-line; but, as before, the first glint of dawn on the 22d was fairly roared at from all along the line. During the night the enemy had got a couple of guns in position on our left front, and these, accurately ranging with shrapnel, cracked and splashed their rain of bullets over our heads all day, though the slope was luckily too steep for effective results. Then another gun opened from the invisible right, also a pom-pom, whose procession of little shells raced across the flat below us at intervals sometimes amongst the ambulances or the mules, once causing a universal catch of the breath by plunging straight into the midst of men, drivers, bearers, ration-carriers, etc. But the pom-pom's mission in life is to prove that the age of miracles is not past, and the ten little deaths found interstices in the crowd somehow, and no one was hurt. As a check to this display of artillery on the part of the enemy, a battery of howitzers trotted over from Potgeiter's, and at once came into action on a hill to our left rear, coughing away an unconscionable number of rounds in record time, but never once silencing the far-off bump! bump! which warned us on the hill-crest that another shell was sailing towards us. And so on all day, a featureless day; for there was not an instant's cessation or slackening of the fire, the

only occurrence that could have been called a feature in such a dead level of noise. Not an inch of ground gained, nor an inch lost; not a hint in any one's mind as to how the master-mind on Three-Tree Hill proposed to work out his climax. Then the night, an exact counterpart of the previous one, with the same yell of musketry at dawn, and the same visitations of shrapnel and pom-poms. Never was there such a dull battle, or one so wearing to mind and body. About 3 P.M. on this day, the 23d, the writer's battalion was ordered back, and, after a cheerless night's bivouac in the valley, was sent across on the morning of the 24th to Three-Tree Hill "to support the attack on Spion Kop." So something had happened after all! From our bivouac we had seen a brigade forming up at dusk under the shadow of the great Kop, evidently for a night-attack, "or something," but where and what was a mystery, until, just before we were starting for our new position, sights began to appear on the summit of the mountain which explained all. Spion Kop had been seized in the night.

One has learnt this much of caution in South Africa, to describe—nay, believe—nothing that one has not seen with one's own eyes. War-correspondents with one voice have proclaimed that no war has ever been worse conducted than this one; it is a fair retort that no war has ever been worse reported. If the tongue is an unruly member, much more so is the ear which drinks in the gossip of inventive non-commissioned officers and camp-followers, and the hand which welds the farrago into enormous volumes of misinformation and unfairness, the only truthful representation found from cover to cover being the photograph of the author opposite the title-page. What the writer saw of the fight on the summit of Spion Kop was little enough; but it *was* enough—enough, at any rate,

to have rendered the subsequent re-cremation and insinuation dreadful to the mind of a mere soldier in its unfairness and duplicity. As we started from our bivouac towards the fatal kop all was comparatively quiet on its summit. The stormers, having won the hill after a brief scuffle with a surprised picket, were busy rearranging the confusion of a night advance, and piling up sangars with the few loose stones available; the enemy, much disconcerted for the moment, were quarrelling in the background as to their next move. Some were for retreat, others for a counter-attack, a difference of opinion subsequently split by a retirement of the whole of the Boer transport. Only a few hardy spirits lay on the far end of the ridge, waiting in the truest spirit of soldiery for "something to turn up." Over all lay a dense mist, and a quiet which was curiously contrasted with the far-off volleys from the spurs and gorges of our left attack. Then the sun rose, and the mists fled before it, first from the green hollows and kloofs, then fading from the steep hillside, the boulders appearing wet and glistening beneath it, then from the summit itself. When the last filmy coil had disappeared, one could see the crowded figures of the British force like little black marionettes against the light-blue sky, and how thick they appeared! Surely the summit must be very narrow if but one brigade must huddle together in this manner, a mark, such as artillery-men dream of, but seldom hope to see in waking moments. The Boer artillermen (no dreamers these) see them almost as soon as we do. A boom from the high ground, which ran like the crosspiece of a T across the line of the kop, a puff of woolly smoke in the air, and a shrapnel-shell, timed to a fraction, has swept through the pack upon the hill-top. Then the rifle-fire began, sharp, angry, incessant, from every crevice and every knoll; to us below

the whole mountain seemed alive with noise. Then more shrapnel, strings of it, dotting the cobalt sky with balls of smoke, as if a giant hand were flinging snowballs into the air, whilst beneath the mob of tiny figures swayed and shook, disintegrated and reformed into packs in a manner terrible to see to one who knows what the lash of shrapnel is like. Now a trio of shells would burst at the rear end of the mob, which appeared to surge forward a little, reducing the depth of the target; then another placed with diabolical skill in advance of the first; the men in rear edged still farther forward until a solid mass of humanity stood relieved upon the sky-line. Quick as a flash the whole Boer battery was upon them, bang! bang! bang! bang! a storm of projectiles tore into the black lump, which broke up into agitated patches, some edging forwards, some back, some disappearing altogether, as the men composing them fell lifeless below our line of vision. Again the same performance, shells behind, more forward, herding their victims on to the slaughter-ground for the *coup-de-grâce* of that appalling salvo. Splendid gunnery, but a frightful spectacle in all its silhouetted clearness up there on the razor-backed ridge, visible to the angry, pitying eyes of the whole army. Meantime the artillery on Three-Tree Hill and the big naval ordnance over Potgeiter's blazed and thundered and roared their best and hardest, at first methodically, with calculation and much confabulation and levelling of telescopes, then impatiently, then wildly and despairingly. Will those Boer guns never stop! You may take it on the word of a gunner that each of them has been fairly hit at least six times; but still the booming from Heaven knows where, and the balls of smoke "soft as carded wool," over the summit of Spion Kop. Even the pom-poms—whose lairs must be less hard to lo-

cate, since five and thirty different officers hurry up during the day to point out the exact position in five and thirty different places—add their stream of shells without let or hindrance to the avalanche falling upon the unfortunate men of Woodgate's brigade, the stormers of yesterday, the sufferers to-day. Poor General Woodgate himself is sharing it to the full; a bullet in the head, weeks of pain, and a grave in the peaceful little kirkyard of Mool river—such is the price too many another gallant man must pay when doctors or generals disagree, and have recourse to experiments. Then the mist and the night came down together; the firing ceased; and the weary thousands below on Three-Tree Hill, in the gorges, and on the mighty escarpments, slept not a wink for fear of what might befall the stricken hundreds on the kop.

That night the hill was evacuated. All through the dark hours gray-faced men stole down from the summit, gaunt, dirty, utterly weary, but undefeated, and perhaps hardly aware how much they owed to the man whose courageous order had saved them from annihilation. To the onlooker the debt was plain enough, and the whole British army, as well as the fraction of it which left Spion Kop that night, owes it to Colonel Thorneycroft that the catastrophe characteristically described by him as "the mop-up in the morning," is only a might-have-been in our military history. The attempt and its execution must stand forever as that which in a commander is worse than a crime—a blunder. The army knows well enough who is to blame for that; but it is as well that the rest of the world should remain in ignorance, even if it should mean the prolongation of the pitiable discussion, for the burden of the responsibility for such a tragedy is too heavy for one man to bear in public.

Next morning saw us (the writer's

battalion) still on Three-Tree Hill, under the shadow of the kop. Looking up to the clear-cut hog's back of its summit, one could see single figures moving leisurely about where yesterday a shell-riven crowd of hundreds had swayed and shifted. These slow-moving figures were those of the Boers wandering amongst the dead, who lay in serried packs behind many of the paltry sangers. A few shots rang out from odd corners of the vast mass, and then there was silence. An armistice had been arranged to allow of the ghastly heaps left from the threshing of the day before being swept up and hidden. All day the work went on. Doctors came and went, men could be seen digging against the clear sky, and every now and then a stretcher black with blood, containing something alive but not to be looked on, would be carried past the foot of the hill. Shells are unlovely killers and wounders; but for them there would be but little of the butcher's-shop suggestion about a modern battlefield, with its clean-puncturing rifle-bullets. But wherever the shells shriek and whirr will be crouching heaps of shattered humanity behind spattered stones, and the rent, dismembered bodies in the stretchers. Near us lay one of the battalions from the kop, a quiet, brooding mass of men, sitting for the most part as motionless as carved images about the piled arms. That regiment is over two hundred years old and was baptized at Dettlingen; but its baptism in the Low Countries will be forgotten long before the fiery confirmation on these cursed kopjes of Natal. It may be a new theory to military philosophers, that it is the manner more than the number of the losses caused by any visitation which renders it a thing to live horribly in the memory forever. There could have been little of the horrible when men galloped joyously at each other lance in rest, or stoutly faced each other afoot, eyes

watching eyes over the bayonet-point, every muscle alive to the splendid sport of fighting; nothing repulsive in this, though it is true that ten fell to the steel to one who now collapses at the blow of a bullet or the whirling fury of a shell. But even when only 300 are swept and blasted off the face of the earth by modern shells, the incident (ye gods! Spion Kop *has* been called "an incident" in the halfpenny papers!) seems to be taken out of the realm of warfare into that of railway accidents, explosions, etc., and one reads of and witnesses them with much the same sort of sick horror as came upon one at the news of that most awful of modern catastrophes, the fire in the bazar in Paris. But this is a digression, for which my excuse must be another novel but irrefutable theory, that the memory of bygone battles renders a man more thoughtful and analytic than any other experience of life; they may truly be called the contemplative man's education, and one may see even in Napier's magnificent work how impossible it is for an eyewitness to describe the fights of civilized men without becoming dreamy and irrelevant.

Towards evening it became known that the British army was to retire, and the whole attempt to be abandoned. The left was to fall back first—that is to say, those on the ridges farthest from Spion Kop—and the whole force to march towards two pontoon-bridges thrown across the Tugela, guided thither by huge bonfires lighted at the head of each. Hardly were the orders issued when it began to rain, and what rain. Cold, pitiless, incessant, it drenched the thin khaki drill in five minutes (no one had anything but the summer clothing he stood in), and in five more converted thousands of perspiring men into shivering, chattering ranks of misery. To the writer's battalion fell the task of covering the retirement. At night tactics have a way

of reverting to first principles, and it was almost by instinct that the indistinct rectangles of the companies shook themselves out into a single rank stretching from end to end of the hill, the men shoulder to shoulder—a frail enough buffer, one would think, between two hostile armies. The movement accomplished, there was a momentary pause amongst the dark upright figures, then with a subdued rustle they disappeared; a mile of men had lain down to wait. Hour after hour crouched the long line on the sodden ground in the downpour in absolute silence, immobility and wretchedness, officers and men stretched out so still amongst the mud and wet stones that the long row of them looked more like a dark furrow in the ground than a thousand armed men. The darkness was intense. Every now and then a suspicious noise ahead, distinguished in a second from the subdued bustle of the retreat in progress behind, would galvanize the frozen limbs into a momentary alertness. Then even this failed; men became actually insensible or silly from the cold, and had to be propped and lifted up to obey an order. Every moment an attack was expected, and only a fence of men in single rank to keep the enemy off the tail of the retiring army. That fence once broken, and a clear field given to the Boer sharp-shooters, nothing could have saved Buller's army from the direst confusion in its difficult march over the slippery muddy tracks towards the pontoons. But ahead all was silent as the grave, not a movement visible on the dark ridges, dimly seen through the shroud of fast-falling rain. Could even hate or fear bring men to huddle along those lonely, melancholy hills on such a night, in water-logged trenches, with clammy rusting rifles in hand, when every instinct yearns for companionship and a crackling fire, from which one may look comfortably over one's shoul-

der out into the wild misery of a wet night on the veldt? And so the hours wore on.

Suddenly, about 11 P.M., a terrific blare of musketry burst like an explosion from the whole length of the enemy's position. From every trench leapt a solid line of white fire from the inky blackness, and the whisper of the rain was drowned in the well-known roar of the Mausers, re-echoing across the empty valleys and kloofs like the break of the sea against a caverned cliff—a magnificent sight and sound, but not a comforting one to us who had hoped that the Boers were asleep, and not every man "armed, keeping his place." For a quarter of an hour the roll of fire pealed out in the silence, and the shooting flames danced along the dark hill-crest ahead of us, and then—as suddenly—silence and black darkness. I remember, even in that acme of anxiety, thinking how foolish those Dutchmen must be feeling as each man laid down his rifle after having sent fifty good rounds at express speed into—nothing! The reason of the outburst was obvious enough. Hearing the murmur and rustle from our lines, the Boers—perfect anomalies in their heaviness of body and "jumpiness" of nerve—had pictured to themselves a night-attack. "Hark to that distant trampling of feet and rumbling of gun-wheels!" they said; "the Brit is at his old game; let us give him time and smash him when he shall have arrived at the foot of this our hill, as we did at Magersfontein, as we would have done at Ladysmith had not Erasmus been cursed with a head as thick as the breeches of the guns he lost."² So they waited till they could wait no longer, and perhaps a quarter of a million rounds found their billet in the wet ground in the

valley dividing the respective positions, for not one came near us. At the height of the outburst there was a hurried trampling and rush of feet ahead of us; a whisper went along the frozen line of men, "They are coming!" and chattering teeth were clenched, and blue fingers gripped hard at the dripping rifles. Woe unto any Dutchman who had ventured on that barrier of fierce and angry men, lying sullen and vengeful, motionless as a line of dark corpses on the sodden ground! One almost trembles at the thoughts and feelings aroused by that trampling of feet in the darkness—red thoughts which ran from man to man, and set the blood on fire in the shivering bodies. There are voices in the air over a line of silent soldiers awaiting an attack at night, and when the enemy draws near one of them fails to whispering, "Kill! kill!" until even the cowards, if there are any, become butchers. But these were not Boers hurrying towards us over the stones, but some men of a battalion lost in the darkness, retiring in confusion and amazement from before that sheet of flame spurting from the hill-crest behind them. Nearer and nearer came the sound of them, and the battalion, lying prone and serried in their course, still waiting sternly for Boers, were just about to draw back the bayonets "half-arm" for the first fierce lunge when the identity of the wanderers was discovered. They were hastily gathered into batches, and reformed behind the comforting solidity of that immovable single rank. It dawns upon officers that their men have just been tried as highly as man can be tried in war. Pierced with cold, lying out in the open with no cover in front and none to fall back on behind, no supports, and the rest of the army in full

² When during the siege of Ladysmith an expedition from inside the town attacked Surprise Hill at night, and blew up the two guns upon it, the Boers threw the whole blame on Erasmus,

who was in command of the hill, and had refused to believe repeated warnings given him by his outposts of the approach of British troops.

retreat far away back in the gloom; then the rush of men and the leaping figures ahead, Boers for all they knew, and all around the dripping, steaming, dense blackness of the night, hiding even evil-memoried Spion Kop itself, though it hung closely over them—soldiers have rarely had to stand their ground against a greater temptation (ever present in night-combats) to break and disappear, unseen and unquestioned, into the friendly darkness behind them. But no one is surprised. Were the whole Boer army, the amorphous mysterious thousands who have lain so long behind the kopjes, to come thundering over the flat upon that silent black streak of men, they would have to recoil many a time cruelly handled before they could obliterate it and pour onward over the place where it had been. After this another period of deathly stillness, accentuated rather than broken by the ceaseless rustle of the rain and the far-away murmur of the great army pressing towards the bridges.

At length, somewhere about 1 A.M., the whispered order came to retire. Like black phantoms the long line of men rose from the ground—all save one or two whom the cold had struck stiff and senseless where they lay, to be hastily picked up and placed on stretchers. Stealthily the companies closed upon their right, and moved off one by one, men's teeth clenched and feet contracted in the soaked, chilly boots in a very desperation of attempted silence and secrecy. But the black hill-crest behind remained black, and no blaze of rifle-fire came at the sound of the hundreds of hobnailed boots stumbling

over the stones. What a march that was back over a stony quagmire down to the pontoon. The mud was as slippery as ice and ankle-deep; every second came the clatter of a falling man or a struggling horse, every second a sudden check to the slow-moving column, when rear ranks would cannon heavily with smothered blasphemy into their comrades of the rank in front. Here and there a stifled cry would tell of a sprained ankle, and a form would be carried out from the midst of the press to await the arrival of a stretcher. Every hundred yards or so the dark form of a horseman loomed up, motionless as a statue, cloaked and dripping; these were the mounted men distributed along the track to mark its course—one of the admirable precautions of an admirably conducted retirement. About 4 A.M., just as dawn broke over the swollen, dismal Tugela, the bridge was reached, and as the last battalion tramped over the wornout "chesses"⁸ which swayed sicklily, beneath the moving weight, a single shell sang drearily from the enemy's position away back in the mist, and fell with a splash into the thick water alongside. It was like the full stop at the end of a chapter, such a chapter as the British army has never had to write before—a chapter of failure and sorrow, unrelieved save by the ceaseless heroism of the dead and living whose duty it had been to write it. Pity 'tis that that last solitary shell did not put a period to the disastrous chatter, as it did to the disaster itself. Soldiers, at least do not wish to be reminded by quarrelsome irresponsibles how much duplicity and subterfuge has clustered round the sacred and dignified mournfulness of those days of wrath.

⁸ The planks which form the roadway of pontoon and other temporary bridges.

THE NOVELS OF M. RENE BAZIN.

When I was young I had the pleasure of knowing a prominent Plymouth Brother, an intelligent and fanatical old gentleman, into whose house there strayed an attractive volume, which he forbade his grown-up son and daughter to peruse. A day or two later his children, suddenly entering his library, found him deep in the study of the said dangerous book, and gently upbraided him with doing what he had expressly told them not to do. He replied with calm, good-humor, "Ah, but you see. I have a much stronger spiritual digestion than you have!" This question of the "spiritual digestion" is one which must always trouble those who are asked to recommend one or another species of reading to an order of undefined readers. Who shall decide what books are and what are not proper to be read? There are some people who can pasture unperturbed upon the memoirs of Casanova, and others who are disturbed by "The Idylls of the King." They tell me that in Minneapolis "Othello" is considered objectionable; our own great-aunts thought "Jane Eyre" no book for girls. In the vast complicated garden of literature it is always difficult to say where the toxicologist comes in, and what distinguishes him from the purveyor of a salutary moral tonic. In recent French romance, everybody must acknowledge, it is practically impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule.

The object of these pages, however, is not to decide how far the daring apologist can go in the recommendation of new French novel-writers, but to offer to the notice of shy English readers a particularly "nice" one. But, before attempting to introduce M. René Bazin, I would reflect a moment on the very curious condition of the French

novel in general at the present time. No one who observes the entire field of current French literature without prejudice will deny that the novel is passing through a period which must prove highly perilous to its future, a period at once of transition and of experiment. The school of realism or naturalism, which was founded upon the practice of Balzac in direct opposition to the practices of George Sand and of Dumas *père*, achieved, about twenty years ago, one of those violent victories which are more dangerous to a cause than defeat itself. It was in 1880 that M. Zola published that volume of polemical criticism which had so far-reaching an effect in France and elsewhere, and which was strangely ignored in England—"Le Roman Expérimental." This was just the point of time at which the Rougon-Macquart series of socio-pathological romances was receiving its maximum of hostile attention. M. Zola's book of criticism was a plausible, audacious, magnificently casuistical plea, not merely for the acceptance of the realistic method, but for the exclusion of every other method from the processes of fiction. It had its tremendous effect; during the space of some five years the "romanciers naturalistes," with M. Zola at their head, had it all their own way. Then came, in 1885, "La Terre," an object-lesson in the abuse of the naturalistic formula, and people began to open their eyes to its drawbacks. And then we all dissolved in laughter over the protest of the "cinq purs," and the defection of a whole group of disciples. M. Zola, like the weary Titan that he is, went on, but the prestige of naturalism was undermined.

But, meanwhile, the old forms of

procedure in romance had been dis- honored. It was not enough that the weak places in the realistic armor should be pierced by the arrows of a humarer criticism; the older warriors whom Goliath had overthrown had to be set on their legs again. And it is not to be denied that some of them were found to be dreadfully the worse for wear. No one who had read Flaubert and the Goncourts, no one who had been introduced to Tolstoy and Dostoleffsky could any longer endure the trick of Cherbuliez. It was like going back to William Black after Stevenson and Mr. Barrie. Even Ferdinand Fabre, the Thomas Hardy of the Cevennes, seemed to have lost his savor. The novels of Octave Feuillet were classics, but no one yearned for fresh imitations of "Monsieur de Camors." Pierre Loti turned more and more exclusively to adventures of the *ego* in tropical scenery. Alphonse Daudet, after a melancholy eclipse of his fresh early genius, passed away. The influence of the Goncourts, even before the death of Edmond, although still potent, spread into other fields of intellectual effort, and became negligible so far as the novel, pure and simple, was concerned. What was most noteworthy in the French *belles-lettres* of ten years ago was the brilliant galaxy of critics that swam into our ken. In men like MM. Lemaître, Anatole France, Brunetière and Gaston Paris, the intelligent reader found purveyors of entertainment which was as charming as fiction, and much more solid and stimulating. Why read dull novels when one could be so much better amused by a new volume of "La Vie Littéraire?"

In pure criticism there is now again a certain depression in French literature. The most brilliant of the group I have just mentioned has turned from the adventures of books to the analysis of life. But the author of "L'Anneau

d'Améthyste" is hardly to be counted among the novelists. His philosophical satires, sparkling with wit and malice, incomparable in their beauty of expression, are doubtless the most exquisite productions proceeding to-day from the pen of a Frenchman, but "L'Orme du Mail" is no more a novel than "Friendship's Garland" is. Among the talents which were directly challenged by the theories of the naturalistic school, the one which seems to have escaped least battered from the fray is that of M. Paul Bourget. He stands apart, like Mr. Henry James—the European writer with whom he is in closest relation. But even over this delicious writer a certain change is passing. He becomes less and less a novelist, and more and more a writer of *nouvelles* or short stories. "La Duchesse Bleue" was not a *roman*, it was a *nouvelle* writ large and in the volume of consummate studies of applied psychology ("Un Homme d'Affaires"), which reaches me as I write these lines, I find a M. Paul Bourget more than ever removed from the battle-field of common fiction, more than ever isolated in his exquisite attenuation of the enigmas of the human heart. On the broader field, M. Marcel Prévost and M. Paul Hervieu support the Balzac tradition after their strenuous and intelligent fashion. It is these two writers who continue for us the manufacture of the "French novel" pure and simple. Do they console us for Flaubert and Maupassant and Goncourt? Me, I am afraid, they do but faintly console.

Elsewhere, in the French fiction with which the century closed, we see little but experiment, and that experiment largely takes the form of *pastiche*. One thing has certainly been learned by the brief tyranny of realism, namely, that the mere exterior phenomena of experience, briefly observed, do not exhaust the significance of life. It is not to be denied that a worthy intel-

lectual effort, a desire to make thought take its place again in aesthetic literature, marks the tentatives, often very unsatisfactory in themselves and unrelated to one another, which are produced by the younger novelists in France. These books address, it must never be forgotten, an audience far more cultivated, far less hide-bound in its prejudices, than does the output of the popular English novelist. It is difficult to conceive of a British Huysmans translating, with the utmost regard for plot, the voluptuous languors of religion; it is even more difficult to conceive of a British Maurice Barrès engaged, in the form of fiction, in the glorification of a theory of individualism. It is proper that we should do honor to the man who writes and to the public that reads, with zeal and curiosity, these attempts to deal with spiritual problems in the form of fiction. But it is surely not unfair to ask whether the experiment so courageously attempted is perfectly successful? It is not improper to suggest that neither "La Cathédrale" nor "Les Déracinés" is exactly to be styled an ideal novel.

More completely fulfilling the classic purpose of the romance, the narrative, are some of the experimental works in fiction which I have indicated as belonging to the section of *pastiche*. In this class I will name but three, the "Aphrodite" of M. Pierre Louys, "La Nichina" of M. Hugues Rebell, and "La Route d'Emeraude" of M. Eugène Demolder. These, no doubt, have been the most successful, and the most deservedly successful, of a sort of novel in these last years in France, books in which the life of past ages has been resuscitated with a full sense of the danger which lurks in pedantry and in a didactic dryness. With these may be included the extraordinary pre-historic novels of the brothers Rosny. This kind of story suffers from two dangers.

Firstly, nothing so soon loses its pleasurable surprise, and becomes a tiresome trick, as *pastiche*. Already, in the case of more than one of the young writers just mentioned, fatigue of fancy has obviously set in. The other peril is a heritage from the Naturalists, and makes the discussion of recent French fiction extremely difficult in England, namely, the determination to gain a sharp, vivid effect by treating with surgical coolness the maladies of society. Hence—to skate as lightly as possible over this thin ice—the difficulty of daring to recommend to English readers a single book in recent French fiction. We have spoken of a strong spiritual digestion; but most of the romances of the latest school require the digestion of a Commissioner in Lunacy or of the matron in a Lock hospital.

Therefore—and not to be always pointing to the Quaker-colored stories of M. Edouard Rod—the joy and surprise of being able to recommend, without the possibility of a blush, the latest of all the novelists of France. It has been necessary, in the briefest language, to sketch the existing situation in French fiction, in order to make appreciable the purity, the freshness, the simplicity of M. René Bazin. It is only within the last season or two that he has come prominently to the front, although he has been writing quietly for about fifteen years. It would be absurd to exaggerate. M. Bazin is not, and will not be here presented as being, a great force in literature. If it were the part of criticism to deal in negatives, it would be easy to mention a great many things which M. Bazin is not. Among others he is not a profound psychologist; people who like the novels of M. Elémir Bourges, and are able to understand them, will, unquestionably pronounce "Les Noellat" and "La Sarcelle Bleue" very insipid. But it is possible that the French novelists of these last five years have been try-

ing to be a great deal too clever, that they have starved the large reading public with the extravagant intellectuality of their stories. Whether that be so or not, it is at least pleasant to have one man writing, in excellent French, refined, cheerful and sentimental novels of the most ultra-modest kind, books that every girl may read, that every guardian of youth may safely leave about in any room of the house. I do not say—I am a thousand miles from thinking—that this is everything; but I protest—even in face of the indignant Bar of Bruges—that this is much.

Little seems to have been told about the very quiet career of M. René Bazin, who is evidently an enemy to self-advertisement. Of his purely literary career all that is known appears to be that in 1886 he published a romance, "Ma Tante Giron," to which I shall presently return, which fell almost unnoticed from the press. It found its way, however, to one highly appropriate reader, M. Ludovic Halévy, to whom its author was entirely unknown. M. Halévy was so much struck with the cleanliness and freshness of this new writer that he recommended the editor of the *Journal des Débats* to secure him as a contributor. To the amazement of M. Bazin, he was invited, by a total stranger, to join the staff of the *Débats*. He did so, fourteen years ago, and for that newspaper he has written almost exclusively ever since, and there his successive novels and books of travel have first appeared. It is said that M. Halévy tried, without success, to induce the French Academy to give one of its prizes to "Ma Tante Giron." The attempt failed, but no doubt it was to the same admirer that was due the crowning of M. René Bazin's second story, "Une Tache d'Encre." One can hardly doubt that the time is not far distant when M. Bazin will himself be in a position to secure the prizes of the Academy for still

younger aspirants. This account of M. Bazin is meagre, but although it is all that I know of his blameless career, I feel sure that it is, as Froude once said on a parallel occasion, "nothing to what the angels know."

When we turn to M. Bazin's earliest novel, "Ma Tante Giron," it is not difficult to divine what it was that attracted to this stranger the amiable author of "L'Abbé Constantine" and "La Famille Cardinal." It is a sprightly story of provincial life, a dish, as was wickedly said of one of M. Halévy's own books, consisting of nothing but angels served up with a white sauce of virtue. The action is laid in a remote corner of Western France, the Craonnais, half in Vendée, half in Brittany. There are fine old sporting characters, who bring down hares at fabulous distances to the reproach of younger shots; there are excellent curés, the souls of generosity and unworldliness, with a touch of eccentricity to keep them human. There is an admirable young man, the Baron Jacques, who falls desperately in love with the beautiful and modest Mlle. de Seligny, and has just worked himself up to the point of proposing, when he unfortunately hears that she has become the greatest heiress in the country-side. Then, of course, his honorable scruples outweigh his passion, and he takes to a capricious flight. Mlle. de Seligny, who loves him, will marry no one else, and both are horribly unhappy, until Aunt Giron, who is the comic providence of the tale, rides over to the Baron's retreat, and brings him back, a blushing captive, to the feet of the young lady. All comes well, of course, and the curtain falls to the sound of wedding-bells, while Aunt Giron, brushing away a tear, exclaims, "La joie des autres, comme cela fait du bien!"

But "Ma Tante Giron" is really the least bit too ingenuous for the best of

good little girls. Hence, we are not surprised to find M. Bazin's next novel at the same time less provincial and less artless. It is very rare for a second book to show so remarkable an advance upon a first as "Une Tache d'Encre" does upon its predecessor. This is a story which may be recommended to any reader, of whatever age or sex, who wishes for a gay, good-humored and well-constructed tale, in which the whole tone and temper shall be blameless, and in which no great strain shall be put upon the intellectual attention. It is excellently carpentered; it is as neatly turned-out a piece of fiction-furniture as any one could wish to see. It has, moreover, beyond its sentimental plot, a definite subject. In "Une Tache d'Encre" the perennial hostility between Paris and the country town, particularly between Paris and the professional countryman, is used, with excellent effect, to hang an innocent and recurrent humor upon. Fabian Mouillard, an orphan, has been educated by an uncle, who is a family lawyer at Bourges. He has been brought up in the veneration of the office, with the fixed idea that he must eventually carry on the profession, in the same place, among the same clients; he is a sort of Dauphin of the *bascote*, and it has never been suggested to him that he can escape from being his uncle's successor. But Fabian comes up to Paris, that dangerous city, hatred and fear of which have been most carefully instilled into him. He still continues, however, to be as good as gold, when a blot of ink changes the whole current of his life. He is engaged in composing a thesis on the Julian Latins, a kind of slaves whose status in ancient Rome offers curious difficulties to the student of jurisprudence. To inform himself of history in this matter he attends the National Library, and there, one afternoon, he is so unlucky (or so lucky) as to flip

a drop of ink by accident on to a folio which is in act of being consulted by M. Flamaran, of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. M. Flamaran is a very peperly old pedant, and he is so angry that Fabian feels obliged to call upon him, at his private house, with a further apology. The fond reader will be prepared to learn that M. Flamaran, who is a widower, lives with a very charming daughter, and that she keeps house for him.

The course of true love then runs tolerably smoothly. The virtuous youth without a profession timidly woos the modest maiden without a mamma, and all would go well were it not for the fierce old solicitor at Bourges. M. Flamaran will give his daughter if Fabian will live in Paris; but the uncle will accept no niece unless the young couple will settle in the country. The eccentric violence of M. Mouillard gives the author occasion for a plentiful exercise of that conventional wit about lawyers which never fails to amuse French people, which animates the farces of the Renaissance and which finds its *locus classicus* in the one great comedy of Racine. There follows a visit to Italy, very gracefully described; then a visit to Bourges, very pathetical and proper; and, of course, the end of it all is that the uncle capitulates in snuff and tears, and comes up to Paris to end his days with Fabian and his admirable wife. A final conversation lifts the veil of the future, and we learn that the tact and household virtues of the bride are to make the whole of Fabian's career a honeymoon.

The same smoothness of execution, the same grace and adroitness of narrative, which renders "Une Tache d'Encre" as pleasant reading as any one of Mr. W. E. Norris's best society stories, are discovered in "La Sarcelle Bleue," in which, moreover, the element of humor is not absent. As a typical inter-

preter of decent French sentiment, at points where it is markedly in contrast with English habits of thought, this is an interesting and even an instructive novel. We are introduced in a country-house of Anjou, to an old officer, M. Guillaume Maldonne, and his wife, and their young daughter, Thérèse. With these excellent people lives Robert de Kéréadol, an old bachelor, also a retired officer, the lifelong friend of Maldonne. The latter is an enthusiastic ornithologist, and keeper of the museum of natural history in the adjoining country-town. His ambition is to possess a complete collection of the birds of the district, and the arrival of Robert de Kéréadol is due to a letter inviting him to come to Anjou and bring his gun. He has just been wounded in Africa, and the invitation is opportune. He arrives, and so prolongs his visit that he becomes a member of the household:—

Robert recovered, and was soon in a fit state to go out with his friend. And then there began for both of them the most astonishing and the most fascinating of Odysseys. Each felt something of the old life return to him; adventure, the emotion of the chase, the need to be on the alert, shots that hit or missed, distant excursions, nights beneath the stars. All private estates, princely domains, closed parks, opened their gates to these hunters of a new type. What mattered it to the proprietor most jealous of his rights if a rare woodpecker or butcher-bird was slaughtered? Welcomed everywhere, feted everywhere, they ran from one end of the department to the other, through the copses, the meadows, the vineyards, the marshlands. Robert did not shoot; but he had an extraordinary gift for divining that a bird had passed, for discovering its traces or its nest, for saying casually: "Guillaume, I feel that there are woodcock in the thickets under that clump of birches; the mist is violet, there is an odor of dead leaves about it." Or, when the silver Spring, along the edges

of the Loire, wakens all the little world of clustered buds, he was wonderful in perceiving, motionless on a point of the shore, a ruff with bristling plumage, or even, posed between two alder catkins, the almost imperceptible blue linnet.

It follows that this novel is the romance of ornithology, and in its pleasantest pages we follow the fugitive "humeur d'oiseau." To the local collection at last but one treasure is lacking. The Blue Teal (perhaps a relative of the Blue Linnet) is known to be claimed among the avifauna of Anjou, and Maldonne and Kéréadol can never come within earshot of a specimen. Such is the state of affairs when the book opens. Without perceiving the fact, the exquisite child, Thérèse Maldonne, has become a woman, and Robert de Kéréadol, who thinks that his affection for her is still that of an adopted uncle, wakens to the perception that he desires her for his wife. Docile in her inexperience and in her maidenly reserve, Thérèse accustoms her mind to this idea, but at the deathbed of a village child, her protégé, she meets an ardent and virtuous young gentleman of her own age, Claude Revel, and there is love almost at first sight between them.

In France, however, and especially in the provinces, the advances of Cupid must be made with extreme decorum. Revel is not acquainted with M. Maldonne, and how is he to be introduced? He is no zoologist, but he hears of the old collector's passion for rare birds, and shooting a squirrel, he presents himself with its corpse at the Museum. He is admitted indeed, but with some scorn; and is instructed, in a high tone, that a squirrel is not a bird, nor even a rarity. He receives this information with a touching lowliness of heart, and expresses a thirst to know more. The zoologist pronounces him marvellously ignorant, indeed, but ripe for knowl-

edge, and deigns to take an interest in him. By degrees, as a rising young ornithologist, he is introduced into the family circle, where Kérédol instantly conceives a blind and rude jealousy of him. Thérèse, on the contrary, is charmed, but he gets no closer to her parents. It is explained to him at last by Thérèse that his only chance is to present himself as a suitor with a specimen of the Blue Teal in his hands. Then we follow him on cold mornings, before daybreak, in a punt on the reedy reaches of the Loire; and the gods are good to him, he pots a teal of the most cerulean blueness. Even as he brings it in, Kérédol, an incautious Iago, snatches it from him, and spoils it. But now the scales fall from everybody's eyes; Kérédol writes a long letter of farewell and disappears, while Thérèse, after some coy raptures, is ceremoniously betrothed to the enchanted Claude Revel. It is not suggested that he goes out any longer, searching for blue teal, of a cold and misty morning. "La Sarcelle Bleue" is a very charming story, only spoiled a little, as it seems to me, by the unsportsmanlike violence of Robert de Kérédol's jealousy, which is hardly in keeping with his reputation as a soldier and a gentleman.

As he has advanced in experience, M. René Bazin has shown an increasing ambition to deal with larger problems than are involved in such innocent love-intrigues as those which we have just briefly analyzed. But in doing so he has, with remarkable persistency, refrained from any realization of what are called the seamy sides of life. In "De toute son Ame" he attempted to deal with the aspects of class-feeling in a large provincial town, and in doing so was as cautious as Mrs. Gaskell or as Anthony Trollope. This story, indeed has a very curious resemblance, in its plan, to a class of novels familiar to English readers of half a century ago,

and hardly known outside England. One has a difficulty in persuading oneself that it has not been written in direct rivalry to such books as "Mary Barton" and "John Halifax, Gentleman." It is a deliberate effort to present the struggle of industrial life, and the contrasts of capital and labor in a light purely pathetic and sentimental. To readers who remember how this class of theme is usually treated in France—with so much more force and color, perhaps, but with a complete disregard of the illusions of the heart—the mere effort is interesting. In the case of "De toute son Ame" the motive is superior to the execution. M. Bazin, greatly daring, does not wholly succeed. The Latin temper is too strong for him; the absence of tradition betrays him; in this novel, ably constructed as it is, there is a certain insipid tone of sentimentality such as is common enough in English novels of the same class, but such as the best masters amongst us have avoided.

True to his strenuous provinciality, M. Bazin does not take Paris as his scene, but Nantes. That city and the lucid stretches of the vast Loire, now approaching the sea, offer subjects for a series of accurate and picturesque drop-scenes. The plot of the book itself centres in a great factory, in the *ateliers* and the *usines* of the rich firm of Lemarié, one of the most wealthy and prosperous individuals of Nantes. Here one of the artizans is Uncle Eloï, a simple and honest laborer of the better class, who has made himself the guardian of his orphan nephew and niece, Antoine and Henriette Madiot. These two young people are two types—the former of the idle, sly and vicious ne'er-do-well, the latter of all that is most industrious, high-minded and decently ambitious. But Henriette is really the illegitimate daughter of the proprietor of the works, M. Lemarié, and his son Victor is attracted, he

knows not why, by a fraternal instinct, to the admirable Henriette. She is loved by a countryman, the tall and handsome Etienne, reserved and silent. The works in Nantes are burned down by the spite of Antoine, who has turned anarchist. Lemarié, the selfish capitalist, is killed by a stroke of apoplexy on hearing the news. His widow, a woman of deep religion, gives the rest of her life to good works, and is aided in her distributions by Henriette, who finds so much to do for others, in the accumulation of her labors for their welfare, that her own happiness can find no place, and the silent Etienne goes back to his country home in his barge. "De toute son Ame" is a well-constructed book, full of noble thoughts; and the sale of some twenty large editions proves that it has appealed with success to a wide public in France. But we are accustomed in England, the home of sensibility, to guard with humor and with a fear of the absurd, against being swept away on the full tide of sentiment, and perhaps this sort of subject is better treated by a Teutonic than by a Latin mind. At all events, "De toute son Ame," the most English of M. Bazin's novels, is likely to be the one least appreciated in England.

A very characteristic specimen of M. Bazin's deliberate rejection of all the conventional spicess with which the French love to heighten the flavor of their fiction, is found in the novel called "Madame Corentine," a sort of hymn to the glory of devoted and unruffled matrimony. This tale opens in the island of Jersey, where Madame Corentine L'Hérec is discovered keeping a bric-à-brac shop in St. Heliers, in company with her thirteen-year-old daughter, Simone. Mme. L'Hérec is living separated from her husband, but M. Bazin would not be true to his *parti pris* if he even suggested that there had been any impropriety of

moral conduct on either side. On the contrary, husband and wife are excellent alike, only, unhappily, there has been a fatal incompatibility of temper, exacerbated by the husband's vixen mother. Corentine was a charming girl of Perros in Brittany; M. Hérec, a citizen of the neighboring town of Lannion. Now he remains in Lannion, and she has taken refuge in Jersey; no communication passes between them. But the child Simone longs to see her father, and she sends him a written word by a Breton sailor. Old Capt. Guen, Corentine's widowed father, writes to beg her to come to Perros, where her younger sister, Marie Anne, has married the skipper of a fishing vessel. Pressed by Simone, the mother consents to go, although dreading the approach to her husband. She arrives to find her sister's husband, Sullian, drowned at sea, and the father mourns over two daughters, one of whom is a widow and the other separated from her man. But Sullian comes back to life, and through the instrumentality of little Simone, the Hérecs are brought together, even the wicked old mother-in-law getting her fangs successively drawn. The curtain falls on a scene of perfect happiness, a general "Bless ye, my children" of melodrama.

There is a great deal of charming description in this book, both the Jersey and the Lannion and the Perros scenes being painted in delightful colors. A great part of the novel is occupied with the pathos of the harvest of the sea, the agony of Breton women who lose their husbands, brothers and sons in the fisheries. Here M. Bazin comes into direct competition with a greater magician, with M. Pierre Loti in his exquisite and famous "*Pêcheurs d'Islande*." This is a comparison which is inevitably made, and it is one which the younger novelist, with all his merits, is not strong enough to sustain. On the other hand the central subject

of the novel, the development of character in the frivolous and tactless but essentially good-hearted Corentine, is very good, and Simone is one of the best of M. Bazin's favorite "girlish shapes that slip the bud in lines of unspoiled symmetry." It is not possible for me to dwell here on "*Les Noellet*," a long novel about provincial society in the Angevine district of the Vendée, nor on "*Humble Amour*," a series of six short stories, all (except "*Les Trois Peines d'un Rossignol*," a fantastic dream of Naples) dealing with Breton life, because I must push on to a consideration of a much more important work.

The most successful, and I think the best, of M. René Bazin's books, is the latest. When "*La Terre qui Meurt*" was published in 1899, there were not a few critics who said that here at last was a really great novel. There is no doubt that here the novelist has found a subject worthy of the highest talent. That subject briefly is the draining of the village by the city. He takes, in "*La Terre qui Meurt*," the agricultural class, and shows how the towns, with their offices, cafés, railway stations and shops, are tempting it away from the farms, and how, under the pressure of imported produce, the land itself, the ancient free prerogative of France, the inalienable and faithful soil, is dying of a slow disease. To illustrate this heroic and melancholy theme, M. Bazin takes the history of a farm in that flat district occupying the northwest of the department of the Vendée, between the sandy shore of the Atlantic and the low hills of the Bocage, which is called Le Marais. This is a curious fragment of France, traversed by canals, a little Holland in its endless horizons, broken up by marshes and pools, burned hard in summer, floated over by icy fogs in winter, a country which, from time immemorial, has been proud of its great farms, and where the traditions

of the soil have been more conservative than anywhere else. Of this tract of land, the famous Marais Vendéen, with its occasional hill-town looking out from a chalky island over a wild sea of corn and vines and dwarf orchards to the veritable ocean far away in the west, M. Bazin gives an enchanting picture. It may be amusing to note that his landscape is as exact as a guide-book, and that Sallertaine, Chal-lans, St. Gilles, and the rest are all real places. If the reader should ever take the sea-baths at Sables d'Olonne, he may drive northward and visit for himself "*la terre qui meurt*" in all its melancholy beauty.

The scene of the novel is an ancient farm, called La Fromentièr (even this, by the way, is almost a real name, since it is the channel of Fromentine which divides all this rich marsh-land from the populous island of Noirmoutiers). This farmstead and the fields around it have belonged from time immemorial to the family of Lumineau. Close by there is a château, which has always been in the possession of one noble family, that of the Marquis de la Fromentièr. The aristocrats at the castle have preserved a sort of feudal relation to the farmers, as they to the laborers, the democratization of society in France having but faintly extended to these outlying provinces. But hard times have come. All these people live on the land and the land can no longer support them. The land cannot adapt itself to new methods, new traditions; it is the most unaltering thing in the world, and when pressure comes from without and from within, demanding new ideas, exciting new ambitions, the land can neither resist nor change, it can only die.

Consequently, when "*La Terre qui Meurt*" opens, the Marquis and his family have long ceased to inhabit their château. They have passed away to Paris, out of sight of the peasants who

respected and loved them, leaving the park untended and the house empty. Toussaint Lumineau, the farmer who owns *La Fromentière*, is a splendid specimen of the old heroic type of French farmer, a man patriarchal in appearance, having in his blood, scarcely altered by the passage of time, the prejudices, the faiths and the persistencies of his ancient race. No one of his progenitors has ever dreamed of leaving the land. The sons have cultivated it by the side of the fathers; the daughters have married into the families of neighboring farms, and have borne sons and daughters for the eternal service of the soil. The land was strong enough and rich enough; it could support them all. But now the virtue has passed out of the land. It is being killed by trains from Russia and by ships from America. The phylloxera has smitten its vineyards, the shifting of markets has disturbed the easy distribution of its products. And the land never adapts itself to circumstances, never takes a new lease of life, never "turns over a new leaf." If you trifle with its ancient immutable conditions, there is but one thing that the land can do—it can die.

The whole of "*La Terre qui Meurt*" shows how, without violence or agony, this sad condition proceeds at *La Fromentière*. Within the memory of Toussaint Lumineau the farm has been prosperous and wealthy. With a wife of the old, capable class, with three strong sons and two wholesome daughters, all went well in the household. But, gradually, one by one, the props are removed, and the roof of his house rests more and more heavily on the old man's own obstinate persistence. What will happen when that too is removed? For the eldest son, a Hercules, has been lamed for life by a wagon which passed over his legs; the second son and the eldest daughter, bored to extinction by the farm life, steal away,

the one to a wretched post at a railway station, the other to be a servant in a small restaurant, both infinitely preferring the mean life in a country town to the splendid solitude of the ancestral homestead. Toussaint is left with his third son, André, a first-rate farmer, and with his younger daughter, Rousille. In each of these the genuine love of the soil survives.

But André has been a soldier in Africa, and has tasted of the sweetness of the world. He pines for society and a richer earth, more sunlight and a wider chance; and, at length, with a breaking heart, not daring to confide in his proud old father, he, too, steals away, not to abandon the tillage of the earth, but to practice it on a far broader scale in the fertile plains of the Argentine. The eldest son, the cripple, dies, and the old Toussaint is left, abandoned by all save his younger daughter, in whom the heroic virtue of the soil revives, and who becomes mistress of the farm and the hope of the future. And happiness comes to her, for Jean Nesmy, the laborer from the *Bocage*, whom her father has despised, but whom she has always loved, contrives to marry Rousille at the end of the story. But the Marquis is by this time completely ruined, and the estates are presently to be sold. The farms which have been in his family for centuries, will pass into other hands. What will be the result of this upon the life at *La Fromentière*? That remains to be seen; that will be experienced with all else that an economic revolution brings in its wake, by the children of Rousille.

A field in which M. René Bazin has been fertile almost from the first has been the publication in the *Débats*, and afterwards in book-form, of short, picturesque studies of foreign landscape, manners and accomplishment. He began with "*A l'Aventure*," a volume of sketches of modern Italian life, which he expanded a few years later

in "Les Italiens d'Aujourd'hui." Perhaps the best of all these volumes is that called "Sicile," a record of a tour along the shores of the Mediterranean, to Malta, through the length and breadth of Sicily, northward along Calabria and so to Naples. In no book of M. Bazin's are his lucid, cheerful philosophy and his power of eager observation more eminently illustrated than in "Sicile." A tour which he made in Spain during the months of September and October, 1894, was recorded in a volume entitled "Terre d'Espagne." Of late he has expended the same qualities of sight and style on the country parts of France, the western portion of which he knows with the closest intimacy. He has collected these impressions—sketches, short tales, imaginary conversations—in two volumes, "En Province," 1896, and "Croquis de France," 1899. In 1898 he accompanied, or rather pursued, the Emperor of Germany on his famous journey to Jerusalem, and we have the result in "Croquis d'Orient." In short, M. Bazin, who has undertaken all these excursions in the interests of the great newspaper with which he is identified, is at the present moment one of the most active literary travellers in France, and his records have exactly the same discreet, safe and conciliatory qualities which mark his novels. Wherever M. Bazin is, and whatever he writes, he is always eminently *sage*.

We return to the point from which we started. Whatever honors the future may have in store for the author of "La Terre qui Meurt," it is not to be believed that he will ever develop into an author dangerous to morals. His stories and sketches might have been

read, had chronology permitted, by Mrs. Barbauld to Miss Hannah More. Mrs. Chapone, so difficult to satisfy, would have rejoiced to see them in the hands of those cloistered virgins, her long-suffering daughters. And there is not, to my knowledge, one other contemporary French author of the imagination who could endure that stringent test. M. Bazin's novels appeal to persons of a distinctly valetudinarian moral digestion. With all this they are not dull, or tiresome, or priggish. They preach no sermon except a broad and wholesome amiability; they are possessed by no provoking propaganda of virtue. Simply M. Bazin sees the beauty of domestic life in France, is fascinated by the charm of the national gaiety and courtesy, and does not attempt to look below the surface.

There is something to praise, as well as perhaps something to smile at, in this chaste and surprising optimism. In a very old-fashioned book, that nobody reads now, Alfred de Musset's "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle," there is a phrase which curiously prefigures the ordinary French novelists of to-day. "Voyez," says the hero of that work, "voyez comme ils parlent de tout; toujours les termes les plus crus, les plus grossiers, les plus abjects; ceux-là seulement leur paraissent *vrais*; toute le reste n'est que parade, convention et préjugés. Qu'ils racontent une anecdote, qu'ils rendent compte de ce qu'ils ont éprouvé—toujours le mot sale et physique, toujours la lettre, toujours la mort." What an exact prediction; and it is to the honor of M. Bazin that all the faults of judgment and proportion which are here so vigorously stigmatized are avoided by his pure and comfortable talent.

Edmund Gosse.

BRIGHTEN'S SISTER-IN-LAW.

Jim was born on Gulgong, New South Wales. We used to say "on" Gulgong—and old diggers still talked of being "on th' Gulgong"—though the gold field there had been worked out for years, and the place was only a dusty little pastoral town in the scrubs. Gulgong was about the last of the great alluvial "rushes" of the "roaring days"—and dreary and dismal enough it looked when I was there. The expression "on" came from being on the "diggings" or goldfield—the workings or the goldfield was all underneath, of course, so we lived (or starved) *on* them—not in or at 'em.

Mary and I had been married about two years when Jim came—His name wasn't "Jim," by the way, it was "John Henry," after an uncle godfather; but we called him Jim from the first—and before it—because Jim was a popular bush name, and most of my old mates were Jims. The bush is full of good-hearted scamps called Jim.

We lived in an old weather-board shanty that had been a sly-grog-shop, and the Lord knows what else! in the palmy days of Gulgong; and I did a bit of digging ("fossicking," rather), a bit of shearing, a bit of fencing, a bit of bush-carpentering, tank-sinking—anything, just to keep the billy bolling.

We had a lot of trouble with Jim with his teeth. He was bad with every one of them, and we had most of them lanced—couldn't pull him through without. I remember we got one lanced and the gum healed over before the tooth came through and we had to get it cut again. He was a plucky little chap, and after the first time he never whimpered when the doctor was lancing his teeth; he used to say "tar" af-

terwards, and want to bring the lance home with him.

The first turn we got with Jim was the worst. I had had the wife and Jim out camping with me in a tent at a dam I was making at Cattle Creek; I had two men working for me, and a boy to drive one of the tip-drays, and I took Mary out to cook for us. And it was lucky for us that the contract was finished and we got back to Gulgong, and within reach of a doctor, the night we did. We were just camping in the house, with our goods and chattels anyhow, for the night; and we were hardly back home an hour when Jim took convulsions for the first time.

Did you ever see a child in convulsions? You wouldn't want to see it again; it plays the devil with a man's nerves. I'd got the beds fixed up on the floor and the billies on the fire—I was going to make some tea, and put a piece of corned beef on to boil over night—when Jim (he'd been queer all day, and his mother was trying to hush him to sleep)—Jim, he screamed out twice. He'd been crying a good deal, and I was dog-tired and worried (over some money a man owed me) or I'd have noticed at once that there was something unusual in the way the child cried out; as it was I didn't turn round till Mary screamed "Joe! Joe!" You know how a woman cries out when her child is in danger or dying—short and sharp and terrible. "Joe! Look! look! Oh, my God! our child! Get the bath, quick! quick! it's convulsions!"

Jim was bent back like a bow, stiff as a bullock-yoke, in his mother's arms, and his eye-balls were turned up and fixed—a thing I saw twice afterwards and don't want ever to see again.

I was falling over things getting the tub and the hot water, when the woman who lived next door rushed in. She called to her husband to run for the doctor, and before the doctor came she and Mary had got Jim into a hot bath and pulled him through.

The neighbor woman made me up a "shake-down" in another room, and stayed with Mary that night; but it was a long while before I got Jim and Mary's screams out of my head and fell asleep.

You may depend I kept the fire in, and a bucket of water hot over it, for a good many nights after that; but (it always happens like this) there came a night (when the fright had worn off) when I was too tired to bother about the fire, and that night Jim took us by surprise. Our wood-heap was done, and I broke up a new chair to get a fire, and had to run a quarter of a mile for water; but this turn wasn't so bad as the first, and we pulled him through.

You never saw a child in convulsions? Well, you don't want to. It must be only a matter of seconds, but it seems long minutes; and half an hour afterwards the child might be laughing and playing with you, or stretched out dead. It shook me up a lot. I was always pretty high-strung and sensitive. After Jim took the first fit, every time he cried or turned over or stretched out in the night, I'd jump; I was always feeling his forehead in the dark to see if he was feverish, or feeling his limbs to see if he was "limp" yet. Mary and I often laughed about it—(afterwards). I tried sleeping in another room, but for nights after Jim's first attack I'd be just dozing off into a sound sleep, when I'd hear him scream as plain as could be, and Mary cry, "Joe!—Joe!"—short, sharp and terrible—and I'd be up and into their room like a shot, only to find them sleeping peacefully. Then I'd feel Jim's head

and his breathing for signs of convulsions, see to the fire and water, and go back to bed and try to sleep. For the first few nights I was like that all night, and I'd feel relieved when daylight came. I'd be in first thing to see if they were all right, then I'd sleep till it was dinner-time if it was Sunday or I had no work. But then I was run down about that time; I was worried about some money for a wool-shed I put up and never got paid for; and besides I'd been pretty wild before I met Mary.

I was fighting hard then—struggling for something better. Both Mary and I were born to better things, and that's what made the life so hard for us.

Jim got on all right for a while; we used to watch him well and have his teeth lanced in time.

It used to hurt and worry me to see how—just as he was getting fat and rosy and like a natural happy child, and I'd feel proud to take him out—a tooth would come along, and he'd get thin and white, and pale and bigger-eyed and old-fashioned. We'd say, "He'll be safe when he gets his eye-teeth;" but he didn't get them till he was two; then, "He'll be safe when he gets his two-year-old teeth;" they didn't come till he was going on for three.

He was a wonderful little chap; yes, I know all about parents thinking that their child is the best in the world. If your boy is small for his age, friends will say that small children make big men; that he's a very bright, intelligent child, and that it's better to have a bright, intelligent child than a big, sleepy lump of fat. And if your boy is dull and sleepy, they say that the dullest boys make the cleverest men—and all the rest of it. I never took any notice of that sort of clatter—took it for what it was worth; but all the same, I don't think I ever saw such a child as Jim was when he turned two. He was

everybody's favorite. They spoilt him rather. I had my own ideas about bringing up a child. I reckoned Mary was too soft with Jim. She'd say, "Put that" (whatever it was) "out of Jim's reach, will you, Joe?" and I'd say, "No! leave it there and make him understand he's not to have it. Make him have his meals without any nonsense, and go to bed at a regular hour," I'd say. Mary and I had many a breeze over Jim. She'd say that I forgot he was only a baby; but I held that a baby could be trained from the first week; and I believe I was right.

But, after all, what are you to do? You'll see a boy that was brought up strict turn out a scamp; and another that was dragged up anyhow (by the hair of the head as the saying was) turn out well. Then, again, when a child is delicate—and you might lose him any day—you don't like to spank him, though he might be turning out a little fiend, as delicate children often do. Suppose you gave a child a hammering, and the same night he took convulsions, or something, and died—how'd you feel about it? You never know what a child is going to take, any more than you can tell what some sort of women are going to say or do.

I was very fond of Jim, and we were great chums. Sometimes I'd sit and wonder what the deuce he was thinking about, and often, the way he talked he'd make me uneasy. When he was two he wanted a pipe above all things, and I'd get him a clean new clay, and he'd sit by my side, on the edge of the veranda, or on a log of the wood-heap, in the cool of the evening, and suck away at his pipe, and try to spit when he saw me do it. He seemed to understand that a cold, empty pipe wasn't quite the thing, yet to have the sense to know that he couldn't smoke tobacco yet; he made the best he could of things. And if he broke a clay pipe he wouldn't

have a new one, and there'd be a row; the old one had to be mended up, somehow, with string or wire. If I got my hair cut, he'd want his cut too; and it always troubled him to see me shave—as if he thought there must be something wrong somewhere, else he ought to have to be shaved too. I lathered him one day, and pretended to shave him; he sat through it as solemn as an owl, but didn't seem to appreciate it—perhaps he had sense enough to know that it couldn't possibly be the real thing. He felt his face, looked very hard at the lather I scraped off, and whimpered, "No blood, daddy!"

I used to cut myself a good deal; I was always impatient over shaving.

Then he went in to interview his mother about it. She understood his lingo better than I did.

But I wasn't always at ease with him. Sometimes he'd sit looking into the fire, with his head on one side, and I'd watch him and wonder what he was thinking about (I might as well have wondered what a Chinaman was thinking about) till he seemed at least twenty years older than me; sometimes, when I moved or spoke, he'd glance round just as if to see what that old fool of a dadda of his was doing now.

I used to have a fancy that there was something Eastern, or Asiatic—something older than our civilization or religion—about old-fashioned children. Once I started to explain my idea to a woman I thought would understand—and as it happened she had an old-fashioned child, with very slant eyes—a little tartar he was too. I suppose it was the sight of him that unconsciously reminded me of my infernal theory, and set me off on it without warning me. Anyhow it got me mixed up in an awful row with the woman and her husband—and all their tribe. It wasn't an easy thing to

explain myself out of it, and the row hasn't been fixed up yet.

I took a good-sized fencing contract, the frontage of a ten-mile paddock, near Gulgong, and did well out of it. The railway had got as far as the Cudgeepong river—some twenty miles from Gulgong and two hundred from the coast—and “carrying” was good then. I had a couple of draught horses, that I worked in the tip-drays when I was tank-sinking, and one or two others running in the bush. I bought a broken-down wagon cheap, tinkered it up myself—christened it “The Same Old Thing”—and started carrying from the railway terminus through Gulgong and along the bush roads and tracks that branched out fanlike through the scrubs to the one-pub. towns and sheep and cattle stations out there in the howling wilderness. It wasn't much of a team. There were the two heavy horses for “shafers;” a stunted colt, that I'd bought out of the pound for thirty shillings; a light spring-cart horse; an old gray mare, with points like a big red and white Australian store bullock, and with the grit of an old washerwoman to work; and a horse that had spanked along in Cobb & Co.'s mail-coach in his time. I had a couple there that didn't belong to me; I worked them for the feeding of them in the dry weather. And I had all sorts of harness, that I mended and fixed up myself. It was a mixed team, but I took light stuff, got through pretty quick, and freight rates were high. So I got along.

Before this, whenever I made a few pounds I'd sink a shaft somewhere, prospecting for gold; but Mary never let me rest till she talked me out of that.

I made up my mind to take on a small “selection” farm—that an old mate of mine had fenced in and cleared, and afterwards “chucked up”—about thirty miles out west of Gulgong, at a place called Lahey's Creek.

(The places were all called Lahey's Creek, or Spicer's Flat, or Murphy's Flat, or Ryan's Crossing, or some such name—round there.) I reckoned I'd have a run for the horses and be able to grow a bit of feed. I always had a dread of taking Mary and the children too far away from a doctor—or a good woman neighbor; but there were some people came to live on Lahey's Creek, and besides, there was a young brother of Mary's—a young scamp (his name was Jim, too, by the way, and we called him “Jimmy” to make room for our Jim—he hated the name “Jimmy” or James). He came to live with us—without asking—and I thought he'd find enough work at Lahey's Creek to keep him out of mischief. He wasn't to be depended on much—he thought nothing of riding off, five hundred miles or so, “to have a look at the country”—but he was fond of Mary, and he'd stay by her till I got some one else to keep her company while I was on the road. He would be a protection against “sundowners” or any shearers who happened to wander that way in the “D.T.'s” after a spree. Mary had a married sister come to live at Gulgong just before we left, and nothing would suit her and her husband but we must leave little Jim with them for a month or so—till we got settled down at Lahey's Creek. They were newly married.

Mary was to have driven into Gulgong, in the spring-cart, at the end of the month and taken Jim home; but when the time came she wasn't too well—and, besides the tires of the cart were loose and I hadn't time to get them cut, so we let Jim's time run on a week or so longer, till I happened to come out through Gulgong from the river with a small load of flour for Lahey's Creek way. The roads were good, the weather grand—no chance of it raining, and I had a spare tarpaulin

if it did—I would only camp out one night; so I decided to take Jim home with me.

Jim was turning three then, and he was a cure. He was so old-fashioned that he used to frighten me sometimes—I'd almost think that there was something supernatural about him; though of course I never took any notice of that rot about some children being too old-fashioned to live. There's always the ghoulish old hag (and some not so old nor haggish either) who'll come round and shake up young parents with such croaks as, "You'll never rear that child—he's too bright for his age." To the devil with them! I say.

But I really thought that Jim was too intelligent for his age, and I often told Mary that he ought to be kept back, and not let talk too much to old diggers and long lanky jokers of bushmen who rode in and hung their horses outside my place on Sunday afternoons.

I don't believe in parents talking about their own children everlasting—you get sick of hearing them; and their kids are generally little devils, and turn out larrikins as likely as not.

But, for all that, I really think that Jim, when he was three years old, was the most wonderful little chap, in every way, that I ever saw.

For the first hour or so, along the road, he was telling me all about his adventures at his auntie's.

"But they spoilt me too much, dad," he said, as solemn as a native bear. "An' besides, a boy ought to stick to his parrans!" (parents).

I was taking out a cattle-pup for a drover I knew, and the pup took up a good deal of Jim's time.

Sometimes he'd jolt me, the way he talked; and other times I'd have to turn away my head and cough or shout at the horses to keep from laughing outright. And once, when I was taken that way, he said—

"What are you jerking your shoulders and coughing, and grunting, and going on that way for, dad? Why don't you tell me something?"

"Tell you what, Jim?"

"Tell me some talk."

So I told him all the talk I could think of. And I had to brighten up, I can tell you, and not draw too much on my imagination—for Jim was a terror at cross-examination when the fit took him; and he didn't think twice about telling you when he thought you were talking nonsense. Once he said—

"I'm glad you took me home with you, dad. You'll get to know Jim."

"What?" I said.

"You'll get to know Jim."

"But don't I know you already?"

"No, you don't. You never has time to know Jim at home."

And looking back I saw that it was cruel true. I had known in my heart all along that this was the truth; but it came to me like a blow from Jim. You see it had been a hard struggle for the last year or so; and when I was home for a day or two I was generally too busy, or too tired and worried, or full of schemes for the future, to take much notice of Jim. Mary used to speak to me about it sometimes. "You never take notice of the child," she'd say. "You could surely find a few minutes of an evening. What's the use of always worrying and brooding? Your brain will go with a snap some day, and, if you get over it, it will teach you a lesson. You'll be an old man, and Jim a young one, before you realize that you had a child once. Then it will be too late."

This sort of talk from Mary always bored me and made me impatient with her, because I knew it all too well. I never worried for myself—only Mary and the children. And I often, as the days went by, said to myself, "I'll take more notice of Jim and give Mary more of my time, just as soon as I can see

things clear ahead a bit." And the hard days went on, and the weeks, and the months, and the years— Ah, well!

Mary used to say, when things would get worse, "Why don't you talk to me, Joe? Why don't you tell me your thoughts, instead of shutting yourself up in yourself and brooding—eating your heart out? It's hard for me; I get to think you're tired of me, and selfish. I might be cross and speak sharp to you when you are in trouble. How am I to know if you don't tell me?"

But I didn't think she'd understand.

And so, getting acquainted, and chumming and dozing, with the gums closing over our heads here and there, and the ragged patches of sunlight and shade passing up over the horses, over us, on the front of the load, over the load, and down on to the white dusty road again—Jim and I got along the lonely bush road and over the ridges some fifteen miles (we'd started late) before sunset, and camped at Ryan's Crossing on Sandy Creek for the night. I got the horses out and took the harness off. Jim wanted badly to help me, but I made him stay on the load; for one of the horses—a vicious, red-eyed chestnut—was a kicker; he'd broken a man's leg. I got the feed-bags stretched across the shafts, and the chaff and corn into them, and there stood the horses all round with their rumps north, south and west, and their heads between the shafts, munching and switching their tails. We use double shafts, you know, for horse-teams—two pairs side by side—and prop them up, and stretch bags between them, letting the bags sag to serve as feed-boxes. I threw the spare tarpaulin over the wheels on one side, letting about half of it lie on the ground in case of damp, and so making a floor and a break-wind. I threw down bags and the blankets and 'possum rug against the wheel to make a camp for Jim and the cattle-pup, and

got a gin-case we used for a tucker-box, the frying-pan and billy down, and made a good fire at a log close handy, and soon everything was comfortable. Ryan's Crossing was a grand camp. I stood with my pipe in my mouth, my hands behind my back, and my back to the fire, and took the country in.

Reedy Creek came down along a western spur of the range; the banks here were deep and green, and the water ran clear over the granite bars, boulders and gravel. Behind us was a dreary flat covered with those gnarled, gray-barked, dry-rotted "native apple-trees" (about as much like apple-trees as the native bear is like any other), and a nasty bit of sandy dusty road that I was always glad to get over in wet weather. To the left on our side of the creek were reedy marshes, with frogs croaking, and across the creek the dark box-scrub-covered ridges ended in steep "sidings" coming down to the creek bank, and to the main road that skirted them, running on west up over a "saddle" in the ridges and on towards Dubbo. The road by Lahey's Creek to a place called Cobborah branched off, through dreary apple-tree and stringy bark flats, to the left, just beyond the crossing; all these fanlike branch tracks from the Cudgeegong were inside a big horseshoe in the Great Western Line, and so they gave small carriers a chance, now that Cobb & Co.'s coaches and the big teams and vans had shifted out of the main western terminus. There were tall she-oaks all along the creek, and a clump of big ones over a deep water-hole just above the crossing. The creek oaks have rough barked trunks, like English elms, but are much taller and higher to the branches—and the leaves are reedy; Kendel, the Australian poet, calls them the "she-oak harps Aeolian." Those trees are always sigh-sighing—more of a sigh than a sough, or the "whoosh" of gum-trees in

the wind. You always hear them sighing, even when you can't feel any wind. It's the same with telegraph wires; put your head against a telegraph-post on a dead, still day, and you hear and *feel* the far-away roar of the wires. But then the oaks are not connected with the distance, where there might be wind; and they don't *roar* in a gale, only sigh louder and softer according to the wind, and never seem to go above nor below a certain pitch—like a big harp with all the strings the same. I used to have a theory that those creek oaks got the wind's voice telephoned to them, so to speak, through the ground.

I happened to look down, and there was Jim (I thought he was on the tarpaulin, playing with the pup); he was standing close beside me with his legs wide apart, his hands behind his back, and his back to the fire.

He held his head a little on one side, and there was such an old, old, wise expression in his big brown eyes—just as if he'd been a child for a hundred years or so, or as though he were listening to those oaks, and understanding them in a fatherly sort of way.

"Dad!" he said presently—"Dad! do you think I'll ever grow up to be a man?"

"Wh—why, Jim?" I gasped.

"Because I don't want to."

I couldn't think of anything against this. It made me uneasy.

"Jim," I said, to break the silence, "do you hear what the she-oaks say?"

"No, I don't. Is they talking?"

"Yes," I said, without thinking.

"What is they saying?"

I scratched my head hard and took the bucket and went down to the creek for some water for tea. I thought Jim would follow with a little tin billy he had; but he didn't; when I got back to the fire he was again on the 'possum rug comforting the pup. I fried some

bacon and eggs that I'd brought out with me. Jim sang out from the wagon—

"Don't cook too much, dad—I mightn't be hungry."

I got the tin plates and pint-pots and things out on a clean new flour-bag, in honor of Jim, and dished up. He was leaning back on the rug looking at the pup in a listless sort of way. I reckoned he was tired out, and pulled the gin-case up close to him for a table and put his plate on it. But he only tried a mouthful or two, and then he said—

"I ain't hungry, dad! You'll have to eat it all."

It made me uneasy—I never liked to see a child of mine turn from his food. They had given him some tinned salmon in Gulgong, and I was afraid that was upsetting him. I was always against tinned muck.

"Sick, Jim?" I asked.

"No, dad, I ain't sick; I don't know what's the matter with me."

"Have some tea, sonny?"

"Yes, dad."

I gave him some tea, with some milk in it that I'd brought in a bottle from his aunt's for him. He took a sip or two and then put the pint-pot on the gin-case.

"Jim's tired, dad," he said.

I made him lie down while I fixed up a camp for the night. It had turned a bit chilly, so I let the big tarpaulin down all round—it was made to cover a high load. The flour in the wagon didn't come above the rail, so the tarpaulin came down well on to the ground. I fixed Jim up a comfortable bed under the tail-end of the wagon; when I went to lift him in he was lying back, looking up at the stars in a half-dreamy, half-fascinated way that I didn't like. Whenever Jim was extra old-fashioned or affectionate, there was danger.

"How do you feel now, sonny?"

It seemed a minute before he heard me and turned from the stars.

"Jim's better, dad." Then he said something like, "The stars are looking at me." I thought he was half asleep. I took off his jacket and boots, and carried him in under the wagon and made him comfortable for the night.

"Kiss me 'night-night, dadda," he said.

I'd rather he hadn't asked me—it was a bad sign. As I was going to the fire he called me back.

"What is it, Jim?"

"Get me my things and the cattle-pup, please, daddy."

I was scared now. His things were some toys and rubbish he'd brought from Gulgong, and I remembered, the last time he had convulsions he took all his toys and a kitten to bed with him. And "'night-night" and "daddy" were two-year-old language to Jim. I'd thought he'd forgotten those words—he seemed to be going back.

"Are you quite warm enough, Jim?"

"Yes, dad."

I started to walk up and down—I always did this when I was extra worried.

I was frightened now about Jim, though I tried to hide the fact from myself. Presently he called me again.

"What is it, Jim?"

"Take the blankets off me, fahver—Jim's sick!" (They'd been teaching him to say father.)

I was scared now. I remembered a neighbor of ours had a little girl died (she swallowed a pin), and when she was going she said—

"Take the blankets off me, muvver—I'm dyin'."

And I couldn't get that out of my head.

I threw back a fold of the 'possum rug, and felt Jim's head—he seemed cool enough.

"Where do you feel bad, sonny?"

No answer for a while; then he said

suddenly, but in a voice as if he were talking in his sleep—

"Put my books [boots] on, please, daddy. I want to go home to muvver!"

I held his hand and comforted him for a while; then he slept—in a restless, feverish sort of way.

I got the bucket I used for water for the horses and stood it over the fire; I ran to the creek with the big kerosene-tin bucket and got it full of cold water and stood it handy. I got the spade (we always carried one to dig wheels out of bogs in wet weather) and turned a corner of the tarpaulin back, dug a hole, and trod the tarpaulin down into the hole, to serve for a bath, in case of the worst. I had a tin of mustard, and meant to fight a good round for Jim, if death came along.

I stooped in under the tail-board of the wagon and felt Jim. His head was burning hot, and his skin parched and dry as a bone.

Then I lost nerve and started blundering backward and forward between the wagon and the fire, and repeating what I'd heard Mary say the last time we fought for Jim: "God! don't take my child! God! don't take my boy." I'd never had much faith in doctors, but, my God! I wanted one then. The nearest was fifteen miles away.

I threw back my head and stared up at the branches in desperation; and—Well, I don't ask you to take much stock in this, though most old bushmen will believe anything of the bush by night; and—Now, it might have been that I was all unstrung, or it might have been a patch of sky outlined in the gently moving branches or the blue smoke rising up. But I saw the figure of a woman, all white, come down, down, nearly to the limbs of the trees, point on up the main road, and then float up and up and vanish, still pointing. I thought Mary was dead. Ther it flashed on me—

Four or five miles up the road, over the "saddle," was an old shanty that had been a half-way inn before the Great Western Line got round as far as Dubbo and took the coach traffic off those old bush roads. A man named Brighten lived there. He was a selector; did a little farming, and as much sly-grog selling as he could. He was married—but it wasn't that; I'd thought of them, but she was a childish, worn-out, spiritless woman, and both were pretty "ratty" from hardship and loneliness—they weren't likely to be of any use to me. But it was this: I'd heard talk among some women in Gulgong, of a sister of Brighten's wife who'd gone out to live with them lately; she'd been a hospital matron in the city they said; and there were yarns about her. Some said she got the sack for exposing the doctors—or carrying on with them—I didn't remember which. The fact of a city woman going out to live in such a place, with such people, was enough to make talk among women in a town twenty miles away, but then there must have been something extra about her, else bushmen wouldn't have talked and carried her name so far; and I wanted a woman out of the ordinary now. I even reasoned this way, thinking like lightning, as I knelt over Jim between the big black wheels of the wagon.

I had an old racing mare that I used as a riding hack, following the team. In a minute I had her saddled and bridled; I tied the end of a half-full chaff-bag, shook the chaff into each end and dumped it on to the pummel as a cushion or buffer for Jim; I wrapped him in a blanket, and scrambled into the saddle with him.

The next minute we were stumbling down the steep bank, clattering and splashing over the crossing, and struggling up the opposite bank to the level. The mare, as I told you, was an old

racer, but broken-winded—she must have run without wind after the first half-mile. She had the old racing instinct in her strong, and whenever I rode in company I'd have to pull her hard else she'd race the other horse or burst. She ran low fore and aft, and was the easiest horse I ever rode. She ran like wheels on rails, with a bit of a tremble now and then—like a railway carriage—when she settled down to it.

The chaff-bag had slipped off, in the creek, I suppose, and I let the bridle-rein go, and held Jim up to me like a baby the whole way. Let the strongest man, who isn't used to it, hold a baby in one position for five minutes—and Jim was fairly heavy. But I never felt the ache in my arms that night—it must have gone before I was in a fit state of mind to feel it. And at home I'd often growled about being asked to hold the baby for a few minutes. I could never brood comfortably and nurse a baby at the same time. It was a ghostly moonlight night. There's no timber in the world so ghostly as the Australian bush in moonlight—or just about daybreak. The all-shaped patches of moonlight falling between ragged, twisted boughs; the ghostly blue-white bark of the white-box trees; a dead, naked white, ring-barked tree or dead white stump starting out here and there, and the ragged patches of shade and light on the road that made anything from the shape of a spotted bullock to a naked corpse laid out stark. Roads and tracks through the bush made by moonlight—every one seeming straighter and clearer than the real one; you have to trust to your horse then. Sometimes the naked white trunk of a red stringy bark-tree, where a sheet of bark had been taken off, would start out like a ghost from the dark bush. And dew or frost glistening on these things, according to the

season. Now and again great gray kangaroos, that had been feeding on a green patch down by the road, would start with a "thump-thump," and away up the siding.

The bush seemed full of ghosts that night—all going my way—and being left behind by the mare. Once I stopped to look at Jim; I just sat back and the mare "propped"—she'd been a stock-horse too, and used to "cutting-out." I felt Jim's hands and forehead; he was in a burning fever. I bent forward, and the old mare settled down to it again. I kept saying out loud—and Mary and me often laughed about it (afterwards): "He's limp yet!—Jim's limp yet!" (the words seemed jerked out of me by sheer fright)—"He's limp yet!" till the mare's feet took it up. Then, just when I thought she was doing her best and racing her hardest, she suddenly *started forward*, like a cable tram, gliding along its own, and the grip put on suddenly. It was just what she'd do when I'd be riding alone and a strange horse drew up from behind—the old racing instinct. I *felt* the thing too! I felt as if a strange horse *was* there! And then—the words just jerked out of me by sheer funk—I started saying, "Death is riding to-night! . . . Death is racing to-night! . . . Death is riding to-night!" till the hoofs took that up. And I believe the old mare felt the black horse at her side and was going to beat him or break her heart.

I don't know how she got up the last "pinch." She must have slackened pace, but I never noticed it; I just held Jim up to me and gripped the saddle with my knees—I remember the saddle jerked from the desperate jumps of her till I thought the girth would go. We topped the gap and were going down into a gully they called Dead Man's Hollow, and there at the back of a ghostly clearing that opened from the road where there were some black-

soil springs, was a long, low, oblong weatherboard-and-shingle building, with blind, broken windows in the gable-ends, and a wide, steep veranda roof slanting down almost to the level of the window-sills—there was something sinister about it, I thought—like the hat of a jail-bird slouched over his eyes. The place looked both deserted and haunted. I saw no light, but that was because of the moonlight outside. The mare turned in at the corner of the clearing to take a short cut to the shanty, and, as she struggled across some marshy ground, my heart kept jerking out the words, "It's deserted! They've gone away! It's deserted!" The mare went round to the back and pulled up between the back door and a big bark and slab kitchen. Some one shouted from inside—

"Who's there?"

"It's me. Joe Wilson. I want your sister-in-law—I've got the boy—he's sick and dying!"

Brighten came out, pulling up his moleskins. "What boy?" he asked.

"Here, take him," I shouted, "and let me get down."

"What's the matter with him?" asked Brighten, and he seemed to hang back. And just as I made to get my leg over the saddle, Jim's head went back over my arm, he stiffened, and I saw his eyeballs turned up and glistening in the moonlight. I felt cold all over then and sick in the stomach—but *clear-headed* in a way; strange, wasn't it? I don't know why I didn't get down and rush into the kitchen and get a bath ready. I only felt as if the worst had come, and I wished it were over and gone. I even thought of Mary and the funeral.

Then a woman ran out of the house—a big, hard-looking woman. She had on a wrapper of some sort, and her feet were bare. She laid her hand on Jim, looked at his face, and then snatched him from me and ran into the

kitchen—and me down and after her. As great good luck would have it they had some dirty clothes on to boil in a kerosene tin—dish-cloths or something.

Brighten's sister-in-law dragged a tub out from under the table, wrenched the bucket off the hook, and dumped in the water, dish-cloths and all, snatched a can of cold water from a corner, dashed that in, and felt the water with her hand—holding Jim up to her hip all the time—and I won't say how he looked. She stood him in the tub and started dashing water over him, tearing off his clothes between the splashes.

"Here, that tin of mustard—there on the shelf!" she shouted to me.

She knocked the lid off the tin on the edge of the tub, and went on splashing and spanking Jim.

It seemed an eternity—and I? Why, I never thought clearer in my life. I felt cold-blooded—I felt as if I'd like an excuse to go outside till it was all over. I even thought of Mary and the funeral—and wished that was over. All this in a flash, as it were. I felt that it would be a great relief, and only wished the funeral was months past. I felt—well, altogether selfish. I only thought of myself.

Brighten's sister-in-law splashed and spanked him hard—hard enough to break his back I thought, and—after about half an hour it seemed—the end came; Jim's limbs relaxed, he slipped down into the tub, and the pupils of his eyes came down. They seemed dull and expressionless, like the eyes of a new baby, but he was back for the world again.

I dropped on the stool by the table.

"It's all right," she said. "It's all over now. I wasn't going to let him die." I was only thinking, "Well, it's over now, but it will come on again. I wish it was over for good. I'm tired of it."

She called to her sister, Mrs. Bright-

ten, a washed-out, helpless little fool of a woman, who'd been running in and out and whimpering all the time—

"Here, Jessie! bring the new white blanket off my bed. And you, Brighten, take some of that wood off the fire, and stuff something in that hole there to stop the draught."

Brighten—he was a nuggety little hairy man with no expression to be seen for whiskers—had been running in with sticks and back logs from the wood heap. He took the wood out, stuffed up the crack, and went inside and brought out a black bottle—got a cup from the shelf and put both down near my elbow.

Mrs. Brighten started to get some supper, or breakfast, or whatever it was, ready. She had a clean cloth and set the table tidily. I noticed that all the tins were polished bright (old coffee- and mustard-tins and the like, that they used instead of sugar-basins and tea-caddies and salt-cellars), and the kitchen was kept as clean as possible. She was all right at little things. I knew a haggard, worked-out bush woman who put her whole soul—or all she'd got left—into polishing old tins till they dazzled your eyes.

I didn't feel inclined for corned beef and damper, and post-and-rail tea. So I sat and squinted, when I thought she wasn't looking, at Brighten's sister-in-law. She was a big woman, her hands and feet were big, but well-shaped and all in proportion—they fitted her. She was a handsome woman—about forty I should think. She had a square chin, and a straight, thin-lipped mouth—straight save for a hint of a turn down at the corners, which I fancied (and I have strange fancies) had been a sign of weakness in the days before she grew hard. There was no sign of weakness now. She had hard gray eyes and blue-black hair. She hadn't spoken yet. She didn't ask me how the boy took ill or I got there, or who or

what I was—at least not until the next evening at tea-time.

She sat upright with Jim wrapped in the blanket and laid across her knees, with one hand under his neck and the other laid lightly on him, and she just rocked him gently.

She sat looking hard and straight before her, just as I've seen a tired needlewoman sit with her work in her lap, and look away back into the past. And Jim might have been the work in her lap, for all she seemed to think of him. Now and then she knitted her forehead and blinked.

Suddenly she glanced round and said—in a tone as if I was her husband and she didn't think much of me—

"Why don't you eat something?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Eat something!"

I drank some tea and sneaked another look at her. I was beginning to feel more natural, and wanted Jim again, now that the color was coming back into his face, and he didn't look like an unnaturally stiff and staring corpse. I felt a lump rising, and wanted to thank her. I sneaked another look at her.

She was staring straight before her—I never saw a woman's face change so suddenly—I never saw a woman's eyes so haggard and hopeless. Then her great chest heaved twice, I heard her draw a long, shuddering breath like a knocked-out horse, and two great tears dropped from her wide-open eyes down her cheeks like raindrops on a face of stone. And in the firelight they seemed tinged with blood.

I looked away quick, feeling full up myself. And presently (I hadn't seen her look round) she said—

"Go to bed."

"Beg pardon?" (Her face was the same as before the tears.)

"Go to bed. There's a bed made for you inside on the sofa."

"But—the team—I must—"

"What?"

"The team. I left it at the camp. I must look to it."

"Oh! Well, Brighten will ride down and bring it up in the morning—or send the half-caste. Now you go to bed and get a good rest. The boy will be all right. I'll see to that."

I went out—it was a relief to get out—and looked to the mare. Brighten had got her some corn¹ and chaff in a candle-box, but she couldn't eat yet. She just stood or hung resting one hind leg and then the other, with her nose over the box, and she sobbed. I put my arms round her neck and my face down on her ragged mane, and cried like a boy for the second time since I was a boy.

As I started to go in I heard Brighten's sister-in-law say, suddenly and sharply—

"Take *that* away, Jessie."

And presently I saw Mrs. Brighten go into the house with the black bottle.

The moon had gone behind the range. I stood for a minute between the house and the kitchen and peeped in through the kitchen window.

She had moved away from the fire and sat near the table. She bent over Jim and held him up close to her and rocked herself to and fro.

I went to bed and slept till the next afternoon. I woke just in time to hear the tail end of a conversation between Jim and Brighten's sister-in-law. He was asking her out to our place and she promising to come.

"And now," says Jim, "I want to go home to 'muffer' in 'The Same Ol' Fling.'"

"What?"

Jim repeated.

"Oh! 'The Same Old Thing'—the wagon."

¹ Maize or Indian corn—wheat is never called corn in Australia.

The rest of the afternoon I poked round the gullies with old Brighten, looking at some "indications" (of the existence of gold) he had found. It was no use trying to "pump" him concerning his sister-in-law; Brighten was an "old hand," and had learned, in the old bush-ranging and cattle-stealing days, to know nothing about other people's business. And by the way, I noticed then that the more you talk and listen to a bad character, the more you lose your dislike for him.

I never saw such a change in a woman as in Brighten's sister-in-law that evening. She was bright and jolly, and seemed at least ten years younger. She bustled round and helped her sister to get tea ready. She rooted out some old china that Mrs. Brighten had stowed away somewhere, and set the table as I seldom saw it set out there. She propped Jim up with pillows and laughed and played with him like a great girl. She described Sydney and Sydney life as I had never heard it described before; and she knew as much about the bush and old digging-day as I did. She kept old Brighten and me listening and laughing till nearly midnight. And she seemed quick to understand everything when I talked. If she wanted to explain anything that we hadn't seen, she wouldn't say that it was "like a—like a"—and hesitate (you know what I mean); she'd hit the right thing on the head at once. A squatter with a very round, flaming red face and a white cork hat had gone by in the afternoon; she said it was "like a mushroom on the rising moon." She gave me a lot of good hints about children.

But she was quiet again next morning. I harnessed up, and she dressed Jim and gave him his breakfast, and made a comfortable place for him on

the load with the 'possum rug and a spare pillow. She got up on the wheel to do it herself. Then was the awkward time. I'd half start to speak to her, then turn away and go fixing up round the horses, then make another false start to say good-bye. At last she took Jim up in her arms and kissed him, and lifted him on the wheel; but he put his arms tight round her neck, and kissed her—a thing Jim seldom did with anybody, except his mother, for he wasn't what you'd call an affectionate child—he'd never more than offer his cheek to me in his old-fashioned way. I'd got up the other side of the load to take him from her.

"Here, take him," she said.

I saw his mouth twitching as I lifted him. Jim seldom cried nowadays—no matter how much he was hurt. I gained some time fixing Jim comfortable.

"You'd better make a start," she said. "You want to get home early with that boy."

I got down and went round to where she stood. I held out my hand and tried to speak, but my voice went like an ungreased wagon wheel, and I gave it up, and only squeezed her hand.

"That's all right," she said; then tears came into her eyes, and she suddenly put her hand on my shoulder and kissed me on the cheek. "You be off—you're only a boy yourself. Take care of that boy; be kind to your wife, and take care of yourself."

"Will you come to see us?"

"Some day," she said.

I started the horses, and looked round once more. She was looking up at Jim, who was waving his hand to her from the top of the load. And I saw that haggard, hungry, hopeless look come into her eyes in spite of the tears.

Henry Lawson.

MADAME NECKER.

Character, like history, repeats itself. There is indeed in every man, seen aright, an originality which makes the dullest human being supremely interesting; and in each life a drama never before played on any stage. But the type recurs. In Madame Necker, with her passionate heart, her cleverness without wisdom, her instincts in place of judgment, her talent for affection, and for making herself and others wretched by that affection, every one will recognize some acquaintance of his own. Perhaps he will be thus the more able to feel for her that sympathy without which there can be no real understanding.

Suzanne Curchod is the very bright little daughter of a certain Louis, a Swiss Evangelical minister at Crassier, in Vaud. Madame Curchod is French, very pretty, very firm, very religious. There is by no means too much money in the little household. But when the baby girl is born in 1737, she completes a very real, pious and modest happiness.

Her father is so proud and fond of her that he undertakes her tuition himself. It is such a clever little creature from the first that he feels justified in giving it a boy's education. Suzanne looks up into his face and learns Latin and geometry, presently physics and science, and possibly Greek. From what one knows of the famous Madame Necker, one must suppose that the little girl's intellect is exclusively feminine, which is to say, that she has a very fine intuition rather than solid reasoning powers, the impulsive cleverness that is brilliant but hardly sound, and the tendency to mistake feeling for logic which marked Mother Eve, and marks her daughters forever.

But Suzanne has not only an aptitude

for head work. She can play on the violin and the harpsichord. She knows something about an unlikely instrument called the tympanum. She paints delightfully. When one adds that she is charmingly vivacious, with very blue eyes, very fair hair, the most exquisite girlish complexion, and all the gaiety, modesty and freshness of early youth, it does not seem at all wonderful that her father always has a large and ever-ready supply of young ministers from Geneva or Lausanne to help him with his services on Sundays. When the day is over and the time comes for the divine to ride home on M. Curchod's old horse, it appears that he is not the only person who feels regret at the parting. It is hardly a stretch of the imagination to picture Suzanne going out to the gate half gay, half sad, and wholly charming, on the pretence of giving a little sugar to the old horse, or instructions to the man of God on the route he should take.

She confesses very naively that she likes best that praise—on her little efforts at literary composition, that is—which comes from the opposite sex. Compliments to one's beauty are not less acceptable than compliments to one's wit. Suzanne coquets very prettily with a number of persons, and permits a rather ponderous local genius, a certain Dariet Defoncene, to call her his "modern Sappho," and address her in very second-rate and highly inflammatory verses signed "Melchizedek."

When she comes to Lausanne presently with her parents, she is the life and soul of all the dull Protestant parties in the place. She enjoys herself so much that she *must* give enjoyment to others. She is made President presently of a literary society called the Acad-

Académie des Eaux, to which the local young persons of talent belong, and call themselves after the heroes and heroines of the plays and novels of the day. They write essays and verses, and criticize each other's compositions. They answer questions, such as "Is love sweeter by reason of its mystery?" "Can the same kind of friendship exist between a man and a woman as between two men or two women?" The Académie des Eaux is to them what papers and magazines are to the English youth of to-day. They set themselves to answer the same unanswerable or self-evident conundrums with the greatest seriousness and enjoyment. Not a little zest is lent to the entertainment at Lausanne by the fact that the members of the Académie are not exclusively of one sex, and sometimes find the solution of the problems by experience. Most of the youth are, at any rate, more or less in love with Thémire, or Suzanne, its head. And Thémire, who with her impetuous warm heart can't help enjoying admiration dispenses her favors among them with a beautiful impartiality.

It is at the Académie des Eaux, most likely, that she first meets the great Gibbon. The great Gibbon is nobody in particular, however, at present. He is only a fat English youth, who has turned Papist and been sent to the house of the Calvinist minister of Lausanne to be reconverted. He is now in character, as he is hereafter, a very cold and self-complacent pedant, extraordinarily vain and egotistical, with a sincere love of truth, and a memory and capacity for learning unequalled even in the eighteenth century. If it is not his genius which a brilliant girl like Suzanne might easily discover before a dull world suspects it, it is hard to say what attraction she can find in him. He talks well, indeed. One may picture the local talent of the Académie listening to him—too polite to laugh at

his awkward English fatness and affected manner—but only very dimly, or not at all, guessing the marvellous power, irony, accuracy which that unprepossessing exterior covers. And listening, too, with her lovely, expressive face and her ardent and sympathetic heart, President Thémire Suzanne Curchod.

When is it that Gibbon permits himself to be boundlessly and extravagantly adored by her? That is always their attitude to each other. The "Decline and Fall" could never be sincerely in love with anybody but himself.

But for Suzanne, the ministers, and that absurd Dariet Defoncene, and the adoration of all the Académie is so much less than nothing now. They were but the false lights before the dawn. This is morning, noon, sunshine. One lives, one worships. She flings her whole heart and soul into this passion. She has no prudence. She speaks her love, not ashamed. She is the devotee before a saint—and behold, the saint is but a stone effigy after all, whom the kisses of a thousand years will not warm into life.

It is from the spirit of their letters one gathers the real state of things. Gibbon's father disapproves of his son's *penchant*. And the lover—save the mark!—who has condescended to find Suzanne learned as well as lovely, and to hope that he has made "some impression upon a virtuous heart," yields to the paternal authority as a good son should, and writes to the girl, eating that heart out with shame and misery, that his cure is helped by hearing of "her tranquillity and cheerfulness."

Tranquillity! This woman never knows such a feeling all her life. She is not the stuff of which tranquil people are made. She certainly does not know it when in 1758 Gibbon goes back to England, and leaves her for four years without a sign of his existence,

beyond sending her with a frigid dedicatory epistle, his "Essai sur l'étude de la Littérature." He has not been man enough to break off their engagement decidedly and for all. He leaves her to hope against hope that he will come back to her. Her pride and her self-contempt torture her every hour. In four years one may well feel all "the pangs of despised love."

In 1762 he at last writes to break with her definitely. In 1763 he comes back to Lausanne. His "Memoirs" relative to this time contain not a single allusion to her. A few days after his arrival she begs him to tell her plainly that he no longer cares for her. When her impetuous letter has been given back to her, she writes on it in the depth of her humiliation: "A reflecting soul is punishment enough. Every thought draws blood." Finally she meets him at Voltaire's, at Ferney. He is so cruel ("only to be kind," perhaps) that the next day she writes him her last letter. She does not spare him. He does not deserve that he should be spared—though when an impulsive woman flings herself upon a cold man's heart, he is to be a little pitied as well as she. She tells him the truth. She tells it him at the greatest length and with every line burning with indignation and wretchedness; and then thanks God that He has delivered her from "the greatest of misfortunes," a marriage with Gibbon, and ends by saying that he may one day regret the loss of the "too honest and too loving heart" he has despised.

It would seem that this broken love-story affects Suzanne's whole character. When it begins, she is a girl. It leaves her a woman. It finds her a very lively, pretty, vivacious coquette. It leaves her passionately sensitive, not a little morbid and despondent, too scrupulous in conscience, nervous, excitable, suspicious. For to be betrayed is not only the bitterest experience of

human life; it is also the most far-reaching in its effects. For it too often destroys trust not only in the deceiver, but in all men. And to be without faith in human nature generally means to be also without faith in God.

In the January of 1760 Suzanne's father dies suddenly, leaving his widow and daughter wretchedly poor. Suzanne fights poverty with not a little spirit and begins to give lessons. She is fighting too all the time that source of wretchedness in her own heart, her love for Gibbon. No one who has himself been through some such period of youthful bitterness will judge her harshly, because her trouble makes her petulant, exacting and difficult at home. That noblest fruit of sorrow—an infinite tenderness for the sorrows and failings of other people—is fruit seldom borne by a young tree. Suzanne can't yet believe that happiness is not a necessary of life, and is at this time, or says afterwards that she is, wicked and capricious towards her mother. When, two years later, that mother dies, the daughter laments her with a passion of grief not a little hysterical.

She is now quite alone in the world. She is so young! She has no money! She is so proud! And she finds one of the best friends of her whole life in a certain Pastor Moulton. Another pastor, Cayla, Moulton's father-in-law, offers her a home in his house. Then, as now, the need of it brings out kindness; and a world that has been called cruel vindicates itself by generous deeds.

Suzanne does not lack lovers, one may be quite sure. She is so lonely and despairing that she very nearly accepts an offer of marriage from a certain barrister—simply for a home and peace.

It is at Moulton's house that she meets a gay little widow, Madame de Vermenoux, who is under the famous

Dr. Tronchin, and trying to console herself for ill-health with the admiring society of a number of male friends. She takes an impetuous fancy to this very pretty Mademoiselle Curchod. Suzanne must come back and live with her in Paris. Suzanne's pride is up in arms in a minute. It is Moulton who reasons with her and makes her accept so advantageous an offer. The woman who is hereafter to rule the most brilliant society in the capital enters it first as an obscure dependent, who has not enough money even to dress herself as fashionable Paris requires, and who represents herself as rich to the good-natured little widow for fear Madame should humiliate her by presents.

To Madame de Vermentoux's, as, it is said, one of the charming widow's admirers, comes one day a certain M. Necker, Swiss, *bourgeois*, banker, very rich, very clever, rather ugly, and peculiarly absent-minded. Perhaps he is so absent-minded that it slips his memory that his hostess is an aristocrat, and that though she may permit herself to flirt with a financier, she is not at all likely to marry him. Perhaps he is thinking exclusively of M. Necker. ("Malebranche saw all things in God," says Mirabeau, "and M. Necker sees all things in Necker.") When is it that the financial eye first rests with interest on Madame's guest? Mademoiselle is still young, and if sorrow has robbed her of some of her soft and brilliant bloom which characterized the happy President Thémire, it has lent her face feeling, depth, expression. Her own clever mind can but be attracted by the sagacity and intelligence of the banker's. His self-conceit—well, that is a quality to which her friendship with Gibbon should have accustomed her. That old rebuff of fortune makes her cautious here. Once hurt as she has been, one does not lightly put oneself in the way of being wounded again. Does he care for her? He has

not said so. He goes away to Geneva, leaving her in suspense; comes back to Paris, and, with his offer of marriage the sunshine floods her dull world once more.

The pair keep their engagement secret from Madame de Vermentoux. One fine morning they slip out quietly and are married. There seems not a little meanness in their conduct, after the kindnesses Suzanne has received from Madame. But there are doubtless reasons (though possibly not good reasons) for such reserve.

They go to live in the Rue St. Michel le Comte, in the house belonging to the firm of Thelusson & Necker. They enjoy, one may well hope, that honeymoon happiness of which a description is a desecration. And presently Suzanne is writing very gaily to a friend, with M. Necker looking over her shoulder. "Picture to yourself the worst-witted man in the world so completely persuaded of his own superiority that he does not see mine," etc., etc., etc. If one has never known the laughing tenderness of such a springtime in one's own experience, everybody at least must have looked at it through other men's eyes.

The change which Suzanne's marriage makes in her worldly prospects is very great. Instead of Madame de Vermentoux's dependent, she is the mistress of a fine house and many servants. Her husband is very rich and not a little influential. When he is made Minister for the Republic of Geneva, the position gives him access to the Court, and to the society of such men as Maurepas. At home his wife is very loving and brilliant, with curious fits of depression as a kind of reaction after a great deal of liveliness; very conscientious and impetuously religious. One cannot think that she can ever be an easy wife to manage. Her very devotion to her husband, ecstatic, absorbed, and without sense of the

ridiculous, must be difficult for a practical man to deal with. Yet not the less this marriage is one of the very few marriages in history which seem even to the onlooker well assorted. M. Necker is a great financier rather than a great man. But besides an extraordinary sagacity, he has a sound common-sense which makes him a fine, firm background to Suzanne's emotions. She cannot but respect one in whose life duty and the good of others are strong sentiments, even if there is some little truth in the *mot* of Madame de Marchais: "M. Necker loves virtue as a man loves his wife, and glory as he loves his mistress."

On April 22, 1766, Corinne-Delphine-Anne-Germaine Necker makes her entrance into the world. Madame de Vermenoux, forgiving much, is her godmother. Her father is infinitely proud of her. Suzanne is resolved as soon as ever the little girl is old enough to learn anything she will teach her herself.

Before that time comes Madame Necker finds herself the head of one of the most famous Salons in Paris.

Marmontel says that she starts it as a relaxation for her husband. This is very possible. It is not easy to start. Unlike the other Salons, it is at least partly coaxed into existence by the husband himself. "The fruit of the tree of knowledge" is then, as now, very often a particularly aërial and unsatisfactory diet." It is becoming the fashion for the philosophers and the men of letters to seek pecuniary aid from financiers. And M. Necker is of them all the most generous.

As for his wife, "Who is this upstart?" say the other women at first. "A little Swiss Protestant from Crassier? Somebody's poor companion, quite unnecessarily good-looking? The wife of a *bourgeois!* Bah!"

It is not a little curious that the *Salonnière* who, in contradistinction to

almost all her rivals, is at once young, beautiful, rich and learned, should not only be the one who of them all finds it the most difficult to begin her Salon, but who, when it is at the height of its fame, is not always kindly criticized even by its *habitués*.

Diderot says he first comes because she bothers him to do so. The Abbé Galiani is a constant attendant chiefly because he cannot hold his own in argument against the open atheism of such a Salon as Baron Holbach's, for instance; and complains a good deal—without meaning a compliment to her—of Madame Necker's "cold demeanor of decency." Grimm's cool head and heart (his heart, says somebody, is always in the right place—the market-place) cannot believe in the sincerity of her warm religious convictions. Another friend murmurs that she is without taste in dress, artificial in mind and face, and pedantic in language. It is said again that she never directs the conversation without visible effort, and suggested that her manner is too effusive, that that "fiery soul" expresses its convictions or prejudices too warmly both in looks and words, and that some of the passionate sensitiveness and nervousness which afflicts herself, afflicts her friends. It may be true as well that she is too keenly absorbed in the drama of her own life, and the far greater drama of her husband's, to be very interested in other people. And for her learning—it is only a supremely tactful and sympathetic woman who can hinder learnedness from being a social hindrance to her. Madame Necker is too impetuous for tact as she is too concentrated for sympathy.

But her Salon, not the less, attains a wide fame. The *littérateurs* and philosophers flock to it on Fridays, in her new house, the Hôtel le Blanc, Rue Cléry, and presently in the famous Rue Bergère. On Tuesdays her intimates dine with her at four o'clock.

In summer she receives, first in her house in the Bois de Boulogne, and then at the Château de St. Ouen, between Paris and St. Denis. "I go once a week to supper at St. Ouen," says Madame du Defand. She speaks of her host as quite frank and natural, but a little bit ponderous in conversation, and very absent-minded.

Suzanne has an impulsive welcome for all her guests; knows how to flatter their self-love a little, it is said, though this is less by design than because *her* impetuosity leads her to say the right thing instead of the wrong. Some of her friends ask for her help and influence to elect them to the Academy. Sometimes in the evening she has *Mademoiselle Clairon*, the famous actress to amuse them. She relies much less than the other *Salonnieres* on her own powers of entertaining. On a footstool at her mother's feet sits the little Germaine, very bright and very precocious. When the Maison Necker receives at St. Ouen, its guests walk about under the trees on the terrace, and Monsieur sends them back presently to Paris in his own carriages. There is a famous dinner, described by Grimm, at which seventeen men of letters propose to erect a statue to Voltaire by subscription, and the daughter of the good Calvinist Curchod objects, because Pigalle, the sculptor, *will* have the figure represented almost without any clothes at all.

What has been called the "marsh-masma of Salons" can hardly be said to rise from this one. Its head, at least, is a passionately religious woman, a faithful wife and a severely conscientious mother. If she permits in her rooms a society by no means immaculate, that proves rather the low moral tone of her age than any laxity in her own virtue. It is the custom. Let any one try to alter the public opinion of his own time, and he will pardon Madame Necker that she could not

change the public opinion of hers. Buffon, the naturalist, supremely pompous and self-complacent, and with, alas! most of the typical vices of the French philosopher of the day, is one of her faithful adherents. She admires the heavy pedantry of his style, and models her own upon it. And in Thomas's bombastical periods—Thomas being her devoted worshipper for twenty years—she sees only solemnity and magnificence. Literary taste is hardly Madame's forte. Here, as elsewhere, the strong biases of a warm heart lead her astray. Perhaps it is such a bias that makes her seek and keep Diderot, whom "it is impossible to respect or to help loving," and who, though "he talked as never man talked," is not the less "utterly unclean, scandalous, shameless." Kindly old Madame Geoffrin scolds Suzanne's guests—for their good. The Duchesse de Lauzun is one of her attached friends. It is this Duchess who, married at sixteen, and abandoned by her Duc the next day, is to be hereafter of that noble army of martyrs who expiate others' sins under the guillotine, and who mounts the scaffold with that "air of sweetness and virgin modesty" which once captivated Rousseau. Besides these are Suard, the censor of the Académie, Morellet, Raynal, Arnauld, St. Lambert, Marmontel and many others. It is Suzanne's ambition which loves her Salon, and her heart which loves to get back to the husband she worships, and the child who is to divide her from him.

Her relationship to Germaine belongs to Germaine's history rather than to her own. It suffices to say here that, as a mother, Madame Necker is governed by that passionate and morbid desire to do right which rules her whole life, and that she is always so sternly seeking the child's real good that she has no time for the little tenderesses which gain a child's heart.

When is it she feels first for the gay and engaging little creature, who appeals to a side of M. Necker's nature which the intense wife could never touch, a sudden and miserable jealousy? Suzanne is at no time a petty woman. But to see this charming, vain, clever, naughty little daughter taking up all the time and attention that once were only hers! That is too much. The father spoils the child and laughs with her. They have a hundred little understandings from which Madame feels herself shut out. She watches them—when was he ever so light-hearted with her?—fond, stern and wretched. She thinks she suffers only because Monsieur interferes with her scheme of education. She is always communing on the subject with her own sore heart. She writes pages and pages of prayers, as ecstatic as a fasting nun's. Her troubles are not lessened when Germaine grows up into a most vivacious and accomplished girl. The daughter must be married—for her good. Suzanne wants her to be the wife of Pitt, the great commoner. And Pitt says, "I am married to my country." So in 1786, and in default of better, Germaine is given to the Baron de Staél-Holstein, lives near her parents and becomes at length the presiding genius of their Salon in the Rue Bergère.

Is this time, which should be the happiest, one of the most wretched of Madame Necker's life? No one can lightly say that troubles which come chiefly from one's own morbid temperament deserve no compassion. There is no cure for them but some cruel blow from fate. For it is only in the presence of a real misfortune one knows no imaginary ones.

Madame sits by while the daughter, unconsciously perhaps, and certainly with no evil intentions, takes her adherents from her. They talk politics. Germaine can (and does) talk

about anything. Madame's bent is literary and not political. She is suffering much in health at this time, and her old vivacity—is this Thémire of Crassier and Lausanne?—fails her. Her friends, Thomas, Buffon, Diderot, are dying or dead. There is impassioned talk of the times that are coming—nay, are come—upon France. Madame does not need such fearful anticipations to fill her cup of misfortune. Her own self-torment has filled it to the brim. It is M. Necker who says of his wife that to make her entirely delightful in society she only needs one thing—to have something to forgive herself. She seems outwardly stern, righteous and cold. But what a morbid self-reproach in those prayers—what a mistrust of everything, of the husband who loves her so much, of the daughter she loves not a little! When the enormous task of introducing his great plans for financial and administrative reform makes Monsieur worried and preoccupied, Madame thinks he is cold to her because her beauty is fading and her youth gone. When he disapproves of her talent for writing (which indeed she turns too often to morbid uses), she offers to destroy her *Essay on Fénelon* if he will give up his direction of the India Company. The inequality of the bargain does not occur to her. She is passionately devoted to him. But she does not rise to that better devotion which would have helped him to do his duty, even if the path to it had to be cut through her own heart.

Perhaps she is easier in mind when they go to Coppet—the estate near Geneva which they buy in 1784. Here, in the presence of the great quiet mountains with their peaceful slopes of field and forest, her jealous mind may well be more at rest. Her unhappiness is always partially physical. If one could but stay here! If one could but get away forever from the political

whirlpool that engulfs one's husband, from the social life that brings one into rivalry with one's own child!

In 1781 M. Necker has resigned his official situation (which he has kept for five years) as Controller-General of the Treasury.

From 1781 to 1788 he is out of place, though hardly out of power, and spends his time in schemes for the good of his country and in defending his past acts, and in 1788 he is recalled as Controller-General.

It is on July 11, 1789, when Monsieur and Madame are entertaining a party of friends at dinner, that he receives his letter of banishment from the King. He puts it in his pocket and says nothing. After, he tells Madame. She rises to the occasion as such a woman would. When there is so great a cause for emotion she forgets to be emotional, and only thinks of her husband. They order the carriage as if they were going to take a summer evening drive. They make an excuse to their guests. They tell Germaine nothing, for fear in her grief she should be indiscreet. If the mob—that wild mob of Paris, always in a frenzy of love or hatred—knows that Necker, their idol, is being taken from them, they will bring him back by force in triumph. Madame, who is in wretched health, does not even wait to change her dress. They never rest day or night until they reach Brussels. Germaine finds them there three days later, worn and travel-stained, and otherwise just as they left the dinner-table on that memorable evening. They have only reached Frankfurt when they receive the King's urgent and passionate recall. The Bastile has fallen. Paris is mad for the man the monarch has disgraced. What are the feelings of these people as they are led back in glory, with the mob applauding them, drums beating, music playing, "a host of cavalry, infantry and citizens" guarding

them, children throwing flowers, women singing, and the flags of what once was the Bastile waving in the air? The father and daughter share that "universal intoxication" of joy. Perhaps Madame's more foreboding soul is fearful of such a wild success—suspicious of that frenzied worship. She is with her husband in the City Hall, where the people weep at his words and he seems to them "as a god." He is reinstated in his high functions in the government, and, with his wife, takes up his residence at Versailles.

On the morning of October 5, that great day of the Insurrection of Women, when the "ten thousand Judiths" advance upon the Palace, Madame de Staël hurries there to her parents, fearful, as she may well be, for their safety. Outside is "an infernal host," "an immense people." Within, M. Necker hastens to the King. His wife follows him to the Salon next the King's, that whatever be her husband's fate she may share it. In this supreme crisis, when every moment one lives through makes history, she would seem to be at her best and her serenest. The next day, when the Queen returns from that immortal scene on the balcony, when Lafayette kisses her hand and the fickle people shout "her name to the very clouds," it is to Madame Necker she turns, saying, sobbing, "They force the King and myself to go to Paris with the heads of our bodyguard borne on the pikes."

Suzanne is spared that cruel scene, and drives back to the capital with her husband and daughter on a smiling autumn day through the Bois de Boulogne. What is in her heart? Can her husband even now save France? He himself says it is too late. The tide rushes on to the Terror, and a greater than Necker could not stem it. Suzanne implores him to retire to save himself, before that public feeling, upon which no man can rely for an

hour, turns against him and makes salvation impossible. She has always been for peace and obscurity. Who shall say that when they go to Coppet, but a little more than a year after that great recall to power, the wife's heart is all sad? They leave their country indeed in a condition past hope. The world that began so brilliantly for her husband lies in ruins at his feet. But now the wife, who has been a part of his life, may perhaps be all of it! If Madame Necker has some such feelings, she is not the first woman who has known them, and will not be the last.

The arrival at Coppet in September, 1790, is dismal enough. M. Necker writes much. Suzanne has a gloomy room looking out over the park, and falls into that old bad habit of brooding, brooding, brooding. Gibbon comes over from Lausanne, where he is writing his "Roman Empire," to stay with them. He has stayed with them before this in Paris, and they have a comfortable friendship for him, and a very sincere admiration for his talents. Does he or Suzanne remember those old days when they first met? He writes of her to Lord Sheffield: "Madame Necker's outward manner is better; mais le diable n'y perd rien." And *she* loves her husband with that absorbing devotion which admits of no other affection. Madame de Staël comes from the red heart of the Revolution to join her parents, and Coppet is a shelter for many refugees.

Madame Necker's condition of health is now very unsatisfactory. Her conduct to her mother at that bitter time—how many long years ago!—preys upon her mind. Perhaps Coppet itself, with its thick dark avenues of trees and great solitary rooms, is not very good for a melancholy temperament. She tries to collect her friends in the neighborhood round her; but can she help thinking often of an earlier visit

here, when they saw her famous and prosperous? M. Necker, "abandoned by his friends, vilified by his enemies, disowned by his country," cannot always be a cheerful companion.

By 1792 Madame is really ill. The great doctors see her. But who can minister to a mind diseased? A happy temperament is either a gift from the gods or the fruit of one's own effort. If no one could give ease and rest to the fortunate young wife of the successful banker, how shall they find it for this gray-haired woman? A passionate loathing for Coppet takes possession of her heart. She is moved to Robe, whence she writes her farewell letter to her husband, which he must read after her death. She thinks her soul will still watch over his fate. Before this she has had a great desire that her body shall be embalmed instead of buried. A thousand morbid fancies take possession of her. This woman who has always tried to be good, is haunted by such a fear of death as an evil conscience is often spared.

She is taken to Lausanne to be under Tissot. The last thing she ever writes is her will, dated January 6, 1794. She makes provision out of her very little *dot* for her maid, for some of her poor people, and some distant relatives; asks her husband to supply the further money the *dot* will not cover; and then with that doubting heart which is her torment, reproaches herself for having thus appealed to his generosity.

Her last months are passed in dreadful bodily suffering; but her husband's devotion must kill even *her* distrust. Germaine, too, is with her mother. Oh, how small, seen from the threshold of another world, must look the jealousies that made this one miserable! The daughter sings to her sometimes. When she is alone the sick woman prays fervently out loud. Often, worn by fa-

tigue, she falls asleep on her husband's arm, and he remains in the same position for hours rather than disturb her. She turns to him once to say, "I fear death, for with you I loved life." At last, when she is too weak to speak, she stretches out her hand to him. She dies May 6, 1794.

Oh, what a stormy soul is this, and under that cold exterior what a full and throbbing heart! There is hardly any other famous woman in whom the idea of duty is so over-mastering and persistent as in this one. Is she indeed, as Madame du Deffand describes her, "rigid, frigid and good?" Is her virtue often forbidding and severe? She lives in an age when if a woman's virtue is not severe she has none. The very intensity of her feelings makes her seem stern. If she had loved her husband less absorbingly she might have been easier to live with. If she had been less passionately desirous of her daughter's real good she might have been a more judicious mother. Some irony of fate always pursues her. If few have tried so hard to do well, many with less effort have done better. In considering Madame Necker one must remember always that "it is not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do."

As a philanthropist she founds a famous hospital, and, like her husband, is sincerely devoted to the good of the people.

Longman's Magazine.

Religion is the mainstay of her life, and remains an absorbing conviction, though there is hardly one of her friends who shares it, and scepticism is in the air she breathes.

It is Madame Necker who writes: "I am every day astonished at the moral perversion which withers all minds and all hearts. Vices or virtues are alike indifferent, provided only conversation is animated, and *ennui*, our most dreaded plague, is banished."

As an authoress she is as ecstatic as she is in her prayers and her heart.

Her "*Réflexions sur le Divorce*" are the most passionate and touching argument for the sanctity of marriage. Her "*Mélanges*," published by her husband after her death, are rich in axioms and epigrams.

If there is another woman of the eighteenth century whose judgment is so unperverted by its shams, she is hard to find.

At Coppet, where first Bayle, and then the greatest financier and his daughter, the most brilliant literary woman of modern times, lived, and where all nature has that supreme serenity which is peculiar to a mountainous lake country, may still be seen the tomb where rests at last the passionate heart of the woman who began the world at little Crassier, not six miles away, as the minister's daughter, Suzanne Curchod.

S. G. Tallentyre.

LAMENTATION.

O early fall'n, uncrowned with envied laurel,
O lives that nameless come and noteless go,
Our vainly brave in an ignoble quarrel,
That fought unhating an unhating foe!

Ye pass, ye cease; in alien dust your dust is;
Carnage and tears depart not, wrath remains;

And Power derides the lips that counsel justice,
And nations wonder, and the world arraigns.

And foresight of how long the end yet tarries
To no man born of woman hath He given,
Who marshals all His flashing legionaries
Nightly upon the silent field of heaven.

William Watson.

SHAKESPEARE AS A MAN.

I am reluctant to break the rule—or what ought to be the rule—that no one should write about Shakespeare without a special license. Heaven-born critics or thorough antiquaries alone should add to the pile under which his "honored bones" are but too effectually hidden. I make no pretence of having discovered a new philosophical meaning in "Hamlet," or of having any light to throw upon the initials "W.H." I confess too that, though I have read Shakespeare with much pleasure, I cannot say as much of most of his commentators. I have not studied them eagerly. I spent, however, some hours of a recent vacation in reading a few Shakespeare books, including Mr. Lee's already standard "Life" and Professor Brandes's interesting "Critical Study." The contrast between the two raised an old question. Mr. Lee, like many critics of the highest authority, maintains that we can know nothing of the man. He shows that we know more than the average reader supposes of the external history of the Stratford townsman. But then he maintains the self-denying proposition that such knowledge teaches us nothing about the author of "Hamlet." Professor Brandes, on the contrary, tries to show how a certain spiritual history indicat-

ed by the works may be more or less distinctly correlated with certain passages in the personal history. The process, of course, involves a good deal of conjecture. It rests upon the assumption that the works, when properly interpreted, reveal character; for the facts taken by themselves are a manifestly insufficient ground for more than a few negative inferences. If, with Mr. Lee, we regard this first step as impossible the whole theory must collapse. Upon his showing we learn little from the works except that Shakespeare, whatever he may have been as a man, had a marvellous power of wearing different masks. There is no reason to suppose that his mirth or melancholy, his patriotism or his misanthropy, reveal his own sentiments. He could inspire his puppets with the eloquence which would bring down the house and direct money to the till of the Globe. He could drop his mask and become a commonplace man of business when he applied for a coat of arms or requested his debtors to settle their little accounts.

This raises the previous question of the possibility of the general inference from the book to the man. Now I confess that to me one main interest in reading is always the communion with

the author. "Paradise Lost" gives me the sense of intercourse with Milton, and the Waverley Novels bring me a greeting from Scott. Every man, I fancy, is unconsciously his own Boswell, and, however "objective" or dramatic he professes to be, really betrays his own secrets. Browning is one of the authorities against me. If Shakespeare, he says, really unlocked his heart in the sonnets, why "the less Shakespeare he." Browning declines for his part to follow the example, and fancies that he has preserved his privacy. Yet we must, I think, agree with a critic who emphatically declares that a main characteristic of Browning's own poetry is that it brings us into contact with the real "self of the author." Self-revelation is not the less clear because involuntary or quite incidental to the main purpose of a book. I may read Gibbon simply to learn facts; but I enjoy his literary merits because I recognize my friend of the autobiography who "sighed as a lover and obeyed as a son." I may study Darwin's "Origin of Species" to clear my views upon natural selection; but as a book it interests me even through the defects of style by the occult personal charm of the candid, sagacious, patient seeker for truth. In pure literature the case is, of course, plainer, and I will not count up instances because, in truth, I can hardly think of a clear exception. Whenever we know a man adequately we perceive that though different aspects of his character may be made prominent in his life and his works, the same qualities are revealed in both, and we cannot describe the literary without indicating the personal charm.

Is Shakespeare the sole exception? There are obvious difficulties in the way of a satisfactory answer. Shakespearian criticism means too often reckless competition in hyperboles. So long as critics think

it necessary to show their appreciative power by falling into hysterics, all distinctive characteristics are obliterated. When the poet is lost in such a blaze of light, we can make no inference to the man. Sometimes out of reverence for his genius he is treated like a prophet whose inspiration is proved by his commonplace character in other moments. The more impossible an explanation, the greater will be the wonder. Some commentators, again, have displayed their affection by dwelling upon his proverbial "gentleness," till he seems to be a kind of milksop with no more of the devil in him than there was in the poet of "The Christian Year." Others have been so impressed by the vigor of his fine frenzies, and the "irregularities" of which our forefathers complained, that they describe him as always on the border of insanity. Such discords do not prove necessarily that the man was unknowable, but that to know him a critic must keep his head and be less anxious to exhibit his own enthusiasm and geniality than to form a tolerably sane judgment. The application of sound methods happily seems to be spreading, and may lead to more solid results.

Some objections, indeed, if they could be sustained, would make the investigation impossible from the first. Shakespeare, we are reminded with undeniable truth, was a dramatist. We cannot assume that he is responsible for the opinions which he formulates. It is Orsino, not his creator, who holds that wives should be younger than their husbands, and Shakespeare may not have been thinking of Anne Hathaway. Some of us have personal reasons for hoping that when his characters express a dislike for the lean or for the unmusical, their words do not give his deliberate judgment. If this were a fatal difficulty it would follow that no competent dramatist reveals

himself in his works. Yet, as a matter of fact, I suppose that dramatists are generally quite as knowable as other authors. We learn to know Ben Jonson from his plays, almost as well as we know his namesake, the great Samuel. That surely is the rule. A dramatist lets us know, and cannot help letting us know, what is his general view of his fellow-creatures and of the world in which they live. It is his very function to do so, and though the indication may be indirect, it is not the less significant of the observer's own peculiarities. But we are told, Shakespeare does not identify himself with any of his characters. He is not himself either Falstaff or Hamlet. This too applies to most dramatists, but it certainly suggests a difficulty.

The most demonstrable, though it may not be the highest merit, of Shakespeare's plays is, I suppose, the extraordinary variety of vivid and original types of character. The mind which could create a Hamlet and a Falstaff, and an Iago and a Mercutio and a Caliban, a Cleopatra and a Lady Macbeth and a Perdita, must undoubtedly have been capable of an astonishing variety of moods and sympathies. That certainly gives a presumption that the creator must have been himself too complex to be easily described. The difficulty again is increased by the other most familiar commonplace about Shakespeare, the entire absence of deliberate didacticism. Profound critics, it is true, have discovered certain moral lessons and philosophical theories concealed in his plays. If so, they must also admit that he concealed them so cleverly that he has had to wait for a great philosopher to perceive them. If he really meant to enforce them upon the vulgar his attempt must be regarded as a signal failure. Anyhow, we are without one clue which is given by the didactic writer. To read Dante is to know whom he hated and

why he hated them, and what, in his opinion, would be their proper place hereafter. To Shakespeare good men and bad are alike parts of the order of Nature, to be understood and interpreted with perfect impartiality. He gives a diagnosis of the case, not a judgment sentencing them to heaven or hell. His characters prosper or suffer, not in proportion to their merits, but as good and bad fortune decides or as may be most dramatically effective. It does not, indeed, follow that Shakespeare was without moral sympathies or ideals. It would be as erroneous as to infer that a physician who describes a disease accurately is indifferent to the value of health. Shakespeare no doubt held that Iago was a hateful person, and meant him to excite the aversion of his hearers. Only he did not infer, as inferior writers are apt to do, that Iago ought to be misrepresented. The devil ought to be painted just as black as he is, and not a shade blacker. A perfectly impartial analysis of character is, surely, the true method of showing what is lovable in the virtuous and hateful in the vicious, and the man who gets angry with his own creatures and denounces instead of explaining, is really perverting the true moral. When Cervantes makes us love Don Quixote in spite of the crack in his intellect and the absurdity of his career, he is really setting forth in the most effective way the beauty of the chivalrous character. That, I take it, is the true artistic method. It simply displays the facts and leaves the reader to be attracted or repelled according to his power of appreciating moral beauty or deformity. But, undoubtedly, so far as this method is characteristic of Shakespeare's work, it increases our difficulty. These are the facts, he says; make what you can of them; I do not draw the moral for you, or even deny that many very different morals may commend themselves to different

people. No great poet can be without some implicit morality, though the morality may be sometimes very bad. He is great because he has a rich emotional nature, and great powers of observation and insight. He must have his own views of what are the really valuable elements in life, of what constitutes true happiness, and what part the deepest instincts play in the general course of affairs. We have to translate his implicit convictions into an abstract theory in order to discover his moral system. To do that in the case of Shakespeare would no doubt be a specially difficult and delicate task. He refuses to give us any direct help towards divining his sympathies. Scott, in his most Shakespearian moods, has something of the same impartiality. When he describes an interesting person, Louis XI in "Quentin Durward," or James I in "The Fortunes of Nigel," he shows a power of insight, of making wicked and weak men intelligible and human, which reminds us of Shakespeare's methods. He hated Covenanters like a good Jacobite, and yet he can describe them kindly and sympathetically. But then he has sympathies which he cannot conceal. His love of the manly, healthy type represented in the Dandie Dinmonts and their like reveals the man, and, without reading Lockhart, we can see that unlike Shakespeare, he is clearly identifying himself with some of his characters.

My inference then would be, not that Shakespeare cannot be known, but that a knowledge of Shakespeare must be attained through a less obvious process. His character, we must suppose, was highly complex, and we are without the direct and unequivocal clues which enable us to feel ourselves personally acquainted with such men as Dante or Milton, to say nothing of Wordsworth or Byron. A distinction, however, must be made. There is such

a thing as knowing a man thoroughly and yet being unable to put our knowledge into definite formulæ. I may know a man's face and the sound of his voice well enough to swear to him among a thousand others, and yet I may be totally unable to describe him in such a way as to enable a detective to pick him out of a crowd. I can say that he is six feet high and has a red beard, but I cannot give the finer marks which distinguish tall, red-bearded men from each other. So I can often define instinctively what my friend will say and do and think on a given occasion; and yet be quite unable to give the reasons for my expectation. If I am not a trained psychologist, I shall not have the proper terms, or shall confuse different terms; and if I am a trained psychologist I may too probably be misled by my own theories, and I shall certainly find that all the common phrases by which we describe character are too vague and shifting to reflect the vast variety of delicate shades of emotional temperament which we can yet recognize in observation. Does not every critic of poetry claim such a knowledge—vivid and yet difficult to grasp and analyze? He professes to recognize Shakespeare's style; he can tell you confidently which plays are Shakespeare's own, and which he produced in collaboration with others; he can point out the scene and even the particular speech at which Shakespeare dropped the pen and Fletcher took it up. Part of this knowledge is derived, it is true, from "objective" signs. One scene has a larger percentage than others of verses with eleven syllables. That observation requires no critical insight. Yet I do not suppose that any critic would admit that he was unable to discriminate qualities too delicate to be inferred from counting on the fingers. The point of which I am speaking corresponds to the distinction made by

Newman in the "Grammar of Assent" between the "Illative Instinct" and such formal reasoning as can be put into syllogisms. He illustrates it by Falstaff's "babbling of green fields." Some readers, he says, are certain that this was Shakespeare's phrase, while others hold that they do not recognize the true Shakespearian ring. The certitude of either side is therefore not conclusive for the other. Yet the conviction implies that each reader has so vivid a conception of certain characteristics that the verdict "this is" or "this is not Shakespearian" arises spontaneously at a particular phrase. "Shakespearian," then, must have a definite though not definable meaning. Something in the term of thought, in the play of humor, fits in or does not exactly fit in with our image, and we must therefore have such an image—whether like or unlike to the reality.

Two difficulties, in fact, are often confounded; the difficulty of knowing and the difficulty of analyzing and formulating our knowledge. Language is too rough and equivocal an instrument to enable us to communicate to others the finer shades of difference which we can clearly recognize. Critics, I fancy, were it not for their characteristic modesty, might be induced by a skilful cross-examination to confess that their knowledge of Shakespeare is much more precise and distinct than they venture to claim. If I had the skill required for the most difficult form of literary art, I should try to surmount their diffidence by a Socratic dialogue. I should not endeavor to reveal new truths to them, but endeavor, like Socrates, to deliver them of the truths with which their judgments are already pregnant. Much as critics of the poetry differ, they show a tendency to converge; there are certain commonplaces and at least many negations in which they would agree. As I do not profess to be an expert, I must limit

myself to such generalities. What I would try to show is that what is accepted about the poetry really implies certain conclusions about the man. I must leave it to those who unite more thorough knowledge with poetical insight to fill up the rough outlines which such as I can attempt to indicate.

One remark will be granted. A dramatist is no more able than anybody else to bestow upon his characters talents which he does not himself possess. If—as critics are agreed—Shakespeare's creatures show humor, Shakespeare must have had a sense of humor himself. When Mercutio indulges in the wonderful tirade upon Queen Mab, or Jacques moralizes in the forest, we learn that their creator had certain powers of mind just as clearly as if we were reading a report of one of the wit combats at the "Mermaid." It is harder to define those qualities precisely than to say what is implied by Jonson's talk at the "Mitre," but the idiosyncrasy is at least as strongly impressed upon such characteristic mental displays. If we were to ask any critic whether such passages could be attributed to Marlowe or Ben Jonson, he would enquire whether we took him for a fool. If, indeed, we were considering a bit of scientific exposition, the inference to character would not exist. A mathematician, I suppose, could tell me that the demonstration of some astronomical theorem was in Newton's manner, and the remark would not show whether Newton was amiable or spiteful, jealous or generous. But a man's humor and fancy are functions of his character as well as of his reason. To appreciate them clearly is to know how he feels as well as how he argues; what are the aspects of life what morals are most congenial. I do not see how the critic can claim an instinctive perception of the Shakespearian mode of thought without a which especially impress him, and

perception of some sides of his character. You distinguish Shakespeare's work from his rivals' as confidently as any expert judging of handwriting. You admit, too, that you can give a very fair account of the characteristics of the other writers. Then surely you can tell me—or at least you know "implicitly"—what is the quality in which they are defective and Shakespeare pre-eminent.

Half my knowledge of a friend's character is derived from his talk, and not the less if it is playful, ironical and dramatic. When we agree that Shakespeare's mind was vivid and subtle, that he shows a unique power of blending the tragic and the comic, we already have some indications of character; and incidentally we catch revelations of more specific peculiarities. Part of my late reading was a charming book in which Mr. Justice Madden sets forth Shakespeare's accurate knowledge of field sports. It seems to prove conclusively a proposition against which there can certainly be no presumption. We may be quite confident that he could thoroughly enjoy a day's coursing on the Cotswold Hills, and we know by the most undeniable proof that his sense of humor was tickled by the oddities of his fellow-sportsmen, the Shallows and Slenders. It is at least equally clear that he had the keenest enjoyment of charms of the surrounding scenery. He could not have written "Midsummer Night's Dream" or "As You Like It" if the poetry of the English greenwood had not entered into his soul. The single phrase about the daffodils—so often quoted for its magical power—is proof enough, if there were no other, of a nature exquisitely sensitive to the beauties of flowers and of springtime. It wants, again, no such confirmation as Fuller's familiar anecdote to convince us that Shakespeare could enjoy convivial meetings at taverns, that he

could listen to, and probably join in, a catch by Sir Toby Belch, or make Lord Southampton laugh as heartily as Prince Hal laughed at the jests of Falstaff. Shakespeare, again, as this suggests, was certainly not a Puritan. That may be inferred by judicious critics from particular phrases or from the relations of Puritans to players in general. But without such reasoning we may go further and say that the very conception of a Puritan Shakespeare involves a contradiction in terms. He represents, of course, in the fullest degree, the type which is just the antithesis of Puritanism; the large and tolerant acceptance of human nature which was intolerable to the rigid and straight-laced fanatics, whom, nevertheless, we may forgive in consideration of their stern morality. People, indeed, have argued, very fruitlessly I fancy, as to Shakespeare's religious beliefs. Critics tell us, and I have no doubt truly, that it would be impossible to show conclusively from his works whether he considered himself to be an Anglican or a Catholic. But a man's religion is not to be defined by the formula which he accepts or inferred even from the church to which he belongs. That is chiefly a matter of accident and circumstance, not of character. We may, I think, be pretty certain that Shakespeare's religion, whatever may have been its external form, included a profound sense of the mystery of the world and of the pettiness of the little lives that are rounded by a sleep; a conviction that we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and a constant sense, such as is impressed in the most powerful sonnets, that our best life is an infinitesimal moment in the vast "abyss" of eternity. Shakespeare, we know, read Montaigne; and if, like Montaigne, he accepted the creed in which he was brought up, he would have sympathized in Montaigne's sceptical and humorous

view of theological controversialists playing their fantastic tricks of logic before high Heaven. Undoubtedly he despised a pedant, and the pedantry which displayed itself in the wranglings of Protestant and Papist divines would clearly not have escaped his contempt. Critics, again, have disputed as to Shakespeare's politics; and the problem is complicated by the desire to show that his politics were as good as his poetry. Sound Liberals are unwilling to admit that he had aristocratic tendencies, because they hold that all aristocrats are wicked and narrow minded. It is, of course, an anachronism to transplant our problems to those days, and we cannot say what Shakespeare would have thought of modern applications of the principles which he accepted. But I do not see how any man could have been more clearly what may be called an intellectual aristocrat. His contempt for the mob may be good humored enough, but is surely unequivocal; from the portrait of Jack Cade promising, like a good Socialist, that the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops, to the first, second and third citizens who give a display of their inanity and instability in "Coriolanus" or "Julius Cæsar." Shakespeare may be speaking dramatically through Ulysses in "Troilus" and "Cressida;" but at least he must have fully appreciated the argument for order, and understood by order that the cultivated and intelligent should rule and the common herd have as little direct voice in State affairs as Elizabeth and James could have desired.

When we have got so far, we have already, as it seems to me, admitted certain attributes, which are as much personal as literary. If you admit that Shakespeare was a humorist, intensely sensitive to natural beauty, a scorner of the pedantry, whether of scholars or theologians, endowed with an amazingly wide and tolerant view of human

nature, radically opposed to Puritanism or any kind of fanaticism, and capable of hearty sympathy with the popular instincts and yet with a strong persuasion of the depth of popular folly, you hereby know at least some negative propositions about the man himself. You can say with confidence what are the characteristics which were thoroughly antipathetic to him, even though it may be difficult to describe accurately the characteristics which he positively embodied.

Another point is, it would seem, too plain to need much emphasis. The author of "Romeo and Juliet" was, I suppose, capable of Romeo's passion. We may "doubt that the sun is fire," but can hardly doubt that Shakespeare could love. In this case, it seems to me, the power of intuition is identical with the emotional power. A man would surely have been unable to find the most memorable utterance in literature of passions of which he was not himself abnormally susceptible. It may be right to describe a poet's power as marvellous, but why should we hold it to be miraculous? I agree with Pope's commonsense remark about Heloisa's "well-sung woes;" "he best can paint 'em who can feel 'em most." Surely that is the obvious explanation, and I am unable to see why there should be any difficulty in receiving it. When the blind poet, Blacklock, described scenery which he had never seen, wise critics puzzled over the phenomenon. It was explained by the obvious remark that he was simply appropriating the conventional phrases of other poets. But when a poet gives originality to the most commonplace of all themes, I infer that he has had the eyesight or felt the emotions required for the feat. We must, no doubt, be careful as to further inferences. If I had read the poems of Burns or Byron without any knowledge of their lives,

I should be justified, I think, in modestly inferring that they were men of strong passions. I could not suppose that they were merely vamping up old material. No inference from conduct could be made more conclusive than the inference from the fire and force of their poetry. But it is, of course, doubtful what effect might be produced on their lives. Byron, brought up under judicious and firm management, might conceivably have become an affectionate husband and a respectable nobleman. Some men have greater powers of self-command than others, or may be prevented by other qualities of character from obeying in practice the impulses which govern their imaginations. It has been said that Moore, who in early days shocked his contemporaries by immoral poetry, lived the most domestic and well-regulated of lives; whereas Rogers was the most respectable of poets, and a striking contrast to Moore in conduct. The fact, if it be a fact, may warn us against hasty conclusions. A man may have very good reasons for keeping some of his feelings out of his books; or may, out of mere levity, affect vices which he does not put in practice. We can be sure that he has certain propensities; but of course, we cannot tell how far circumstance and other propensities may not hold them in check. Much smaller men than Shakespeare are still very complex organisms. We may judge from this and that symptom that they react, as a chemist may say, in certain ways to a given stimulus; but to put all the indications together, to say which are the dominant instincts and how different impulses will modify each other in active life; to decide whether a feeling which shapes the ideal world will have a corresponding force when it comes into contact with realities, is a delicate investigation. When an adequate biography is obtainable, the answer is virtually given.

The facts of Shakespeare's life are as far as possible from adequate; but we may ask how far what is known can check or confirm inferences from the works.

This brings us to the biographical problem. Minute students of Shakespeare have done one great service at least. They have established approximately the order of his works. The plays, when placed in a chronological series, show probably the most remarkable intellectual development on record. There is, I suppose, no great writer who shows so distinctly the growth and varying direction of his poetical faculty. We watch Shakespeare from the start; beginning as a cobbler and adapter of other men's works; making a fresh start as a follower of Marlowe, and then improving upon his model in the great historical dramas. We can compare the gaiety and the ridicule of affectations in the early comedies with the more serious and penetrative portraits of life in the later works; or trace the development of his full powers in the great tragedies, and the mellower tone of the later romantic dramas. If some knowledge of Shakespeare is implied in a comparison between him and his contemporaries, there is still more significance in the comparison with himself. A century ago a critic put the "Two Gentlemen of Verona" at the end and the "Winter's Tale" at the beginning of his career. Such an inversion, we now perceive, would make the whole history of his mental development chaotic and contradictory. That Shakespeare, whom we know to have been a marvellously keen observer of life and character, and who lived, as literary historians so elaborately demonstrate, under the most stimulating intellectual and social conditions, must have had his reflections and learnt some lessons about human life is self-evident. To show how, for example, "Richard II." in

which he followed Marlowe, differed from the "Henry IV," in which he has found his own characteristic breadth and strength, is to show what some of those lessons were, and therefore to throw light upon the man who learnt them so quickly. We see how certain veins of reflection become more prominent, how, for example, humor checks the bombastic tendency, and the broader and deeper view of life "begets a temperance" which restrains the "whirlwind" of ungovernable passions. The critic who can exhibit the growth of a man's power implicitly exhibits also the character which is developed; and, in fact, I think that by taking such considerations into account a clearer perception of the man has been gradually worked out. The task no doubt, would be easier if we could strengthen our case by some definite biographical data; and the misfortune is that we are tempted to construct the required data by the help of audacious conjectures. The natural failure of such enterprises has unduly discredited the value of mere modest inferences.

The hope of unveiling the man has in particular led to the controversy over the sonnets. They are supposed to show that Shakespeare went through a spiritual crisis, which is indicated by the bitterness of some of the plays written at the time; and what would be applicable if we could safely identify the dark lady with Mistress Fitton and "W. H." with the Earl of Pembroke. I humbly accept Mr. Lee's chief conclusions. He has insisted on the fact that Shakespeare was falling in with a temporary fashion, or infected by a curious mania which led poets just at that period to pour out sonnets by the hundred. The inference that the sonnets necessarily imply some personal catastrophe is thus deprived of its force. If half the early Victorian poets had been writing "In Memoriams," we

might believe that Tennyson had no special friendship for Arthur Hallam, and had merely made a pretext of a commonplace attachment. It is possible, or rather it is highly probable, that Shakespeare took some real bit of personal history for a text, though many of the sonnets are simply variations upon established poetical themes.

But we cannot say that his emotion must have been caused by some thrilling events when it is at least equally as likely that he merely took a trifling event as a pretext for expressing his emotions. Shakespeare was certainly dramatist enough to discover a motive for poetry in a commonplace experience. The attempted identifications do little more than illustrate a common fallacy. The impossibility of proving a negative is confounded with the conclusive proof of the positive. "It is just possible," betimes "it is certainly true." The whole Pembroke-Fitton hypothesis rests (as Mr. Lee seems to show) upon the interpretation of the famous initials. The fact that a nobleman had an intrigue with a lady about the time when the sonnets, or some of them, may have been written, cannot prove that they refer to the intrigue. Shakespeare could hardly have managed to write at a period when some intrigue was not going on. If, then, "W. H." did not mean William Herbert, the peg on which the whole argument hangs is struck out. Now "Mr. W. H." could not possibly suggest the Earl to any contemporary, and, in fact, did not suggest him to any one for more than two centuries. That, Professor Brandes seems to think, strengthens the case, because the dedication would naturally be reticent. The argument recalls the old retort:—

My wound is great, because it is so small:
Then it were greater were it none at all!

If there had been no dedication, the proof apparently would have been conclusive, because the reticence would have been absolute. The true argument is surely simple. If there were otherwise very strong reasons for believing in the Pembroke theory, it might be conceivable that the initials were suggested by association, though it would still be odd that reticence pushed so far did not go a step further. In the absence of such reasons, the obscurity cannot of itself be any ground for conviction. People forget how frequent are much closer and yet purely accidental coincidences; but when there is a chance of the glory of a discovery of such a bit of personal history, "trifles light as air" become demonstrative to enthusiastic worshippers.

There is a more fundamental objection to the whole theory. Were it proved that the sonnets refer to the conjectured history, the fact would be interesting, but would hardly throw much light upon our problem. It is supposed to suggest a cause for Shakespeare's supposed pessimistic mood. To take a parallel case, we may find an explanation of Swift's misanthropy in his long ordeal of disappointed ambition. There is no doubt whatever that Swift's writings express a misanthropy as savage as that of Timon or Thersites; and on the other side, there is no doubt that his career was calculated to sour his nature. Putting the history of the man and his works together, both become the more intelligible. The fierce indignation shown by the author is explained and palliated by the life of the man. If Shakespeare had suddenly retired from the stage and taken to writing pamphlets like the Drapier's Letters or the Martin Marprelate tracts, we might admit the probability of some events which embittered his life. But then the conspicuous fact is that

his life ran on as far as we can tell with perfect smoothness. Nobody can prove that he did not love Mistress Filton; but it is quite clear that, if he did, it did not prevent him from making money, buying New Place, setting up as a gentleman and continuing a thoroughly prosperous career. The passion clearly did not dislocate his career. Even if the alleged fact be true, it had no permanent bearing on his life. On the other side there is no proof of anything in the works to require explanation. Critics have indeed shown that at one period pessimistic sentiments (to speak roughly) become more prominent than before or afterwards. But we must, in the first place, make the proper allowance for the dramatic condition. He may have continued the "Thersites" or "Timon" vein because it was popular or because it suited the acting of one of his "fellows." And in the next place the whole argument that a man must be gloomy because he writes of horrors or indulges in misanthropical tirades is questionable. Sometimes the opposite theory is more plausible. When we are young and our nerves strong we can bear excitement which becomes painful as our spirits fail; and in old age we like happy conclusions and soothing imagery, precisely because we are less cheerful. In any case, the works admittedly lose the pessimistic tone in the later years; and the presumption is that if Shakespeare suffered from any moral convulsion he was fortunate enough to be thoroughly cured. The conjectured story, if so, is required, if at all, by the sonnets alone. When we make proper allowance for the degree in which they were suggested by the contemporary fashion and were imitations of other poets or simple variations of commonplace themes, the necessity for believing in any romance at all vanishes. Thus there are not two histories, literary and person-

al, which explain each other, but two histories, both of which rest upon conjecture. Even if the conjecture be accepted in either case, the one thing that is clear is that the results were transitory. I can therefore accept Mr. Lee's opinion that the story may be put out of account altogether when we are trying to understand the man in his works.

The more modest inference, however, remains. If we can infer from his poetry that Shakespeare could be in love, we can, surely, infer with equal confidence, that he could feel the emotions which embody themselves in pessimism. He had, one cannot doubt, satisfied the familiar condition of acquaintance with the heavenly powers. He knew what it was to eat his bread with sorrow and pass his nights in weeping. No one, I suppose, ever read the famous catalogue of the evils which made him pine for restful death, or the reference to the degrading influences of his profession, without feeling that a real man is speaking to us from his own experience. The poetical "intuition," as I must again hold, does not supersede the necessity for assuming the intense sensibility of which it is surely a product. When Thackeray, in the little poem, "Vanitas Vanitatum," almost repeats Shakespeare's catalogue as a comment upon the saying of the "Weary King Ecclesiast," I know from his biography that he had gone through corresponding trials. I infer that Shakespeare had felt the emotions which he infused with unequalled intensity. When we recall the main facts of his career, the society in which he had lived, the events of which he had been a close spectator, and admit, to put it gently, that he was a man of more than average powers of mind and feeling, the *a priori* probability that he had gone through trying experiences is pretty strong; and though we know more of the de-

tails we can hardly suppose that he got through life without abundant opportunities for putting Hamlet's question as to the value of life. This indeed suggests that the argument ought to be inverted. The life so far from explaining the genius makes it as some people have thought, a puzzle. "I cannot," says Emerson, "marry this fact" (the fact that Shakespeare was a jovial actor and manager) "to his verse." The best of the world's poets led an "obscure and profane life, using his genius for the public amusement." Obscure and profane are perhaps rather harsh epithets; but they suggest the problem: Is there any real incompatibility between Shakespeare's conduct and the theory of life implied by his writings?

I leave a full answer to the accomplished critic whom I desiderate but do not try to anticipate. Yet, keeping to the region of tolerably safe commonplaces, I fancy that this supposed antithesis really admits of, or rather suggests, a natural mode of conciliation. Emerson laments, what we all admit, that Shakespeare was not a preacher with a mission. He had no definite ethical system to inculcate; and, moreover, so far as we can define his morality, it was not such as would satisfy the saint. If he clearly did not agree with John Knox, we may doubt whether he would have appreciated St. Francis. Martyrs and ascetics would have been out of place in his world. The exalted idealist despises fact; he is impressive precisely because his doctrine is impracticable; the ideal may stimulate what is best in us, but it is too refined and exalted to be accepted by the mass. But Shakespeare does not idealize in the sense of neglecting the actual. He is intensely interested in the world as it is, moved by the great forces of love, hate, jealousy, ambition, pride and patriotism. He "idealizes" so far as he has a keener insight

than any one into the corresponding types of character, but he does not care, so far as we can see, for the religious enthusiast who retires to a hermitage or scornfully renounces the world, the flesh and the devil. The men in whom he takes an interest have forgotten that they ever renounced these powers; they are soldiers, couriers and statesmen, who give us the secret of the ideal Raleighs and Essexes and Burleighs of his own day. The virtues of purity or self-devotion are left chiefly to the women who are the more charming by contrast with the world of force and passion in which they move; though now and then a Cleopatra or a Lady Macbeth shows that a woman can be interesting by joining in the rude struggle. This, of course, is to say that Shakespeare is able to interpret in the most vivid way the characteristics of a period of extraordinary intellectual and social convulsion. But his interpretation shows also individual peculiarities which distinguish him from others who experience a similar internal influence. There is, I think, one distinct moral doctrine even in Shakespeare and one which is a corollary from this position. Hamlet states it in explaining his regard for Horatio, the man

Whose blood and judgment are so well
commingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's
finger
To sound what stop she please: Give
me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will
wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of
hearts,
As I do thee.

In a world so full of passion and violence, the essential condition of happiness is the power of keeping your head. They, as he says in a remarkable sonnet, "who moving others

are themselves as stone," are the right inheritors of "Heaven's graces." The one character who, as commentators agree, represents a personal enthusiasm is Henry V, and Henry V's special peculiarity is his superlative self-command. It is emphasized even at some cost of dramatic propriety. Critics at last have complained of the soliloquy—

I know you all, and with a while up-
hold
The unyoked humor of your idleness,

in which the prince expresses a deliberate intention of throwing off his wild companions. He is talking to the audience, it is suggested, and should not have so clear a theory of motives, which he would scarcely avow to himself. I fancy indeed that many young gentlemen have indulged in similar excuses for the process of sowing their wild oats; and the main peculiarity of Henry V is that he really means them and keeps to his resolution. Shakespeare obviously expects us to approve the exile of Falstaff, and rather scandalizes readers who have fallen in love with that disreputable person. A similar moral is implied in others of the most characteristic plays. Shakespeare, for example, sympathizes most heartily and unmistakably with the pride of Coriolanus and the passionate energy of Mark Antony. They are admirable and attractive because they have such hot blood in their veins; but come to grief because the blood is not "commingled" with judgment. The really enviable thing he seems to say, would be to unite the two characteristics; to be full of energy which shall yet be always well in hand; to have unbounded strength of passion and yet never to be the slave of passion.

If this be a characteristic impression it is an obvious suggestion that it is illustrated by Shakespeare's life.

The young lad from the country had the same temptations as Robert Greene and Christopher Marlowe. He did not escape them by any coldness of temperament or inability to appreciate the pleasures of the town. He may, as two or three stories suggest, have given way to weaknesses, which would account for some of the expressions of remorse in the sonnets. Anyhow he had obtained enough prudence and self-command to avoid the fate of a Pistol or a Falstaff. He became a highly respectable man as well as a world-poet. If he caught some stains from bad company, they were, as I may leave the critics to demonstrate, superficial. The appreciation of pure and lofty qualities develops instead of declines as years go on. It surely cannot be said that an eye for the main chance is inconsistent with the poetical character. The conventional poet, of course, lives in dreamland, and is an incapable man of business. But then it is the specialty of Shakespeare that if he could dream, he must have been most keenly awake to a living world of men. Interest in and insight into our fellow-creatures is surely a good qualification for business. Voltaire was a superlative man of business. Goethe knew the value of a good social position. Pope was a keen and successful money-maker. Dickens showed a similar capacity. Such cases may show that men can reconcile literary genius with business aptitudes. In one respect they may fall short of the case. They do not imply the actual preference of "gain" to "glory" attributed to Shakespeare. The closer parallel is, of course, Scott. If Scott's enjoyment of Abbotsford led to his ruin while Shakespeare's more modest ambition was satisfied by New Place, the difference may have been that in the earlier period the arts of manufacturing paper credit were not so well understood. Still Scott's estimate of the

really valuable element of life naturally suggests Shakespeare. He held that the man of action was superior to the man of letters. He wondered that the Duke of Wellington should condescend to an interest in the author of a few "bits of novels." He meant frankly to make money by providing harmless amusement; but he did not fancy that the achievements of a novelist were comparable to the winning of battles or the making of laws. Shakespeare, we may guess, would have agreed. Like Scott, he held aloof from literary squabbles, whether from good-nature or from worldly wisdom, or a sense of the pettiness of such calculations. He had his literary vanity, but it was to be satisfied by the poems and by the circulation of the sonnets in manuscript. The plays were in the first instance pot-boilers. He could not help putting his power into them when a situation laid hold of his imagination; but the haste, the frequent flagging of interest, the curious readiness with which he accepts and verifies a character or accepts an unsatisfactory catastrophe, tends to show a singular indifference. In the greatest plays the inspiration lasts throughout; but in most he does not take the trouble to keep up to the highest level.

I need not ask whether the opinions attributed to Scott and Shakespeare are defensible. Some people, I know, consider that "devotion to art" is the cardinal virtue, and that it is better to turn out a good poem and starve than to write down to the public and pay your bills. That is an old controversy; but, at any rate, Shakespeare's view is in character. He was never blind to the humorist's point of view, and humor has its questionable ethical quality. It helps some people to see the charm of the "simple faith miscalled simplicity," and Shakespeare's cordial appreciation of a fool shows one side of an amiable disposition. But a saint

can hardly be a humorist. It is his nature to take things seriously, and to believe (bold as it appears) in the power of sermons. The humorist sees with painful distinctness the folly of the wise and the weakness of the hero and the general perversity of fortune. He may be capable of enthusiasm, or, at least, sympathy with the enthusiastic; but he feels that there is always a lurking irony in the general order of things. He is specially conscious of the vanity of his own ambition, and aware that his highest success makes a very small ripple on the great ocean of existence. Shakespeare had the good (though not rare) fortune of living before his commentators. His head, therefore, was not turned, and he held, we may suppose, that to defeat the Armada was a more important bit of work than to amuse the audience at the Globe. He could feel, indeed, the irony with which fate treats the great men of action. Masterful ambitions lead to catastrophes, and in the political world, where order and subordination are the essentials, even the ideal hero who can be calm in the storm, and hold his own amidst the struggling elements, is not much the better for it personally. Henry V is still but a man made to bear the blame of all mishap, and "subject to the breath of every fool." He has nothing to show for it, "save ceremony," and cannot sleep so soundly as the vacant-minded slave. So the Spanish minister is said to have told the King: "Your Majesty is but a ceremony," an essential part, indeed, of the framework of the State, but not superior in personal happiness to the ordinary human being.

That, it seems to me, points to the most obvious solution of the supposed contrast between the man and the author. Nobody was more keenly alive to every vanity of enjoyment, or more capable of sympathizing with the passions and ambitions of all the amazing-

ly vigorous life that was going on around him. He can be poet and lover and sportsman, a boon companion, and watch the great game that is played in the court or in the wars. He can act as they come every part in Jacques's famous speech, always with an eye to the end of the strange, eventful history; take everything as it comes and yet ask, "What is it worth?" Never forget, he seems to have replied, that life is very short, and man very small, and the pleasure of each stage in it only has drawbacks and will disappear altogether as the powers decline. And by the time you are fifty it will be well to have a comfortable little place of your own in the quiet country town endeared by youthful memories.

If everything that I have said should be granted there would be great gaps in our knowledge of Shakespeare. We could only fill them by the help of data no longer ascertainable. We do not know what scrapes he may have got into; only that he must have got out of them; nor how much he cared for his wife and children, or how he behaved in business transactions, or whether he was too obsequious to his patrons. If such questions could be answered we might know a great deal more of him. Yet I think also that some very distinct personal qualities are sufficiently implied. Shakespeare's life suggests a problem. We have, on the one hand, a man abnormally sensitive to all manner of emotions, and having an unrivalled power of sympathy with every passion of human nature. On the other hand, though exposed to all the temptations of a most exciting "environment," he accomplishes a prosperous and outwardly commonplace career. He could emerge from the grosser element, no doubt, because his powers of intellect and imagination raised him above the level of the sensualist whose tastes he some-

times condescended to gratify. But he could not be a Puritan, because their stern morality was radically opposed to the aesthetic enjoyment to which he was most sensitive. He cared little for the aestheticism of a different and more sentimental type, which condemns as worldly the great passions and emotions which are the really moving forces of the world. He sympathizes far too heartily with human loves and hatreds and political ambitions. But then he cannot, like Marlowe or Chapman, sympathize unequivocally with the heroic when it becomes excessive and over-strained. The power of humor keeps him from the bombastic and the affected, and he sees the facts of life too clearly not to be aware of the vanity of human wishes; the disappointments of successful ambition and the emptiness of its supposed rewards. He is profoundly conscious of the pettiness of human life and of the irony of fate—of which, indeed, he had plenty of instances before him. This, I fancy, implies personal characteristics which fall in very well, so far as they can be grasped, with what we know of the life. Be a Romeo while you can; love is delightful when you are young; only think twice before you buy your dram of poison. As you grow older be a soldier, a hero, or a statesman, or, if you can be nothing better, be a playwright, so long as the inspiration comes with spontaneous and overpowering force. But always remember to keep your passions in check, and don't for-

get that the prize, even if you win it, may turn to ashes in your mouth. Fate is always playing ugly tricks, punishing the reckless and exposing illusions. The struggle is fascinating while it lasts, because it rouses the energies; but when the energies decay the position which it has won loses its charm. Literary glory, though one may talk about it in sonnets, is a trifle. Your rivals are many of them very good fellows, and make excellent society; it is both pleasant and prudent to be on good terms with them, and nothing is so contemptible as the rivalry of authors. But, after all, success only means a position among jealous dependents of great men, who themselves are very apt to get into the Tower and even to the scaffold. When youthful passions have grown feeble, and the delight of being applauded by the mob has rather palled upon one, the best thing will be to break his magical wand and sit down with, we will hope, "good Mistress Hall" for a satisfactory Miranda, at Stratford-upon-Avon. Though we can no longer write ballads to our mistress' eyebrow, we can heartily appreciate gentle, pure and obedient womanhood, and may hope that some specimens may be found, while we still enjoy a chat and a convivial meeting with an old theatrical friend. This view of life suggests, I think, a very real person, and does not go beyond what is substantially admitted by literary critics.

Leslie Stephen.

The National Review.

THE BACTERIA BEDS OF MODERN SANITATION.

It is not much more than thirty years ago since the subject of domestic sanitation began to impress the public mind. In previous decades the subject was never raised because no one thought of it. It took little, if any, place in the medical or general literature of the day. It was no one's duty to think of it; the architect who planned the houses and laid out new streets never thought of it; the artless plumber never thought of it, nor dreamt of associating his craft with disease. The sense of responsibility could not exist where no one was held responsible. While all were content to live in the paradise of fools the Government rested in peace, for no answers were required to questions that were never asked. Consequently there were no laws or regulations worthy of the name, no Board of Public Health. And yet for centuries this subject was crying aloud for notice, but in the universal chaos no one understood the cry. When sickness came and death followed, it was simply accepted in deepest reverence and awe as the will of the Almighty, and so the troubled waters of affliction rose and fell, and history went on repeating itself.

Looking back from the present changed condition of human thought, it is difficult to understand how the grandparents of to-day lived at all, except on the Darwinian theory of the survival of the fittest. Personally, I can recollect using the cistern on the nursery floor of my father's house as an ocean for the sailing of boats laden with merchandise of every kind. When the sea rose—which it could always do at pleasure—the merchandise would be lost, and I can see it now in mystic shapes lying at the bottom. No one thought it worth while to interfere

with this amusement; but as overflow pipes in those days were not directed into the open air, and as nothing was right, and everything was wrong, a few shipwrecks more or less could make little difference, and in all probability were the lesser of many worse evils.

In the midst of this we suffered the usual penalties of ignorance, only no one ever recognized the connection between the penalties and the ignorance, and we took our fevers and desperate periods of illness as they came. The survivors were simply sent to the country to recover; but my recollections of rural life, from a sanitarian's point of view, would hardly bear description. Still, strange to say, we would all come back in bounding health to get our systems "educated" (as science has it) or accustomed once more to the unhealthy conditions we had left behind. In the one case the mischief lay entirely out of doors; in the other, the concentrated essence of drain poisoning reached us from within, through cisterns and pipes in every quarter.

Throughout the town there was no system of house drainage, only pipes, or rather tubes, under the streets—composed in all probability of the hollow trunks of trees, and meant solely to carry off rain-water. Hence, each house was a law unto itself, consequently the beautiful town of New Edinburgh was little removed from the historical horrors of the Old Town so far as health was concerned. In those early days the cry of "Guardz l'eau!" could still be heard in the narrow wynds off the High Street, and I can remember hearing that cry, and being instantly dragged by my friend within a doorway when "Guardz l'eau!" rang through the air, followed by a splash

from a window in one of the narrow old streets of Elgin. This notification had come down from the days of Mary Queen of Scots, and was supposed to be all-sufficient.

The reason that we managed to survive was due no doubt to the fact that the human organism can be educated to bear a certain amount of poison. Dr. Joseph Priestley, the great discoverer of oxygen, proved that birds or mice put suddenly into an unhealthy atmosphere would die at once, whereas others, if gradually accustomed to it, would live. It is on the same principle that people suffering from the bite of a mad dog are subjected to successive inoculations of a similar poison in order to "educate" the system to bear finally a virus so intense that it neutralizes the power of the original poison. Still, it is not pleasant to think of our forefathers receiving this education minus the guiding hand of science, and having to run the gauntlet of so much preventable disease with all the accompaniments of suffering. The sorrow of it is beautifully expressed by Watts in his touching picture of young Love vainly struggling to keep back the grim spectre of Death, whose hand is already on the rose-covered door.

In the midst of such sanitary chaos the Prince Consort died, and all that Love could do was powerless to keep back Death from the palace door. This deeply lamented tragedy struck a note of alarm throughout the land, and caused the wrappings of ignorance slowly to fall away and reveal to us the truth. The physicians of the day were now fully alive to cause and effect, and began to urge the necessity of reform. For some time Sir Robert Rawlinson and other pioneers had been successful in persuading the Government to establish a Board of Public Health, and through this channel Acts of Parliament had been issued, and big things were done. They were done,

however, before the ground was ready, before the householder understood the nature of the edict, before the British workman understood the *raison d'être* of his work, and the results were deplorable. Without attempting to be chronological, and without dwelling further on public failures which are matters of history, we shall pass on to the private efforts that brought the National Health Society into existence. It was initiated by Mr. Ernest Hart, and consisted of Sir Robert Rawlinson, Sir Edwin Chadwick, a dozen or so of practical men, and a sprinkling of women, with Miss Lankester as secretary. The meetings took place in the small first-floor front of a miserably insanitary house, not far from the spacious and healthy quarters the society now enjoys. At these meetings it was fully recognized that the fashionable world was now alive to the dangers behind the walls and under the floors of their dwellings; but a certain apathy prevailed, for the denizens of that world knew not what to do. In order to dispel this apathy the society resolved to offer help to the helpless in a series of drawing-room lectures, and owing to the energy of two or three of the ladies, and the willing services of the more practical members, these lectures proved of the greatest use.

The drawing-rooms of Mayfair now opened their elegant doors to the reception of objects such as no self-respecting drawing-room had ever seen or dreamt of before. Footmen were kept busy under the secretarial eye running to and fro with rat-riddled lead pipes and a variety of curiosities brought together to illustrate the lectures. In the midst of priceless works of art hung diagrams of an appalling nature, but no one saw the incongruity, so intense was the interest in things never seen before. The rooms were crowded, and generally graced by the presence of royalty. From these drawing-rooms

news spread, and the long-tabooed subject became so popular that at length no one was ashamed to inquire into the state of the drains.

While the upper classes were thus reached, the Sanitary Institute (more recently established) was doing equally good work of a more technical kind among the engineers, architects and plumbers. Many members of the one society became members of the other, and the two have invariably worked together for the public good. The result of this co-operation is that no one dreams of taking a house now without a sanitary inspector's certificate, and no surgeon will undertake a serious operation in a house of doubtful sanitary reputation.

In looking back to this time it is interesting to observe that the awakening came simultaneously with the discovery of the living cause of most diseases. The knowledge of the nature of the disease *au fond* had been withheld from us for all the countless centuries of the world's history till Pasteur in his researches in molecular physics demonstrated the vitality of ferments, *i.e.*, that all decomposition and fermentation was caused by living organisms, visible only under the microscope. From this little siding of knowledge we soon reached the main line, whence we could trace disease to its living cause, and eventually came on many junctions leading to fresh discoveries of inestimable value to mankind. We are now so accustomed to the word "bacteria," which is used in a general sense to describe these living organisms, that further explanation is unnecessary.

The result of these discoveries, as we are all aware, has been to reform first surgical, and later medical practice, and to establish laboratories for the investigation of disease in connection with hospitals in every enlightened country. But what few are aware of

is the fact that the principles which have led to the antiseptic treatment of wounds are found to be equally applicable to the treatment of sewage, only reversed. Where the surgeon aims at destroying bacteria, to prevent the bacteria destroying his patient, the sanitary engineer invokes the aid of the bacteria to assist him in destroying and getting rid of refuse. Hence the sewage of London is now disposed of in the end through the agency of these invisible beings, acting in the river water, and when the London County Council extend the present bacteria beds sufficiently to treat the whole of the sewage by their means, the condition of the river will be even better than it is now. In the meantime it is entirely due to the chemical researches of Mr. Dibdin in this country, and later in co-operation with others in America, that millions have been saved to the ratepayers by the recognition of the action of bacteria and by the adoption of his bacteria beds.¹

They are sometimes called filter beds, because the effluent comes out sweet and clear; but it is not through filtration the mighty change is effected; but by the co-operation of the two great classes of bacteria, the aerobes and the anaerobes of Pasteur—*i.e.*, those that live in the presence of oxygen, and those whose work is carried on in the absence of oxygen. Before this new method was worked out and matured by laboratory experiments we were doing all we could, and at an enormous cost, to kill the living organisms present in all sewage by the use of chemicals. Now everything is done to promote their welfare, for at last we have recognized in these lowliest creatures the most powerful chemists the world can command. They are ever present,

¹ By the adoption of this scheme, even experimentally, London was saved an expense of ten millions sterling.

and always ready to do the work inoffensively with the aid of man.

In a field about a hundred yards from my country house bacteria beds have been established in the simplest way possible under my own supervision, but it is only fair to add that the model I humbly copied was established in the neighboring grounds by Dibdin himself. My first introduction to these neighboring bacteria beds came as a surprise. I had heard nothing of the project. But on returning to the country after spending the winter and spring in town, I strolled into the woods one summer evening where I had often strolled before, and suddenly found my immediate surroundings entirely changed. The wild tangle of my expectation had been cleared, my footsteps, unaccustomed in these parts to civilization, began to tread unwonted gravel paths—in short, the dell of yore was transformed into beautifully laid out pleasure-grounds!

Beyond on the higher ground stood formidable-looking breastworks which at first I could not understand, but soon discovered to be the bacteria beds of modern sanitation. As a member of the two societies I have mentioned, I quickly realized that I had wandered unexpectedly into a vast sylvan laboratory designed by man to assist Nature in her newly appointed work. There was no monotonous thud of noisy machinery to break the silence, nothing but birds singing madrigals around, and the trickling of the stream as it came down from the beds in a series of miniature cascades. Thence it went winding about in and out of rockeries and gravelled ways, amongst reeds, sedges and water-plants of every kind. Finally the stream ended in an artificial lake, on which water-lilies grew and afforded shade to the goldfish casting glints of light from below. Gazing into the clear pool it was difficult to realize that this was the effluent of all

the drainage coming from the mansion and home farm beyond.

But to pursue our investigation we must proceed up the dell, along by the rustic walls confining the stream, to the bacteria beds where this wonderful chemical change is effected. These, from below or at a distance, look like breastworks, as I have said, but from above they are simply two large and somewhat shallow tanks lying side by side, with another in front, all being built of brick and cement. The first two are filled with lumps of coke, and the other in front with fine coke. On the forefront of the lateral beds there is another chamber, but this is closed and different from the others. This, in fact, is the first reception-chamber, through which all the drainage has to pass. It is the home of the anaerobies, quite small and dark, and has two channels leading to the coke beds, one or other channel being opened on alternate days to allow the fluid to pass onward. Meanwhile, the solid matter is retained in the reception-chamber, and rapidly disintegrated and liquified by the ceaseless action of the anaerobies, those organisms which live without air. It then passes along with the fluids to be further dealt with by the aerobies in the coke beds, whose "finishing" work is done through oxidation. The object of the two coke beds side by side is to give each bed breathing-time—that is to say, each alternately has twenty-four hours off duty in order to take in fresh supplies of oxygen from the air and rain. This enables the organisms to multiply with great rapidity and to become more and more effectual as time goes on. The third coke bed, of finer material, and which is daily in use, is intended for further purification before letting forth the stream. Other materials, less expensive than coke, such as clinkers, burnt brick, or old tins, would serve the purpose equally well, the ob-

ject being to present as many rough surfaces to the air as possible, and to prevent clogging.

In the end, as we have seen, the effluent may serve to adorn pleasure grounds, or may flow into a trout stream without harm to fish or fisher. But supposing for a moment we placed airtight lids over these free and airy coke beds while full? Then, indeed, all would be changed, for it would mean death to the aerobies and life to the anaerobies, who would quickly convert everything into a seething mass of decomposition, tainting the air and destroying the fish in the pool. This is a law of nature from which there is no running away, for to these microscopic organisms is given the great work of re-establishing the equilibrium of life by giving back to it all that it has formed.²

It manifests itself everywhere, even to the end of life when the lungs have ceased to breathe—have ceased, that is, to take in oxygen, thus leaving our bodies a prey to the anaero-

bies, who complete their work in the grave.

It is interesting to know that the bacteria beds of modern sanitation can be equally efficacious whether expensively carried out or simply. The principle is the same, and if understood could be adopted in all parts of the world, in rock places, such as Gibraltar, in the bush, or with armies in the field, so long as the ground afforded a natural fall for the drainage. The plan has recently been started at Harrow School with great success, but could only be adopted by Eton, for instance, by pumping, owing to the low-lying level. It is also in use for the destruction of refuse from distilleries, the effluent of which may now pass into neighboring streams without injuring the salmon and reducing the value of the fisheries. The only refuse which so far defies Nature's process is that which comes from certain paper-mills; but perhaps in time this also may be overcome, to add one more rosebud to the ever-increasing chaplet of science.

Eliza Priestley.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

R. L. S.

In Memoriam.

These to his memory: may the age arriving,
As ours recall
That bravest heart, that gay and gallant striving,
That laurelled pall,
Blithe and rare spirit! We who later linger
By blacker seas
Sigh for the touch of the magician's finger,
His golden keys!

The Student.

Austin Dobson.

² Pasteur.

MISQUOTATION.

"With just enough of learning to mis-quote."

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

Quotation is an accomplishment, roughly speaking, of the educated classes, and misquotation might be said to be one of their failings. The illiterate do not quote, at any rate, consciously, and with a full sense of responsibility; though in the use of proverbs they often excel. The definition of a proverb may serve to remind us of the need of accuracy in quotation. Lord John Russell is universally quoted as having defined a proverb as "the wisdom of many, and the wit of one." What he really said was, "One man's wit and all men's wisdom" (cited by Bartlett, "Familiar Quotations," p. 861, from "Memoirs of Mackintosh," vol. II, p. 473). The sense, no doubt, is the same, but it is not accurate to attribute the *mot* in its improved form to the great statesman. If there is a moral in the matter, it is that, as there is no duty incumbent on any one to quote, whoever does should do it properly. If George Elliot had ever said, as she is popularly supposed to have said, "Prophecy is the most gratuitous form of error," we should adapt the observation by putting "quotation" in the place of "prophecy." What she really wrote was, "Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous" ("Middlemarch," I, 10).

It is naturally the more scholarly who quote the classics, and one hardly looks for slips here. The only instance of habitual misquotation I can think of is "cacoethes scribendi," but that has become a mere tag—*i.e.*, used by people who do not pretend to borrow from the original and, perhaps, do not know

it. The words should be in the reverse order.

"Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes."

(Juvenal VII, 51.)

There are more instances in post-classical Latin, but still they are few; respect for the dead extends to the dead languages. The epitaph over the doorway of Wren's tomb in St. Paul's is sometimes said to be "Si monumentum *quaeris*, circumspice;" it is "Si monumentum *requiris*," etc. Perhaps the most persistent misquotation of any is in Latin. Who, gentle or simple, hesitates to say "Tempora mutantur?" Yet there is no authority for the phrase, except that of the first person who used it, and he undoubtedly made a mistake and meant to quote the lines—

"Omnia mutantur, nos et mutamur in
illis;
Illa vices quasdam res habet, illa
vices."

In Harbottle's "Dictionary of Quotations" this is attributed to Lothair I of Germany (on the authority of Matthias Borbonius, *Deliciae Poetarum Germanorum*, Vol. I, p. 685). The Dictionary translates the lines thus:—

"All things are changed, and with
them we, too, change;
Now this way and now that turns
fortune's wheel."

Another common miscarriage of foreign words is the hackneyed "Tu l'as voulu, George Dandin." The hero of Molière's play says to himself, "Vous l'avez voulu, George Dandin, vous l'avez voulu" (Act I. Sc. 9).

The Bible is familiar to the people

and, therefore, on the whole, is accurately quoted; but, for the same reason, vast numbers use it, and as mistakes are certain to creep in among so many, some are perpetuated. Owing, no doubt, to their frequent application to the individual, the words of Numbers xxxii, 23, are often quoted "be sure *thy* sin will find *thee* out;" the pronouns should be in the plural. There is no textual warrant for the aspiration, "Would that mine enemy had written a book!" but Job (xxxi, 35) says, ". . . behold, my desire is . . . that mine adversary had written a book" (Authorized Version). The forcible phrase "hoping against hope" is, I believe, a faulty reminiscence of the Epistle to the Romans (iv, 18), "Who (sc. Abraham) against hope believed in hope." The most frequent of such Biblical mistakes is probably "The tongue is an unruly member." It looks like an amalgamation of two neighboring passages in the Epistle of James—viz., "But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil," and "so is the tongue among our members." (C. iii, vv. 8 and 6, A. V.) One sentence from the Apocrypha is rarely quoted quite correctly—"He that toucheth pitch shall be defiled therewith" (Ecclesiasticus xiii, 1, A. V.).

There is, perhaps, more excuse for "Magna est veritas et praevalebit" as it is Latin, but it should be "praevalet" (3 Esdras iv, 41). Among Prayer-book mistakes a universal one is "just cause or impediment" for "cause or just impediment" in the Marriage Service. It is almost incredible, but Lord Londonderry is reported (by the "Westminster Gazette" of September 14, 1899) to have quoted a well-known hymn thus:—

"I thank the goodness and the grace
That on my birth did smile
And make me in these blessed days
A happy English child."

Miss Jane Taylor (the authoress of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star") wrote "Christian days" and "Christian child" and the rhyme might have shown that there was something wrong with the second line. It should be "Which on my birth have smiled."

Shakespeare's works, of course, are a storehouse of quotations; only a few of those which suffer for their popularity can be here recorded. The virtuous folk who are conscious of their own innocence in particular instances must take it on trust that others are not so correct; it is believed that in each of the following passages many people habitually make some mistake:—

"Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges."

(Twelfth Night, v. 1.)

"This is the short and the long of it."
(The Merry Wives of Windsor, ii, 2.)

"I'll make assurance double sure."

(Macbeth, iv, 1.)

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd?"

(*Ibid.* v. 3.)

"This was the most unkindest cut of all."

(Julius Cæsar, iii, 2.)

"Fle, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man."

(King Lear, iii, 4.)

"While you live tell truth and shame the devil."

(King Henry IV, i, iii, 1.)

"I could have better spared a better man."

(*Ibid.* v. 4.)

"The better part of valor is discretion."

(*Ibid.* v. 4.)

"The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on."

(King Henry VI, III, ii, 2.)

"I shall not look upon his like again."

(Hamlet, i, 2.)

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

(*Ibid.* i, 5.)

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him,
Horatio."

(*Ibid.* v. 1.)

Milton generally fares well in the mouth of the quoter, but supplies one bad case. The last words of "Lycidas," if you believe the cheap tripper into literature, are "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new." Milton wrote "fresh woods." "Thick as leaves in Vallombrosa" often does duty for "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa" (*Paradise Lost*, i, 302). The order of the first two words is often changed in "Awake, arise, or be forever fallen!" (*Ibid.*, 330.) Nothing probably can shake the position in the popular mind of the formula, "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." The original, however, is "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war" (Lee, "Alexander the Great", iv, 2).

Butler's "Hudibras" is more often quoted than read, and the current (per) versions of the following passages, especially of the last, will readily occur:—

"For those that fly may fight again
Which he can never do that's slain."
(III, iii, 243.)

"He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still."
(*Ibid.* 547.)

Few speakers or writers dealing with the subject of corporations hesitate to lighten it, not only by referring to their soullessness—for which there is authority—but by proceeding to deplore a want of body which prevents them being kicked, for which there is none. This time-honored jocularity is founded upon the following passage about corporations aggregate:—"They cannot commit treason, or be outlawed, nor excommunicate, for they have no souls, neither can they appear in person, but by

attorney . . . it is not subject to imbecilities, death of the natural body, and divers other cases" (Sir E. Coke's Reports, "The Case of Sutton's Hospital," Part X, 32 b.; Vol. v, p. 303, edition of 1826.)

Shakespeare is not the only poet who suffers from small leakage. Here are a few others, and there must be many more in the same plight. One often reads "The day that sees a man a slave takes away half his virtue." I believe this is a corruption of a couplet in Pope's "Odyssey":—

"Jove fix'd it certain that whatever
day
Makes man a slave, takes half his
worth away."

(xvii, 392.)

And here, perhaps, the village preacher of the "Deserted Village" may be dissociated from an insufferable modern vulgarity which always makes him "passing rich on forty pounds a year" (line 141). Goldsmith, of course, wrote *with*. Similarly, a trifling inaccuracy seems to me to deteriorate a well known passage of Byron—

"Fare thee well! And if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well."

The vulgar "Then, forever" is certainly no improvement. I should apologize for referring to tea as "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" if that was a correct quotation. What Cowper wrote was—

"The cups
That cheer but not inebriate."
(*The Task*, Book IV.)

Lines from Byron's poems which are frequently misquoted are—

"All went merry as a marriage bell."
(*Childe Harold*, III, 21.)
"And whispering 'I will ne'er consent,'
—consented."
(*Don Juan*, I, 117.)

"Sweet is revenge—especially to women."

(*Ibid.* 124.)

Tennyson wrote—

"For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever" (not roll).

(*The Brook.*)

and

"Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower" (not
bearing).

(*In Memoriam, Conclusion.*)

A few instances from prose in conclusion. Gibbon seems to be chiefly known to some people as the author of the brilliant epigram, "The virtues of the clergy are even more injurious than their vices." What he actually wrote was "to a philosophic eye the vices of the clergy are far less dangerous than their virtues," apropos of Pope John XII ("Decline and Fall," c. 49). Even Professor Huxley misquoted Gibbon when he wrote "the monks of Oxford sunk in prejudice and port" ("Science and Culture," p. 27). The passage in the "Memoirs" (Lord Sheffield's Edition, 1796, vol. I, p. 76) is "steeped in port and prejudice among the monks of Oxford." The exigencies of life provoke frequent references to the infirmities of others, and the sacred name of Carlyle is conscientiously believed to confer literary sanction on the theory that there are (or were) "thirty millions of people in England—mostly fools." The sentiment could not enjoy greater vogue even if the philosopher had put it in this happy form. He missed it thus: "The practice of modern Parliaments, with reporters sitting among them, and twenty-seven millions, mostly fools, listening to them, fills me with amazement." ("Latter-Day Pamphlets," 1850. V. Stump Orator.) It is, perhaps, worth noting that the Canon in "Don Quixote" remarks, "from the con-

sideration of what a great majority of fools there is in the world." Carlyle, however, could hardly have intended to quote Cervantes. But I think there may be genuine misquotations, so to say, of the Spaniard in English. One often hears nowadays of *somebody's* division of Society—the only practical one, we are assured—into the Haves and the Have-nots. This *looks*—I cannot put it higher—like a reminiscence of an immortal observation of Sancho's: "There are but two lineages in the world, as my grandmother used to say, 'the Haves' and 'the Have-nots,' and she stuck to the Haves." (I, c. 46.) I have less doubt that the eulogists who exclaim "Blessed be the man who invented sleep! it wraps you round like a cloak," intend to recall Sancho's panegyric, "Blessings light on him who first invented sleep!—it covers a man all over, body and mind, like a cloak" (II, c. 67). Again, the same work is, I think, laid under contribution to express the impartiality of physical nature, when "the sun of Heaven" is said "to shine on the just and the unjust." This sounds like an echo of Don Quixote's dictum, "He maketh His sun to shine upon the good and the bad and causeth the rain to fall upon the just and the unjust." Of course, the coincidence may be—and the remark is of general application—the result of independent intellectual effort. In prose, as in poetry, a little blemish may cause much literary damage. More than once I have seen or heard a memorable sentence of John Bright's quoted thus:—"The Angel of Death is abroad in the land; you may almost hear the flapping of his wings." The orator said "the beating of his wings," but it is singular that "In walking away from the House after the speech was over, Bright confided to a friend that he very nearly said 'the flapping of his wings,' and that had he done so he would have been ruined" (the "Satur-

day Review," September 9, 1899, p. 314). According to Hansard, by the way, the passage began, "The angel of death has been abroad throughout the land" (Feb. 23, 1855).

This may, however, be an instance of the *lapsus linguae* or *calami*, and, if so, it is rather to be compared—for the cheap conversion of a fine passage into nonsense or "bathos"—with the mistake of a public-school boy who, declaiming one of Macaulay's lays on speech-day, made Appius Claudius say—

"Stop him alive or dead,
Ten thousand pounds *in coppers* to the
man that brings his head."

It occasionally happens, not only with proverbs, but other popular phrases, that there are two versions, both sometimes from the same source. Thus "men of light and leading" has been a favorite formula since Mr. Disraeli used the words in a letter to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland ("The Times," March 9, 1880). As far back as June 15, 1846, Mr. Disraeli had used the words "men of great light and leading" in the House of Commons, and, it may be added, Burke had written "The men of England, the men, I mean, of light and leading in England" ("French Revolution," edition of 1852, vol. iv, p. 233). Was Disraeli quoting himself or Burke, and which of the two is generally quoted by others?

There is a limit even to the variations of proverbs. "It is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous" seems to be nothing but a translation of Napoleon's "Du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas" (*testē* Bartlett, "Familiar Quotations," edition 9, p. 431). If so, the order of the words is misquoted. In "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring," the fowl, so far

as I can discover, is wasted (attributed *ibid.*, p. 13, to Heywood).

There is a minor or negative form of the peccadillo. The quotation may be verbally correct, but the omission of the preceding or succeeding words of the context alone secures it from being inapt or incongruous with the subject to which it is applied. This is not of much importance in such instances as

"England, with all thy faults, I love
thee still."

(*The Task*, ll. 206.)

OR

"A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the Morrow morn."
(Coleridge, *The Ancient Mariner*.)

But I feel sure that some of the gallants who boastfully observe

"My only books
Were woman's looks,"

are unaware that the poet adds

"And folly's all they've taught me."
(Moore, *The Time I've Lost in
Wooing*.)

Glancing back it will, perhaps, appear that on the whole we are fairly accurate in our quotations, and that we prefer to draw them from poetry rather than prose. It is quite possible that in some of the examples given above I have labelled the British public by attributing to it habitual deviation from the truth due only to the misfortunes of my own reading or the obliquities of my literary memory; at any rate, there must be many other examples of chronic inaccuracy. At least I hope that in dealing with a particular class of error I have not myself fallen into it.

Herman Cohen.

CHRISTUS CUNCTATOR.

So far beyond the things of Space—
So high above the things of Time—
And yet, how human is thy face,
How near, how neighborly, thy clime!

Thou wast not born to fill our skies
With lustre from some alien zone:
Thy light, thy love, thy sympathies,
Thy very essence, are our own.

Thy mission, thy supreme estate,
Thy life among the pious poor,
Thy lofty language to the great;
Thy touch, so tender and so sure;

Thine eyes, whose looks are with us yet;
Thy voice, whose echoes do not die;
Thy words, which none who hear forget,
So piercing are they and so nigh;

Thy balanced nature, always true
And always dauntless and serene,
Which did the deeds none else could do
And saw the sights none else had seen,

And ruled itself from first to last
Without an effort or a pause
By no traditions of the Past—
By nothing, save its own pure laws;

All this, and thousand traits beside,
Unseen till these at least are known,
May serve to witness far and wide
That thou art He, and thou alone.

But oh, how high thy spirit soars
Above the men who tell thy tale!
They labor with their awkward oars
And try to show thee—and they fail.

They saw thee; yet they fail like us
Who also strive to limn thee out,
And say that thou art thus or thus,
And carve our crumbling creeds with Doubt,

Or build them up with such a Faith
And such a narrow, niggard Love

The London Factory Girl.

As clings to what some other saith,
Or moves not, lest some other move.

Ah, none shall see thee as thou art,
Or know thee for himself at all,
Until he has thee in his heart,
And heeds thy whisper or thy call,

And feels that in thy sovereign will
Eternal manhood grows not old,
But keeps its prime, that all may fill
Thy large, illimitable fold.

The Spectator.

Arthur Munby.

THE LONDON FACTORY GIRL.

At first sight she may not exactly attract you. If you happen to walk along the Euston road, Tottenham Court Road, or any of the other factory districts of London, at her dinner hour, or when her work for the day is done, you will see her pouring out of the adjacent factories by the dozen or the score. She wears a soiled white apron, and, presumably, a velvet hat with feathers. Her fringe almost covers her eyes. Her voice carries far, and occasionally carries what you had rather not hear. Her laughter makes itself heard above all the roar of the traffic. She may level a jest at you in passing, should you be unknown to her, and should she feel so inclined. She indulges in loud chaff with the conductors of omnibuses and the drivers of hansom, and possibly exchanges playful thumps with a passing young man—an acquaintance, it may be, or a total stranger.

It is possible that you may shrink aside from her and her tribe as though they were hostile Indians on the war-path. You may stand almost aghast, and watch the many white aprons and shabby plush or velvet hats of red or green or blue, adding a fresh note of color to the stream of traffic surging ceaselessly

along the busy street, just as you may have stood by a river and watched a stream of gaudy dye from some works higher up, or the discolored water of some swollen mountain burn altering the river's original hue. And even as the color from the dye-works or the muddy burn stains the river, so does the factory girl, by her existence, help to influence the color of that great stream of human life that began with Time and rolls on to Eternity.

She is a very big factor in society. She is a serious partner in the labors of the world. She is one of the problems that our political economists and social reformers grow gray and worn over. So large and important a part has she played in society during the nineteenth century that the cultivation of her acquaintance by those who know her not, seems, if not a pleasure, certainly a duty.

It was not until the eighteenth century, when machinery had been given to the world by Arkwright and others, that women took their place in the industrial world, side by side with men, and became their formidable competitors.

The influence of machinery upon la-

bor was enormous. On female labor it was almost incalculable. Trades became more easy to learn. Skilled labor was no longer the only sort of labor for which there was any great demand, and mechanical labor required less thought than the labor which one's hands and brains had to carry out together. Till then, as often as not, an entire process was carried out in all its details by one person. Machinery changed all that, and what we may call the piecemeal system began, until now only one part of each article is made by each hand employed. Work may now be purely mechanical and unskilled—the work of a human machine supplementing the labors of a vast creature with sinews and muscles and bones of steel, and a brain worked by fire and water. And this being so, with the introduction of machinery, a greater demand necessarily arose for women's work—for untrained, unskilled labor. "Unskilled," one says. Yet when one goes through the factories where the girls work, one marvels at their skill; at the butter-scotch factory, where each piece of toffee passes through the hands of eight people with the most amazing celerity; at the button factory, where the processes are almost as many, and quite as quick; at the artificial flower factory, where the transformation of a piece of calico into a bunch of daffodils, jonquils, snowdrops or violets is so rapid that one feels that fairies might compete without loss of dignity with those rows of fuzzy-headed, nimble-fingered girls with their punches and paste pots and bits of wire.

Whether this increased demand was of more harm or good to women of the working-classes might prove a fruitful subject for a debating society. One unfortunate result, by no means inevitable, was that it brought the interests of the women workers into opposition with those of men.

It is only in these later days that we are beginning to understand and value union and co-operation in the work of men and women.

This clashing of interests was a serious matter. Women and children appeared as "blacklegs" and undersold their husbands and fathers. Men's wages became reduced, as, in many trades, they are still reduced, by the entrance into their trade of a competitor quite as important as the immigrant alien. Wives and daughters who might have been supported by the wage of their husbands or fathers had to work to eke out the family income. The factory girl became a very important person—an additional problem for the students of political economy. And because, in those early days, those factory workers were, if not women devoid of understanding, at least women who, like most of the factory girls of the present day, accepted things unreasoningly, unquestioningly, took it for granted that their work must be inferior to that of men, and their wages as inferior as their work, a bad system was established, that only the hard work of years can put to rights.

Men work for bread; women more often for butter, or a little jam. The woman very frequently works only to supplement the wages of the man. "If she can add something to the net weekly takings of the family, that is the chief point," says one student of the subject: "She does not pause to consider what her work is worth, nor to ask why, as in the case of French polishing, printing and many other trades, she is paid for her piecework at the rate of 9s. or 10s. a week, while the man whose work is not three times superior in quality to hers, and who does not do three times as much, is paid two or three times more than she is." Her work may be as good and as rapid as that of a man, but it is an established fact that it must always

be cheaper. At the start the woman worker, and the man worker too, by his acquiescence, made an error in economics, and both of them have suffered in consequence. When women and men realize that their interests are not opposed, but identical, they will also realize that co-operation is absolutely necessary. Perhaps the song of the London factory girl is prophetic:—

There's a good day coming, some day.

In 1888 a great event took place in the history of the factory girl. That was the year of Bryant & May's match-girls' strike. "For the first time," says one writer, "the great, silent mass of struggling, starved, unskilled labor found voice, and its utterance, expressed in the unmistakable terms of a deadly struggle, and following hard upon the revelations made before the commission on the sweating system, brought home to the outside world the real state of things prevailing in the lower ranks of labor." The docker's strike of 1889 that followed rapidly on the heels of the girls' strike was of such importance that it probably helped us to forget the strike which preceded it. Yet the match strike, which found the girls entirely without organization, left them with increased wages, a union of something like one thousand strong.

Nearly a century before that the factory workers had been taken under the wing of a paternal government. For an unvarnished and ugly account of what factory hands had to put up with, before Government undertook, to a certain extent, their protection, we must go to the Blue Books for the earlier part of the last century.

The first Factory Act was passed in 1802, in the reign of George III, and was known as "The Factory Health and Morals Act." Pauper boys and girls were then herded together like wild beasts, or slaves, when slavery

was at its worst—fastened together, frequently, with chains which they wore as they worked. To be a "factory girl" was to be a white slave, who lived—could one call it living—God knows how; who died frequently before she reached womanhood, without knowing any of the beauties or joys of childhood or girlhood, but only the most squalid and sordid and ugly parts of the seamy side of life.

To the first Sir Robert Peel, himself a large employer of labor, the factory hands owed much of the redress their wrongs obtained in 1815 and later.

From 1802 onwards, statutes were passed from time to time, and in 1878 these were consolidated into a single statute, which is the foundation of the present law. And the Factory Acts, as they at present stand, are, as far as they go, sound and good. If abuses still exist, it is not with the sanction, nor because of the negligence of the State. Undoubtedly, reforms are still wanted, but as the number of women inspectors increases, they are sure to be effected. The work already done by women inspectors for the betterment of the conditions in which women and girls work in factories speaks for itself.

According to the Factory Acts a girl is called a child until she is fourteen, or unless, being thirteen years old, she has passed Standard IV of the Educational Code, when she is called a young person, and a young person she remains until her eighteenth birthday makes her country think she is quite able to protect herself, as a woman of the working classes. Even then Government does its best for her, although she is no longer protected as she was when a child. It tries to give her regular hours and regular holidays; it prohibits her from cleaning machinery while in motion; it does its best to give her, as she works, 250 cubic feet of air.

And what manner of person is this woman who is born of machinery (for machinery created the factory girl) and bred in the workshop?

There is another class of working girls with whom we have frequently compared her—that of the Scottish field-worker—the Bondager, as she is still significantly called in some parts of Scotland. Where, between two classes, there must of necessity be so many differences, it may seem difficult to determine which is the most characteristic. But what first strikes any one who has worked amongst both classes is that whereas the Scotch Bondager is for a long time very shy, almost afraid of the ladies who wish her well, those ladies are at first very shy—almost afraid of the factory girl. For the factory girl is no respecter of persons. She has little of reverence in her nature. The “forewoman in our shop” may possibly move her to respect, but she acknowledges none other of the powers that be. And one can never pretend nor pose to her. She has an eagle eye. There is no little weakness in her fellows that she does not at once detect. And to those she loves not, she is hard, cruel, merciless.

In the west central district we find some of the worst London slums. There are many large and important factories within this area, and the girls who work in them come, in almost every case, from homes consisting of one or two rooms.

When the factory girl was as yet a new friend, we went to see a girl who lived in some mews behind a big gray church in this region. Her father was a coster, and the address she had given appeared to be that of a two-stalled stable. A donkey occupied one stall and cabbages the other. And then our hostess descended a ladder and we found that she, her parents and her four younger brothers and sisters occupied the loft. That was the girl who

always gave as excuse for forgetting to bring the coppers she owed as a subscription to her club the same cheerful apology: “Ow, there now! if I ‘aven’t gone and left it at ‘ome, a-layin’ on the grand pianna!”

It seems almost impossible that, under such conditions the girls should keep themselves clean and self-respecting, and yet, in plenty of cases, they succeed in this amazingly. One “Young Person,” known to us, has no father or mother, and shares a room with what she calls “a lady wot goes out charing.” She is a clean-faced little girl, with a marvellous yellow fringe when it is relieved from Hinde’s curling pins; she wears a body—when possible, of velveteen—that in color and texture never bears the remotest reference to her skirt, and she owns a vast pair of brass earrings. She never complains, and from eight to six daily she works in a toffee factory. Four shillings a week is her “standing money,” which means that she has daily to cover fourteen dozen pieces of toffee with silver paper before she begins to earn at the rate of 1d. a tray—each tray containing two dozen pieces. She is a beginner, and she says she “does not know ‘ow it is, but she never can get through more than them fourteen dozen pieces a dy.” So on 4s. per week does little Louie pay for her board, lodging, clothing and extras. “Ow, I does it some ‘ow,” she said, with a grin on her old little face, when asked how she managed it. She manages extras too. She had her photograph taken not long ago.

“I’m afride you’ll brike my ma-sheen,” says the man to me. “And wot’s your nime?” ‘e says.

So I tell ‘im, Louie Jones.

So ‘e want to gimme a Bible to ‘old, but, lor, I’m not an old pl. I says—so I wouldn’t. So then ‘e guv me a vause with me arm round it, and a bunch of flowers in me ‘and, and “Now, then, Ungry,” ‘e says. So I larfed. An’

there was a click, and 'e says, says 'e.
"Now, wot did I tell yer? Yer've broke
me masheen!"

Her special factory is one of the most desirable in that district. Its head takes an interest in his workpeople, and the result is excellent. Although the standing wage is only 4s., girls can make as much as £1 a week in very busy times. This, however, is rare, and 8s. is about the average sum earned by a really practised hand. At the neighboring cartridge factory, the average earning for making cartridge cases is from 12s. to 15s. a week, and it is even possible to expand this—by piece-work, of course—to £1 or 25s. The work is varied, and the earnings largely depend on what department the girl is in. At an artificial flower factory in the same neighborhood, when busy, which means no off-days, the ordinary wage is about 10s. a week, while the "forewomen" get 13s. Girls are only admitted at 14, and start at 2s. 6d. a week. At some of the larger flower factories they make 30s. a week. At button factories it is all piece-work, and the earnings much depend on the favor of the forewoman. If put on good work, a girl can earn 3s. 6d. a day, but, taking bad work with good, the average earning of a quick worker is from 10s. to 15s. a week. The work is fluctuating and often slack, and, when a slack time comes, the wages go down to 5s. and 6s. a week or less.

There is a small button factory in London, where the character of the women, many of them married, is not made a condition for their employment, where most of them drink, and where the habitual conversation is as unedifying as the existence of that 250 cubic feet of air apiece, required by Act of Parliament, is doubtful. A girl who worked there—and actually came out of it uncontaminated—went back lately to see some of her old acquaintances. "I can't think how I stood it so long,"

she said. "When I went back to it today, it seemed to me a regular Room of 'Orrors."

Of holidays, as a rule, the girls get, according to their standard, more than enough. Bank holidays they love, the holidays when they can go to Southend or Hampstead or Wormwood Scrubbs with their friends, their "blokes" or their "old captains." But they groan in spirit over all other holidays—no work, no pay being the employer's rule, whether the holiday is of the girl's own seeking or not. A bank holiday spent with them in the country is a liberal education. With all their extensive knowledge of things better unknown, these girls are only overgrown children, and their lightness of heart and exuberance of spirits, when once they have left the workaday world behind them, is not to be described. They have an amazing and almost unending capacity for the consumption of green fruit; cucumbers that would last an ordinary individual for a week, vanish before their insatiable appetites; a hen with a family of young ducks makes them shriek with surprise. As for a bed of ripe strawberries:—

"Ow, miss!" says the amazed Maria, "I always thought strawberries grew on trees!"

To think that a bank holiday cannot be spent happily and contentedly by the factory girl unless accompanied by a young man with a concertina, who wears the coster uniform, gets very drunk as the day wears on, and changes hats on the homeward journey, is a fallacy. It would almost seem, sometimes, that a girl's "bloke" is less to her than is her friend. She "walks out" with a young man—with many young men in succession, it may be—before she finds one to her mind and matrimony is finally reached. He is a convenience. He stands her a seat at the theatre or at one of the "Alls," and takes her to dances at his

club. He is, moreover, a fashion. It looks well to have a young man. But in the case of a factory girl, a friend sticketh closer than a young man.

Those factory-girlfriendships are very remarkable. They would seem to be of the same quality as that of David and Jonathan. For a friend in trouble a factory girl would sacrifice her all; and she would do it as a matter of course and be amazed at any one supposing that she could do otherwise. Yet her treatment of her friend is sometimes amazing. On a trifling point they will one day fall out and for many weeks will cut each other dead, until some happy circumstance—probably a funeral—brings about a reconciliation. In the long run this reconciliation is pretty sure to come, and they will never acknowledge that they have quarrelled.

"Ow, no, miss!" they say, when taxed with a quarrel, "we ain't quarrelled. We just don't speak."

In the other relations of life our factory girl cannot be found fault with. She may not be able to respect a father or mother who is more often drunk than not, and who when more than usually drunk, cuts her head open with a lamp or a chimney ornament, and drives her into the street to spend the night, but she treats them filially in their sober moments, and goes to their aid, if necessary, when she encounters them in a helpless condition outside the house. She is a good sister as a rule, and though she may use the privileges of elder sisterhood to smack the little ones when they are naughty and rebuke them in language that is probably as unrestrained as her voice is loud, yet the children know that when she has anything to share with them they will never have to go without.

If one asks if she saves any money she will probably laugh loudly and say: "Ow, miss, give over!" as if it was a good joke. All her saving is

done by means of clubs, which does not mean the club philanthropic of the lady from the West End and others, but the clubs that exist in every factory and workshop. The name of these clubs is legion. There are feather clubs, dress clubs, boot clubs, photograph clubs and money clubs. Into these, as many girls as like to join pay so much a week, and, turn about, each girl draws the sum collected. Before bank holidays, chiefly before Christmas, in certain factories and workshops there is yet another sort of club—a drink club. It is considered bad form for any girl, even if "teetotal," not to pay into this for some time before the festival her weekly contribution to the sum which when the time comes, is spent on liquor of various kinds to enable the subscribers to get agreeably drunk. It may strike one that the same end would be arrived at if the girls were to save up their money at home. But if you say this to a girl she has a ready answer—she couldn't, she would spend it, or else her mother would want it or the children. "You can't refuse 'em if it's there," she says simply. The club system also possesses the advantage that, if she is lucky she may get her money out at the first draw—before it is paid, so to speak. The possible risk of girls stopping their payments when they have had their money, was once suggested to a girl.

"Ow, miss! what d'you take us for?" was the indignant reply.

The feather clubs are, of course, the explanation of those feathers that are still the badge of the factory girl. Theirs is essentially the feathered tribe, and they will pay almost as much as a lady in Mayfair might for a stately ostrich plume to deck their hats of plush or velvet. A hat with feathers has always, in their eyes, a *cachet* of its own, even should those feathers be moulting

away to the extent of looking—to use the words of one of them—"for all the world like 'errin' bones, picked clean."

To the higher type of factory girl, the girl who, through gentler influences, has renounced many of her old ways, the befeathered hat with the white apron, gaudy kerchief, large brass earrings and Picadilly fringe, are things of an unregenerate past. To wear them is to make oneself no better than a coster girl. They are dismissed with disparagement as being "flash."

"Miss, do you remember the days when I was flash?" a girl asked one with whom she walked down Oxford Street, arm in arm, on a Sunday afternoon. "Do you remember that green plush 'at with the ginger tips?"

As she spoke she wore a dress of vivid blue and a white felt hat with nodding plumes, that made her companion feel shy, yet in her mind there was evidently a great gulf fixed between the reputable present and the horrible past.

One hears much of the vices of the factory girl, usually from those who know her least. Rough she undoubtedly is, yet as far as morals go, she compares not unfavorably with the domestic servant and most favorably with the field laborer. And she is honest. She is generous to a fault; she is, as she herself would put it, "straight." Her chief vice is drunkenness. Tipsy men or women in the streets are subjects for derisive merriment to the factory girl, so long as they are not incapable. If incapable they become objects of deepest compassion. One girl, on her way home from Waterloo on the night of a bank holiday spent in the country, on seeing a drunken woman lying in the street, a woman only known to her by sight and not by name, lifted her up in her arms and carried her safely to where she knew her lodging to be. "And that beautiful new blouse of Jenny's

she got it that muddy, she'll never be able to wear it again," said the friend who told the tale.

There are few girls who are strict abstainers, although many of them only drink on holidays. A girl may be rigidly abstemious from Easter till Whit Monday, but she will expect, with a sort of resigned fatalism, to get drunk on Whit Monday. She may even be a credit to society from the August Bank Holiday until Boxing Day, but, ten to one, the evening of the 26th of December finds her and the other members of her family hopelessly drunk.

"Where's the harm?" they ask. They know that the public opinion of their set is with them.

Like children they are unreasonable, maddeningly aggravating, intolerably unreliable as to appointments, promises and engagements. But then the full use of the reasoning faculties and that fine sense of honor that does not permit a lady to throw over an engagement for a more alluring one are the result of education and heredity, and the factory girl has not yet had her chance.

She is a person of warm heart and ready sympathies, and her emotions are easily roused. Perhaps a death in the family of a friend brings out her best qualities—her sympathy, her generosity, her unselfish helpfulness. It also brings out a feature in her character which one can only regard with awed surprise. For the factory girl revels in a funeral. No old Scotchman ever enjoyed one more. And when the funeral is that of a near relation, the pomp of an unwarrantably extravagant interment, and the entire abandonment to black clothing and masses of crape seems to solace the bereaved. To be dressed in mourning fills a factory girl with melancholy pride, for she knows that her fellows are regarding her with almost envious commiseration. It is a

distinction to have recently lost a member of one's family.

Perhaps it was with some vague, unformed idea of this sort that a little party of girls called upon one of their club "ladies" one night.

"Miss," said the spokeswoman, "ain't you got a brother in the war?"

The lady assented.

"Ain't his name Major—?"

The lady assented again.

"Well, Miss, 'e's dead!" said this bearer of evil tidings; "it's on all the posters!"

Fortunately for the lady, her informant's news was erroneous.

We have spoken of what Government does, or tries to do, for the factory girl. But other friends and protectors she has, of whom the Blue Books know nothing.

There is work going on amongst the girls in their leisure hours, steadily, quietly, progressively, confined to no one sect or denomination. Clubs for working girls are to be found all over London, and the list of things taught in them is almost unending—sewing, dressmaking, gymnastics, musical drill, ambulance and sick-nursing, reading, writing, arithmetic, part-singing, cooking, swimming. One club adds deportment and elocution, while another teaches French, drawing, embroidery, literature and composition, and the impressive item of a "dramatic class." Dancing is an almost unnecessary extra at these finishing schools, for there was never a factory girl who did not learn to dance to the barrel organs in her childhood, and who was not able to instruct the club ladies, not only in those dances already known to them, but in "The Twist," and many other elaborate dances. The factory girl seems to be born a good dancer. All the clubs have libraries, and some of the girls find that there is as good reading to be got in standard books as in the penny novels dear to their hearts

—"The Countess's Crime," "The Duchess's Secret." The number of titles in those works is only exceeded by the amount of blood spilt in them.

On half holidays there are frequently excursions with a club lady to the Zoo—the Botanical Gardens—a museum—or a picture gallery. At the Tate Gallery a girl stopped in front of a famous painting of the young man with great possessions. "Oo's that down-earted-looking bloke?" she asked.

A gentleman whose instincts are, possibly, more scientific than philanthropic, was once asked whether he believed in clubs for factory girls. "Yes, certainly," he said, "they do the ladies who run them a lot of good, and they don't seem to do the girls any harm." And he was certainly right in thinking that any one who tries to help those girls must learn much in the trying.

There are those who imagine that they know the factory girl because they have seen what professes to be a photograph of her in the novel of the sentimental writer who always slays her young, or in the stories of the Decadents. The literary photograph of the factory girl has yet to be taken. "Mord Emly" who was not a factory hand, is the only character in fiction who satisfies the friends of the London factory girl. We must try to read the girl herself, and, as our knowledge increases, our theories fade away.

The workers who come to improve the factory girl are sometimes of a curious and unexpected order. One lady was bequeathed as a sort of legacy to a club by a most admirable worker who had to leave London. The legacy would have graced the smartest victoria in the Park. She came in black and diamonds, and was much excited to find herself in what appeared to her a very low locality, and without adequate protection. She was good-looking, and her intentions were excel-

lent. She allowed any girl who wished to touch her diamonds. She asked a lady, a parish worker of unobtrusive exterior, who played the piano, which factory she worked at. She regarded the girls with open curiosity and horror. "Poor devils!" she murmured to herself every now and then. She suggested sending a selection of them on the following evening to the play. "But supposin' I send my maid with them," she said, when cold water was thrown on the scheme, "*that* will be all right." She afterwards sent a most handsome donation to the club, but she was never registered as a regular worker.

At the other extreme was a lady of socialistic tendencies, who read Edward Carpenter, and was a devout disciple of the Fabian Society. She found fault with the club because it was run on much too autocratic principles. She frequently quoted a club, somewhere "across the water," where the girls kissed all the ladies every evening as the club broke up. She not only disapproved of the ladies, but of the girls. And if one does not care for those girls it is vain to pretend to care.

Nor did she pretend. It was an evil night for that lady when the club girls gave a concert to their friends. She sang, and they did not appreciate her soprano solo. In one of its softer passages a girl's voice was upraised. "What's that noise?" she asked. In vain did those in authority try to frown her down. A pleased smile of intense surprise broke over her face. "Ow!" she exclaimed, in a voice there was no drowning, "it's Miss Brown! I thought it was the kettle b'ilin'!"

One of the most important points in regard to working a club is that there should be unity of purpose and method amongst the workers themselves. However strongly defined the characters of those ladies may be, how-

ever decided their views, they must unanimously conform to some wide general principle of working. Regularity is as necessary as unanimity. The lady who works at a club just when it happens to suit her is more often a hindrance than a help. Two other points there are of most serious import. The first of these is to work from within, not from without—to know the girls in their own homes, to do one's very best to realize what their surroundings, their characters and consequently their difficulties and temptations are. Until one does this one cannot hope to help them to learn the rudiments either of manners or morals. To begin with, one must care for them. And when once they are sure one does, when once they return the love they receive, all things are possible. Secondly, whatever may be the creed of the individual worker, she must in the long run be forced to acknowledge that, however useful, however improving a purely secular club may be, its work is not for permanent, lasting effect, comparable to the work done on a religious basis.

The factory girl is a rude, noisy, white-aproned girl, who swings roughly against one in the Euston Road, addressing each male passer-by, indiscriminately, as "George, dear," and who laughs in a way that jars the nerves of the delicately nurtured. She is often a disappointing creature to those who would help her—a person of depressing surprises—heart-breaking at times to those who love her. Yet she is a friend worth having—loyal and straight and true. She has not yet wholly emerged from her original savagery state, but she is rapidly emerging. One watches her gaining visibly in dignity, self-respect and decorum. What she will be when her evolution is accomplished, one dare not prophesy.

But one is very hopeful.

THE BAD NOVEL.

A novel is bad not so much because the novelist cannot say what he has to say as because he has nothing to say; but both disabilities contribute to the badness, for, by a wise ordinance of nature, he who bears a message can always, somehow, deliver it. Most often the bad novel arises from an accident. A fleeting impulse, a chance remark, even an idle hour, and lo! the bad novel is born. The prospective bad novelist thinks or hears either "How nice it would be to write a story!" or "What a splendid idea for a story!" and he answers, "Why shouldn't I try? I will." Usually, we fancy, it is the curiosity to experience what writing is like, and not the desire to embody a given idea in literary form, that makes the silly scribe, whose feeling is that it would be rather "fun" to do as Thackeray did. The splendid idea follows, forced unnaturally into existence by the pliancy of the desire. So the paper is bought, the pen dipped and the novel begun. Now the bad novelist is commonly a somewhat clever and versatile person, with a certain facility, and his first, if not his last sensation is one of surprise at the ease of writing narrative. And merely to write narrative is easy; we all do it in our letters—we write narrative "without knowing it." Indeed, any one—a tea-merchant or an engrossing clerk—could produce a novel—that is, a connected and coherent invented narrative—if he doggedly persevered; it might be inconceivably fatuous, but it would be a novel; printed, it would deceive the eye of a Ste.-Beuve at a distance of three feet. And the bad novel deceives the eye of its author, as he writes it, at a distance of a foot. It looks like a novel; it has all the customary apparatus of chapter-divisions, short lines,

indented lines, inverted commas; it is a novel. The author is encouraged to continue; he continues and he finishes; and, once in a hundred times, by some error of destiny, the novel is published. We calculate that the bad novelists of the United Kingdom, driven by curiosity or the force of an idea, or, perhaps, by poverty, produce several hundreds of irredeemably bad novels each week; so that, though only one per cent. of them gets as far as the laughter of compositors (if compositors ever laugh) the number reaching this office in a year is quite considerable. We will briefly examine one or two of the finest specimens, dealing first with the matter and then with the manner.

The bad novelist, instead of finding a central idea for an environment, invariably finds an environment for a central idea. With him the Idea is uppermost. His pseudo-creative impulse is not the vague resultant of long observation and an inclusive sympathy, but a precise and defined inclination to relate something unusual, bizarre or astonishing. The bad novelist has the same false notion as the crowd of amiable friends who persist in annoying the good novelist with the remark: "I have met *such* a queer man, or heard *such* a queer incident—I am sure you would be interested—it certainly ought to go into a book." He has not guessed that the aim of the novelist is to discover beauty in the normal, not to provide a literary freak-show; that, in fact, the novelist is attracted by the abnormal about as much as a paluter would be attracted by a woman with twelve fingers or a beard. And so the bad novelist goes in search of, or is seized by, the startling Idea; and the more startling it is, the more pleased he is with it. In one novel now before

us, the Idea to be environed is as follows: a rich and worldly widowed lord, who is also a painter, finds a female infant of surpassing loveliness. He causes her to be brought up on a remote estate in Norway, where her life is so arranged that she shall never see a man. The lord's son, so adroit is his father's scheming, falls in love with a marvellous portrait of a woman from the lord's masterly brush, and on attaining his majority is sent to the estate in Norway under sealed orders. The orders being unsealed, the son reads thus: "Ivor, my son, by the grace of Providence, you will now look upon the original of my famous picture, chaste, pure and undefiled, and she will see in you the first man she has ever beheld! And, best of all, I know that you already love her!" The pair marry. There is the Idea, hypnotizing the bad novelist, who very probably thought that in it he had happened on an entirely original method of contrasting the "belles of society" with the perfect woman. And now the author sits down to accomplish the embodiment, and one can almost hear him enquiring, "How ought I to begin?" The obvious course is to ask, "How do other authors begin?" And this is just what he does ask, and, having ascertained the answer, begins accordingly. Observe, it never occurs to him to begin by examining life and nature anew for himself. The mere Idea has already carried him far away from all considerations of truth and probability. In the present instance he begins with the reception held to celebrate the son's majority. There is no general description of it, but a few disconnected "bits," which he has evidently remembered, or ex-cogitated one by one, and strung together. The attitude towards "society belles" is sarcastic. "The two girls squeezed our hands with the formula smile, lifted their precious silks about their legs, and squeezed into the car-

riage in front of their mother, whose enamelled shoulders shuddered a moment in the night air." And later on are such phrases as "veiled vulgarity," "*sous-entendu* doubly clear and disgusting to a refined creature." Such observations, as they presented themselves to him, he would certainly deem both original and effective. We next come to the father's portrait of the mysterious damsel. The author's purpose is to make this picture impressive, and the means which he adopts are exactly those which would be used by a man ignorant both of life and art. "Unanimously pronounced by the Press as the accomplishment of the year. Such was the witchery of this famous work that little knots of fascinated picture-lovers would linger at the canvas during its tenure at [sic] the Academy and gaze upon it long and with swimming eyes, unconscious of the fleeting time, and marvel at the wonderful beauty of the dreams which it inspired rather than at the radiating loveliness of the picture itself." Now, if the bad novelist could have walked out of his study, had a cold plunge, gazed inimically into the mirror and said to his face: "Do people stand long rapt and with swimming eyes before pictures in the Academy?" there might have been hope for him. But of such a feat of detachment he is constitutionally incapable, and so gaining momentum page by page, he wanders further and further away from reality. He is lost. Often you can see him puzzling where to go, what to say next, and saying the most ludicrous things in his bewilderment. As thus: "It being bad form to notice any peculiar habits or fads of one's guests, I have no very clear impression of the Lord Archibald's conduct as he left the house." Or again: "That, said as it was with a dreamy, far-away look, would have flattered some men and made them sensible of an unconquerable desire to

throw their arms round her neck and embrace her or raise her hand gently to the lips and imprint upon it a kiss full of the profoundest meaning. Such, however, was my father's training that my mind was entirely innocent of any leaning in that direction." And so the bad novel continues, at haphazard, an inconsequent farrago of conscious and unconscious imitations interspersed with original fatuities, until the last ecstasy—"Ivor, my own, my dearest love, now we shall be together always, on earth and in heaven, always, always together." The Idea is clothed.

In regard to the manner of the bad novel—by which we, of course, mean the literary manner—the commonest and most pervading characteristic of it is the tendency to write, not in words, but in phrases. As Schopenhauer said of unintelligent authors: "They combine whole phrases more than words—*phrases banales*." There is no clearly defined thought. "It is only intelligent writers who *place individual words together with a full consciousness of their use*, and select them with a deliberation." The subject of *phrases banales* is much too large to be entered upon here. The habit of thinking in phrases leads, by a curious attraction, to the habit of imagining in episodes or lumps of event, instead of detail by detail. Thus, when a hero is suddenly called away on a journey, all the rigmarole of acts previously performed by other heroes so placed is set out in full. "I scribbled a few brief notes cancelling the engagements I had contracted;" or, at the end of the journey: "I at once dismissed the driver with a fee that made his old eyes sparkle." It is the same with descriptions; they are conceived in a chunk; there is none of the *minutiae* of invention, but a vague reminiscence of some remembered whole. Thus, the account of a young lady's boudoir (in a novel which opens: "Everybody knows Champington, the

little town nestling in the Surrey hills") begins: "The room was tastefully and elegantly furnished in a style that signified a woman's inspiration;" then follows a page and a half of descriptive clichés; and the last phrase is: "Odor of roses and mignonette." Even there the bad novelist cannot drop his chunk of remembered episode, for on the next few pages we meet with these locutions:—

Sol shot his beams of light athwart the window.

So, at least, Sol seemed to say to Alice Lawson, a winsome . . .

"How delicious!" she cried, taking a deep inspiration of the flower-scented air.

"Heigho!"

Now, why do young girls say "Heigho!" often when they have not a trouble in the world?

Nine pages elapse before the bad novelist is able to free himself from the spell cast by the incantatory phrase, "The room was tastefully and elegantly," etc.

The bad novelist betrays himself by his nomenclature and his headings. The aristocratic lover of our Norwegian paragon is styled "The Hon. Ivor Treherne;" when the bad novelist wants to create a person of true distinction, he always, as a first step, calls him Treherne, or Dalrymple, or Anstruther. Here are some of the chapter-headings from the Champington novel—"A Baffling Quest," "Toilers in Babylon," "Link by Link," "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," "Alas!" "A desperate dilemma."

To conclude, the most pathetic literary shortcoming of the bad novelist is his entire inability to say what he wants to say—a shortcoming not often noticeable because he so seldom wants to say anything in particular. There are rare moments, however, when one can perceive that he really has some-

thing on his mind. To witness his struggles then is painful. The expert penman is frequently conscious of having, despite himself, written differently from his intention, of having compassed a passage, but not at all *the* passage. The bad nov-

elist, by simple amateurishness, "never gets anywhere near" his real thoughts. He is continually stultifying and falsifying himself, posing as a bigger fool than actually he is. That is his tragedy which he does not suspect.

The Academy.

THE ART OF FICTION MADE EASY.

It happened the other evening, when we were in company with some ingenious gentlemen, that the conversation turned on the subject of literature. Literature, be it noted, to most gentlemen, however ingenious, means nothing more or less than the few novels which happen to have been latest published and read, or possibly not read, for men may talk with a more open mind when their judgment is not warped by the prejudice of knowledge. Our conversation, then, was entirely connected with the fiction of the hour, and we certainly shall not quarrel with the reader if he is now convinced that our conversation was not worth recording, for indeed it was not and we should not dream of troubling him with it. In its course, however, one or two remarks were passed which have since remained in our memory, not so much for their intrinsic value as for the trains of thought which they naturally suggest. One gentleman, who was standing with an air of large-hearted proprietorship before the fire, took upon himself the somewhat difficult duty of settling the relation of the general public to fiction, and we are bound to say he acquitted himself of it lightly enough. "In this connection," he said, "there is no such thing as a general public; mankind in its relation to novels is divisible into three classes; those (and they are the largest class) who write novels and do not read them,

otherwise known as authors; those who read them and do not write them, of whom it is safe to conjecture that at least half will eventually remove into the first class; and lastly those who neither read novels nor write them; they are the critics, whose reviews are so helpful to us in choosing a course of holiday reading."

As we know, there are some who would even speak disrespectfully of the equator, therefore it is hardly necessary to dissect this sweeping summary into its primordial inaccuracies, and hang the atoms up for public derision. The omniscience of an evening is soon forgotten, and in the gray light of the following morning its possessor is again the ordinary ignorant mortal whose opinions are founded dutifully upon his daily paper. But these remarks are not without a certain suggestiveness. The number of novels put forth yearly for the consideration of a patient world is enough to make the brain reel and the heart grow sick, if, that is to say, one is conscientious enough to desire to keep level with the conversational times. Conscience, however is daily becoming less esteemed; it may be compared to an aching tooth which arouses in the sufferer only one wish, to kill the nerve. So, we suppose it has come about that after a long course of conscience-killing man looks with indifference on the output of novels with which he can never hope to

keep pace, even to so slight an extent as to know most of them by name. Perhaps, too, he has another source of consolation. He may have written, be writing, or intend to write one himself.

This, of course, puts the whole matter in a very different light, for it makes all other novels seem to him small and unimportant, trivial matters in no way connected with his own world. A Greek philosopher gave it as his opinion that "Man is the measure of himself;" we think that this statement reversed, "The measure of himself is man," though doubtless less philosophical, is a good deal more true to life; for, after all, what really interests a man is that which concerns himself, and no less true is the opposite, what concerns a man is that which interests him.

If then this source of consolation be admitted, it remains to be considered how large a number are benefited by it. We will not definitely state our own opinion on the matter, as it is highly inartistic to deal violent blows unexpectedly; more subtly we will put a question to the reader, which he may answer to himself without prejudice. Has he ever had an acquaintance whom he has not at some time suspected of a tendency to fiction, of the intention or desire, that is to say, of some day achieving fame and fortune by means of a novel? We fancy he will be hard put to it to answer in the affirmative, if his experience has been in any way comparable with our own. The bad habit of writing is not now the cherished property of the few; it is part of the natural equipment of the many, whether it actually results in a book or not. It is not improbable that the time-honored natal endowment of the silver spoon will shortly be set aside as out of date, and that a gold nib will be substituted, or some other emblem indicative of the infant's future brilliancy as a writer.

The next remark, which we will permit ourselves to quote, came from the youngest member of the company. In the pleasing vernacular of the rising generation he said that a certain novel was "jolly rotten." Pressed to explain, he said that the characters were "a lot of dummies" with about as much life as "my hat," while the grammar and style were "awful," and the plot "as old as the Ark." The book which he anathematized with such discriminating nicety, is one of the sort that is advertised by publishers as "A strong story, brightly written, holds the interest from the first page to the last." It is, in short, a typical modern novel, no better and no worse than hundreds of others. Doubtless our young friend did not choose his words as carefully as he probably would have chosen them if he had been writing a review of the work in question; but making allowances for the force of modern speech, we are bound to say that his judgment was not at fault, and that the book of which we were speaking is "jolly rotten." We are compelled to go further, since we have said that it is typical, and to apply this hearty criticism to the whole class to which it belongs, that is to say, to the great majority of modern popular novels.

This will possibly shock susceptibilities of one kind and another, but what else are we to say of these lamentable productions? And how could they for the most part be other than lamentable, when we find the whole world turning author? It has come out at last, though we said a little while ago that we would not give our opinion. The trouble is that everybody, fit or unfit, wise or foolish, learned or ignorant, thinks himself or herself capable of writing a novel; and worse still, is not content with the gratifying thought but is at once eager to put it to the proof. The result is the hundreds of "jolly rotten"

novels aforesaid; books uninstructed with information or imagination, unrelieved by a ghost of humor or a gleam of intelligence.

But concerning the badness of the average novel, we have said enough. Indeed it is only the profound sadness with which the subject inspires us, that has moved us to say so much. Since there is no help for it, we bear our affliction, with fortitude we trust, at least with resignation. Nor are we altogether without hope for the future. It has been borne in upon us that there is a small band of devoted workers who have set themselves the immense task of teaching the aspiring novelist how to write. Surely this is a sign that people are waking up to the fact that, to write a novel at all satisfactorily, an author must have certain qualifications, such, for instance, as a rudimentary knowledge of the English language; we do not for our own part insist upon anything so abstruse as a plot, or characters that have at least some elements of human nature in their composition.

The most recent effort in this direction that we have seen bears the imposing, yet simple, title "How to Write a Novel: a Practical Guide to the Art of Fiction;" and we learn that it forms part of the How To series, a name which is also simple, if not imposing, and certainly most suggestive for a series. The writer, who is veiled under a modest anonymity, offers some excellent advice to those who propose to set about writing novels; people who no doubt, if left alone, would produce one of the ordinary popular novels, "strong stories, brightly written," of which we have heard. It also contains some interesting information and a great deal of quotation. For the world turned author we imagine it will be a most helpful and stimulating guide. The avowed position of the writer seems to be, briefly, that he cannot teach people to

tell a good story, but if they can contribute their own story, good, bad or indifferent, he can teach them to tell it grammatically and logically; he can "increase the power of the telling and change it from crude and ineffective methods to those which reach the apex of developed art." To this Izaak Walton would have said "all excellent good;" we can at least say that it is much better than nothing. The ensurance of grammar and the avoidance of logical absurdity would be a great point gained, and would tend to make many novels if not readable, at least not entirely unreadable. We wish the author every success.

As we turn over the pages of the book we come across some pieces of advice which seem wonderfully apt for would-be authors of "strong stories." In a chapter on "Pitfalls" there are several, of which we will take one on that most entralling subject. society.

Perhaps your novel will take the reader into aristocratic circles. Pray do not make the attempt if you are not thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs of such circles. Ignorance will surely betray you, and in describing a dinner, or an "At Home" you will raise derisive laughter by suggesting the details of a most impossible meal, or spoil your heroine by making her guilty of atrocious etiquette. The remedy is close at hand; *know your subject.*

We cannot too warmly recommend the principle of this advice, but surely there might conceivably be difficulties about the last injunction. Some people are so exclusive. The young author might of course find it worth his while to call on the nearest duchess while she was giving a dinner-party in order to get his local color right; but it might, we suspect, be also worth his while to cast about for an invitation first, or failing that to let himself out as a waiter. Perhaps the latter course

would be the better, as giving more facility for observation.

Under the heading of "Topography and Geography" our author says:

Should you depict a lover's scene in India, take care not to describe it as occurring in "beautiful twilight." It is quite possible to know that darkness follows sunset, and yet to forget it in the moment of writing; but a good writer is never caught "napping" in these matters. If you don't know India, choose Cairo, about which, after half-a-dozen lengthened visits, you can speak with certainty.

This is good and sound, but surely he rates our intelligence somewhat low. We think we could undertake to say whether there was any twilight in Cairo after one visit, and that need be no very long one; after six we could speak with certainty on many other things besides twilight, on the appearance of the moon in that city, for instance. Can one lover make a scene? In a sense he could, of course, and a very unpleasant one, too, if he found a third party interfering with what our cheerful young critic would call "his best girl."

But we will not trespass further on the field of his didactic. It will be more within our own province if we venture to cull one or two flowers from his well-ordered garden of illustration. There is a most entertaining chapter on "How Authors Work," which shows us that the methods of the great novelists are at least as various as their styles, and that the embryo author who endeavored to combine them would soon come to an early grave; the grave might even be his portion if he tried to imitate some of them. If he proposes, for instance, to live by his pen, it would never do for him to follow the admirable example of Mr. Bret Harte who "has been known to pass days and weeks on a short story or poem before he was ready to deliver it into the

hands of the printer." Death in this case might be slow, but it would certainly be sure, as from the nature of things man can only exist for a certain time without more solid food than a short story or poem.

Most of the authors who are quoted in this book work, or worked, according to the inspiration of the moment, which is perhaps the most satisfactory method, if the author ever has such moments. Anthony Trollope, however, seems to have been thoroughly conscientious. He allowed himself a certain space of time for the completion of a book and entered the amount which he had written every day in a diary marked for that purpose. We know something of this plan, as we once tried it ourselves. The only drawback that we can remember was that the manipulation of the diary (ruling it neatly in red ink, counting the words already written, and so on) took so much time, that we had to devote every other day to it, and we doubt whether we gained very much. Continued practice, however, might have made us more expert, for we confess that we did not give it a very long trial. As it was, if our memory does not fail us, the novel and the diary expired together on the fourth day.

"Ouida writes in the early morning. She gets up at five o'clock, and before she begins works herself up into a sort of literary trance." This is extremely interesting, for this literary trance explains a good many things hitherto not revealed to us, as, for example, how it came about that a pretty lady (in the delectable tale of "Strathmore") was enabled to accomplish the unusual feat of castling her opponent's queen at chess; and how again Chandos, the incomparable Chandos, suffered himself to be crowned (to be sure it was by another pretty lady) with roses drenched in burgundy without a thought for his shirt-collar. The only other instance

of a writer working in a literary trance that we can recall at the moment, is where Lavengro is writing the history of Joseph Sell; but in his case it was induced by necessity, and not of his own free will.

It is very meritorious of the accomplished Ouida to rise so early, but we fear that she will find few imitators. The pernicious rhyme—

When the morning rises red,
Rise not thou, but keep thy bed;
When the dawn is dull and gray,
Sleep is still the better way—

is every whit as popular with literary men as with any other class of peccant mortals.

We know not if it even bears supposition that the young author could in any circumstances leave his well-earned sleep to sit down to his desk at half-past five in the morning. For our own part many considerations would deter us from such a proceeding. Most important is the question of breakfast, before which no man is a man worth speaking of. Then there are other things; our writing-table is by some inscrutable process put every morning into a semblance of tidiness, whereas in its normal condition (that is to say, as we left it the night before) it is a sight to make angels weep. Moreover, if on the previous evening our ingenuous friends have honored us with their company, there will have been libations, modest indeed but, by reason of glasses, decanters and other hospitable appurtenances, tending to untidiness. And further, our cheerful young critic, after the manner of his kind, is as liberal with his cigar-ashes as with his comments. No, far be it from us to begin to write in the small hours.

Morning sleep avoideth broil,
Wasteth not in greedy toll.

M. Zola, we learn, "darkens his rooms when he writes;" to hide his blushes,

we wonder? "Upon Ibsen's writing-table is a small tray containing a number of grotesque figures—a wooden bear, a tiny devil, two or three cats (one of them playing a fiddle) and some rabbits." The advantages of this are not obvious, though we seem to remember that Charles Dickens had something of a similar fancy; but there must be a purpose in it, for Ibsen says: "I could not write without them; but why I use them is my own secret." Hawthorne appears to have torn his surroundings to pieces while composing. "He is said to have taken a garment from his wife's sewing-basket and cut it into pieces without being conscious of the act. Thus an entire table and the arms of a rocking-chair were whittled away in this manner." This method is also to be deprecated for various reasons.

Of Mr. Anthony Hope we learn, through the kindness of the ingenuous Mrs. Sarah Tooley, to whom he would appear (figuratively speaking) to have unbosomed himself, that he "is found at his desk every morning, but if the inspiration does not come, he never forces himself to write. Sometimes it will come after waiting several hours, and sometimes it will seem to have come when it hasn't, which means that next morning he has to tear up what was written the day before and start afresh." The idea of Mr. Hope sitting daily at his desk with his right hand holding a pen poised over his paper, and his left outstretched to grasp the forelock of the goddess Occasion, so soon as she presents herself, is irresistible. But the possibility of Occasion turning out to be a mere *simulacrum* in a wig has in it the elements of tragedy. We are tempted to ask, what does Mr. Hope do when his copy goes off to the printer the same day? Does he content himself with tearing up a proof? We ask the question because of his latest "*Dolly Dialogue*," the one

about the roller and the bump. Did he surround himself with fragments of the "Westminster Gazette?" Several careful perusals of it have failed to reveal its meaning to us; but of course the presence or absence of inspiration is a thing an author must decide for himself, and no doubt Mr. Hope knows what he means by it.

We should dearly like to be able to work on Mr. Robert Barr's principle, for which again we have to thank Mrs. Tooley. Before he "publishes a novel he spends years in thinking the thing out." He spent ten years in thinking out "The Mutable Many!" But against this plan there are the same objections as against Mr. Bret Harte's.

On the whole we doubt whether the methods of the great masters, as set forth in this book, are likely to assist the young author materially; though they are extremely valuable if only showing (what has been abundantly shown already) that great minds and little things often agree. Perhaps the writer might have done better to treat of "How not to Write a Novel." One example is worth ten precepts, and had he taken a dozen average novels and extracted from them a few hundred examples of how the thing should not be done, his labors would, we cannot but think, have been of far more practical value. Consider, for example, the unhappy tendency to be epigrammatic, which we sigh over in so many of our younger authors, and more especially those of the female kind. The form which it generally takes is to make one woman say something spiteful about another in such a way that she can deny the soft impeachment if necessary. It is really very easy to do this, if you leave out enough words. We will concoct an epigrammatic conversa-

tion in which the character of the lady under discussion is irretrievably destroyed, while neither of the speakers is committed to anything definite.

"Ah!" said Lady Fitzclarence, "it is easy for her to be good when—"

"When?" said he.

"When she has no inclination to be wicked, or—"

"Or what?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter, but—"

"But?"

"Ah!"

This is epigram, the epigram of the average novel, the epigram which impassioned reviewers (especially when the author happens to wear petticoats) describe as scintillating, or coruscating, with wit. And how much more than the epigram is there in the average novel that might be put into this Index Expurgatorius. The grammar, the style, the plot, the scenery, the conversation, the humor! "O the humor of it!" But we do not wish to embark on the work ourselves, so we will leave the suggestion where it is, for the author of "How to Write a Novel" to use if he so pleases, and our hearty good will with it.

In conclusion we may be expected to give a word of advice to the intending author of a "strong story." Every man, it is often said, has it in him to write one good novel. Let him keep it there; let him keep it hermetically sealed within him. There is our advice in a nutshell. But if this will not content him, we have thought of a scheme of work which, properly applied, should simplify his own course, and also be of considerable benefit to the public. We offer it to him without prejudice.

(1) Do your writing whenever you are unoccupied.

(2) Take care that you never are unoccupied.

ATTHIS.

*I loved thee, Atthis, long ago,
Loved thee, nay, breathe it soft and low
For all its shattered sweetness, so—
I loved thee, Atthis, long ago!*

Once, more than life thy slightest curl
I loved to touch, to call mine,—Girl—
Thou wonder wrought in rose and pearl—
How Time has changed us in his whirl!

Yea, then thy hands about my brow
Were more than all these laurels: how
They thrilled me uttering every vow!
I cannot quite forget—canst thou?

*I loved thee: scarcely could I say
“I love thee” in that bygone day;
Too sweet a thing it seemed to play
The changes on. Said I alway?*

Ah! Wild regrets o'er ruins! Sweet,
Too wayward are Love's stealthy feet;
How all my rhythmic pulses beat
The sad refrain; relax, repeat—

*I loved thee, Atthis, long ago.
Loved thee, nay, breathe it soft and low,
For all its shattered sweetness, so—
I loved thee, Atthis, long ago,*

From "An Isleult Idyll and Other Poems."

G. Constant Lounsbury.

WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD.

It is too soon to estimate the permanent value of the work of the great worker who has been taken from us. Foreign nations, in the titles and dignities and appreciations that they have given during the last 30 years, have already spoken, and with no uncertain voice. Few will doubt that the next age will repeat their verdict—that in William Stubbs England had her greatest historian in the nineteenth century. During the last few years a new school of his-

torical writers has arisen, which has in some important respects challenged the conclusions at which he had arrived; but while many eminent names have been treated by the new writers with scant respect, that of the author of the "Constitutional History of England" has never ceased to be regarded with the highest reverence.

It was a reverence which was the reward of pre-eminently honest, minute and accurate work, and work which was in the highest sense original. Dr.

Stubbs belonged—it is a commonplace to say it—to a school, the well-defined school of Oxford historians, which owed much of its original impulse in equal degrees to the great German scientific historians and to the Tractarian movement. But he was notably the most original, the greatest, of the workers of whom the world gradually recognized him to be the leader. Haddan and Freeman, and Green, and Bright, each had characteristic powers, but he seemed to combine them all, accuracy, and a deep though often silent enthusiasm, indomitable perseverance, and a wide outlook. The leadership which his friends—as all readers of Mr. Freeman's Life will remember—were so proud to recognize came to him naturally, not only from his great powers of mind, but still more from his character. Its absolute loyalty and conscientiousness, its sincerity, its courage, its tolerance made him a man to whom workers in the same field naturally looked for guidance. Certainly they were never disappointed.

Perhaps no English man of learning, certainly no English historian, has left behind him so large a number of works of the highest excellence. In his editions of the great English mediæval chronicles beginning with those of Richard I in 1864 and ending in 1889 with William of Malmesbury, he set for English scholars at least an absolutely new standard of minute accuracy and of breadth in survey. They had all the merits of the greatest editions of classical texts, and they showed an intimate acquaintance with mediæval life which had never been equalled, and is not likely to be surpassed. The "Constitutional History of England," published 1874-1878, showed that the editor of mediæval texts was also a great original worker. Nothing on so great a scale had been attempted in England since Gibbon; and the insight, the breadth, the extra-

ordinary accuracy of the work recalled the memory of the greatest of English historians. "The history of institutions," wrote the author, in a preface which has become classical among historical students "cannot be mastered, can scarcely be approached without an effort. It affords little of the romantic incident or of the picturesque grouping which constitute the charm of history in general, and holds out small temptation to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of truth. But it has a deep value and an abiding interest to those who have the courage to work upon it. It presents, in every branch, a regularly developed series of causes and consequences, and abounds in examples of that continuity of life the realization of which is necessary to give the reader a personal hold on the past and a right judgment of the present. For the roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is."

The book which was introduced in these words was one which many people found could not be approached "without an effort;" but it was one which left on its readers the ineffaceable impression that "nothing in the past is dead." Perhaps, when it is read again and again, it appeals even more than by its massive learning, its extraordinary patience of investigation and its singular acuteness of insight, by its deep sympathy for human life. That was a sympathy which was a marked feature of its author's character. The sympathy was that of the historian, not that of the philosopher. When he went back to Oxford as Regius Professor of Modern History he said:—

I desire to introduce myself to you, not as a philosopher, nor as a politician, but as a worker at history. Not that

I have not strong views on politics, nor short and concise opinions on philosophy, but because this is my work, and I have taken it up in all sincerity and desire of truth, and wish to keep to my work, and to the sort of truth that I can help on in the inquiry; because you have plenty of politicians and plenty of scholars to whom, if they wish to have it, I certainly will not begrudge the name of philosophers. I suppose that it is truth we are all seeking, and that though the sorts of truth are distinct and the ways that we work in are very different, when we have found what we seek for we shall find all our discoveries combine in harmony; and I trust and believe that the more sincerely, the more single-heartedly we work each of us, the nearer we consciously come to the state where we shall see the oneness and glory and beauty of the truth itself. So that the theologian, the naturalist, the historian, the philosopher, if he works honestly, is gaining each for his brother, and being worked for each by his brother, in the pursuit of the great end, the great consummation of all. We may all speak humbly, the theologian because of the *exsilence* of his subject, the rest because of the vastness of our field of work, the length of our art, and the shortness of our life; but we cannot afford to speak contemptuously of any sort of knowledge, and God forbid that we should speak contemptuously or hypercritically of any honest worker.

Work undertaken in this spirit by a man of commanding ability could not fail to be great. And the characteristics of his greatest work were those of all else that he wrote. Here there is hardly space even to name them—the appendices to the report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts, Lectures on Mediæval and Modern History published and unpublished, the brilliant sketch of the early Plantagenets, lives of Anglo-Saxon saints and scholars, sermons and episcopal charges which have never been made accessible to the public—the same marks are on them all, accuracy, sym-

pathy, profound judgment. Thus, while he was a man of strong convictions and loyalties, he was never a partisan. He could speak of Dr. Pusey as "the master," and of the execution of Charles I as "the tragedy of the Royal martyr, itself the sealing of the Crown of England to the faith of the Church," without departing from the rigid impartiality of the historic teacher. "It was not my work," he said when he had held the chair of history at Oxford for ten years, speaking with the delightful humor and the sound sense which his audience came to look for in those very informal statutory lectures:—

It was not my work to make men Whigs or Tories, but to do my best, having Whigs and Tories by nature as the matter I was to work upon, to make the Whigs good, wise, sensible Whigs, and the Tories good, wise, sensible Tories; to teach them to choose their weapons and to use them fairly and honestly. Well, I still adhere to that view, and every year what I see in public life around me confirms my belief in the truth and value of the principle. How far I have been successful in acting upon it I cannot of course say; but I feel sure that the growth of sound historical teaching would have spared us such national humiliation as we have undergone, during the last few years, in the treatment of the Public Worship Act, the Judicature Act, and the Royal Titles Act. I am quite sure that both the speakers and writers on those subjects would have been very much wiser and more modest men, if they had, I will not say attended my lectures, but passed a stiff examination in the history school; if we could not have made them wiser, we would at all events have made them sadder.

Insensibly in writing of Dr. Stubbs we fall into quoting his own words. No others can so fully explain him. He made what he was, what he thought, what he taught, transparently clear to those who had eyes to see, by the

strangely elaborate but yet entirely natural complexities of his literary style. "Steeped in clerical and conservative principles" he called himself, and yet he rejoiced that he scarcely betrayed "ecclesiastical prejudice or political bias." In a fine passage he once described how he understood "the clerical spirit and mind" to be that

Which regards truth and justice above all things, which believes what it believes firmly and intelligently, but with a belief that is fully convinced that truth and justice must in the end confirm the doctrine that it upholds; with a belief that party statement and lightly colored pictures of friend and foe alike are dangerous enemies of truth and justice, and damage in the long run the cause that employs them; that all sides have everything to gain and nothing to lose by full and fair knowledge of the truth. And a clerical view of professional responsibility I take to be the knowledge that I am working in God's sight and for His purposes.

With this "clerical" outlook, the mind of Dr. Stubbs was yet essentially critical, quite as much as it was, or, perhaps, because it was, sympathetic. It was this which caused him, while he readily welcomed historical discoveries on particular points, such as those of Professor Vinogradoff, to reiterate in the last edition of his "Select Char-

Literature.

ters" a caution as to the unsound methods which seemed to him to be coming into fashion. His attitude towards the "Higher Criticism" is to be explained on the same grounds; it was an historical and critical objection that he felt rather than a theological one.

Yet no one who knew anything of the Bishop's work doubted that one of his characteristic excellences was due to the fact that he was a theologian as well as a historian. Much that has been dark to other writers on mediæval history was clear to him because he knew the theology of the Fathers and the philosophy of the schoolmen as well as the chronicles of the monks and the laws of the kings. The extraordinary width of his reading in ancient and modern literature was another special feature which gave distinction to his work. It gave, too, it may be added, inimitable humor to his lectures. Those who heard him will not forget how he illustrated Robertson's view of Charles V by the "Hunting of the Snark."

All this goes only to say, very inadequately, that William Stubbs was a great historian in the widest sense. Men in high place know too that he was a wise and great man. And those who have worked under him, as historian or as Bishop, remember, most of all, the generosity, the sincerity, the beauty, of his character.

W. H. Hutton.

THE GERMAN NAVY AND AMERICA.

The enormous expansion of the German navy now in progress has been much misinterpreted in England. With the readiness to imagine a design against ourselves, which is the result of our insular way of regarding problems of foreign policy, the Kaiser's

projects have been unhesitatingly accepted as directed against this country. This seemed to be borne out by the language of his Chancellor and was equally welcomed by German Anglophobia as the true explanation. It therefore served a useful purpose in facilitating

the passage of the Navy Bill through the Reichstag. It is not the business of a statesman to set his supporters right when their wrong views help forward the program, the full effect of which its creators alone are obliged to foresee. Nothing could have been more opportune for the Kaiser's object than the seizure of the "Bundesrath;" but it would be as well that we English should recognize the truth, namely, that the Kaiser is not building a navy in the hope of wresting from us, even twenty years hence, the sovereignty of the seas. It is a mere truism to say that the weapon once forged may be used against any adversary, but there is not the slightest reason why we ever should become that adversary, nor are we so regarded by those responsible for German foreign policy.

This is no matter of mere speculation. In the highest quarters here it is well known that no such intention ever animated the man who has shown himself singularly gifted in grasping the vital problems before his country and ignoring the ephemeral outbursts of national ill-feeling. His reasons for wishing to create a great navy have been very different. He has seen that the richest and most accessible field for the development of German energy and emigration lies in South America. But over that vast and little exploited continent hangs the shadow of the Monroe Doctrine, and in that must lie the supreme menace to German expansion. Like a wise ruler he prepares for the future and, if his own subjects choose to attribute those preparations to the wrong cause, it is no part of the Kaiser's duty as yet to set them right. The British public has at length come to appreciate rightly the loyal and sympathetic nature of the German sovereign, but we are still too ready to regard all far-reaching schemes of policy as remote and fantastic. Yet, as the

"Saturday Review" has for long been pointing out, the most severely practical reasoning leads us to anticipate that the readiest causes for future naval conflicts will be found in the struggle for the partition or the exploitation of the great South American continent. The United States have not been blind to these possibilities, for some months ago their Consuls were instructed to furnish the fullest particulars as to German colonization in that part of the world, and a glance at an ethnographical atlas will demonstrate that there are excellent reasons for the careful consideration of the matter.

Not only is South America naturally one of the richest countries on the face of the globe, but it has also the most easily accessible interior. It is provided by nature with waterways of unparalleled extent. The Amazon can be traversed for 6,000 miles, the La Plata for 4,000, 1,000 miles on the Orinoco and 600 on the Magdalena are available (or could be easily rendered so) for steamers of considerable draught. Yet the bulk of the continent is undeveloped, its soil virgin, its vast mineral wealth untouched. In a country of such a nature accurate statistics are most difficult to arrive at, but about 50,000,000 is probably the total of its inhabitants, and these lie scattered about in isolated batches. Yet there are in all $6\frac{1}{2}$ million square miles in South America, while Java, with its 50,000 square miles, can easily support a population of 24,000,000. It has been calculated that the basin of the Amazon, when reduced to cultivation, could accommodate 500,000,000 persons, where now barely 1,000,000 subsist, in fact barely one person to a square mile. South America therefore offers a field for the expansion of the world for untold generations. It cannot be said that the continent has been awaiting exploration to be known, for four hun-

dred years ago men knew all the main features of South American geography as they know them to-day. The reason for European neglect lies in two facts, the corrupt and ephemeral nature of the South American Governments and the existence of the Monroe Doctrine. The absence of security keeps away settlers and alarms capitalists; as a consequence the mineral riches of the continent rest virtually unexplored. In most South American States government only exists to exploit the governed. Up to within seven years ago there was not a single settled frontier in the continent. This led to continual war and disturbance. Yet behind this anarchical scene lay the certainty that the United States claimed the right to interfere, if any European Power became desirous of protecting its own subjects or of acquiring authority there. In short, a quarrel with a South American Republic may involve a war with the United States. That Power neither keeps its protégés in order nor allows others to do so, a hopelessly illogical position which cannot continue forever. Before they became a conquering Power, there was perhaps some shadow of justification for this attitude, now that they are themselves attacking and enslaving Eastern races the claim to speak on behalf of freedom against encroachment from without loses all logical basis. The occupation of Cuba has placed the United States in a position, the strength of which no maritime Power with interests in South America can afford to ignore. Cuba in old days formed the pivot of Spanish rule on the continent, and from thence American expansion will work. Is there anything remarkable that the Kaiser should be steadily preparing for a conflict he may well deem inevitable? He cannot be ignorant of the vigorous inquisition for coaling stations in all parts of the world now being carried on by the United States

from the Azores to Yokohama. German interests in South America are already considerable. In Brazil, in the province of Rio Grande, there are a quarter of a million Germans—nearly 30 per cent. of the whole population. In the province of Santa Catharina there are 60,000—about 21 per cent. of the population. In the same Republic there are two towns at least where the German population is as much as 80 per cent. of the whole and there are six German settlements with populations ranging from 14,000 to 25,000, some of which have a percentage of 95 Germans and at the lowest percentage 80. Altogether there are about 400,000 German settlers in Brazil alone and in Chile the two provinces of Llanquihue and Valdivia have respectively a sixth and eighth percentage of German inhabitants. Even to-day, then, Germany has a very considerable interest in the good government of South America, and it must be remembered that her population is growing enormously in excess of the capacities of the Fatherland to maintain it. No absorption of German-speaking Austria or opening up of Asia Minor for trade can meet this demand for increased space, and South America remains both the richest and the freest field, for, though some is tropical, that part which lies between the 25th and 40th degrees of latitude, where the greatest German settlements are, approximates in climate to Northern Africa and Australia.

Some such reasoning as this may well have presented itself to the Kaiser's mind and we have good reasons for holding that it did. Our own country is not the real objective of his naval designs, and never has been, but we may find ourselves in a position of similar difficulty which may demand the pursuit of a common policy. At present it is well to remove misapprehensions, and clear our mental vision for a careful consideration of the future.

We English are never over-ready to consider problems which do not actually clamor for solution, but our attitude in the event of a serious disagreement between Germany and the United States on South American affairs is worth reflection. If the Kaiser has urged us to consider it, we shall not be wise in ignoring his advice. Events in Europe, Asia and Africa may be driving us steadily but inevitably into the arms of Germany. Will it be good policy for the sake of the United States to irritate her by opposing her perfectly legitimate aims in the remaining quarter of the globe? An alliance with that

Power to maintain the Monroe Doctrine would not only be ludicrously in opposition to our own interests, but would rightly arouse every other nation to a death struggle against a genuine Anglo-Saxon menace. There is not the slightest ground either in justice or expediency why we should incur the risk. The cavalier treatment of her would-be protector by Venezuela and the resentment now being shown by the Central American republics at the calm assumption by the Senate that an inter-oceanic canal concerns the United States alone are also indications which no statesman can afford to ignore.

The Saturday Review.

THE CONTINENT AND AMERICA.

Reuter reports a speech made by Admiral Count Canevaro at Toulon to the representative of the "Figaro" which has not attracted in this country the attention it deserved. After telling his interviewer that the Triple Alliance would not be broken, but that the reconciliation with France would conduce to the settlement of many questions in the Mediterranean, the Count, in conclusion, uttered a most weighty and ominous sentence, which we may, we think, make sure was never invented by any reporter. He was convinced that the Triple Alliance and the Dual Alliance, taken together, had given Europe thirty years of peace—which, we may remark *en passant*, is certainly true—"and said that this fact would perhaps lead the European nations to consider the possibility and the necessity of uniting against America, Africa and Asia, as the future of civilization would require them to do." A great many of our readers, we doubt not, treated this extraordinary utterance as a rash outburst by an irresponsible

man, but they were, as we believe, gravely in error. Admiral Canevaro is no "man in the street." He attracted favorable attention from all Europe during the Cretan imbroglio, he has been Minister of Foreign Affairs for Italy, and he is recognized by statesmen as something more than a good sailor and clever diplomatist. His utterance, moreover, corresponds exactly with that of the Austrian Chancellor, Count Goluchowski, and with all the recent trend of affairs. There can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has watched recent developments that all Europe, moved by an almost insane desire for fresh markets, and consequently more wealth, is precipitating itself upon Africa and Asia; and there is none in ours that the Continent regards America as a dangerous obstacle to the fulfilment of its plans, and an intruder into the field of "world-policy" who is at once most embarrassing and most formidable. Africa, though not absorbed for useful purposes—an operation which will take a century—is al-

ready divided in theory and by agreement; but the attack on Asia has just begun, and the obstacle presented by America is now clearly perceived. It had been foreseen before, as the speech of Count Goluchowski showed; but the vague impression was suddenly deepened by the collapse of Spain under American blows, and the decision to build a great American fleet. That collapse startled the Continent, which for three hundred years had reckoned the Spanish Court among the members of "the European family," and unconsciously exaggerated its resources, almost as much as the descent of a brigade from Mars would startle the whole world. A force singularly potent, absolutely new, and not quite accountable had suddenly put itself in evidence, and the old conservative forces sullenly prepared for resistance or reprisal. The Papacy in particular, which has to think of Spanish America as well as the rest of the world, will never forgive the Union for crippling the most Catholic of Powers, and the influence of the Papacy, though it is indirect, penetrates all through Europe.

The annoyance of the Continent with America, which is very deep, is based upon three reasons. There is first of all a dread or rather a conviction, that competition in business with America is nearly impossible. Her wealth and energy are too great, and both are employed, as Continentals think, to monopolize trade, and so control in the end all the wealth of the world, an idea not without advocates even among ourselves. These giant Trusts are regarded as enemies, inexpressibly formidable because they do not raise prices, which would to traders be some compensation, but look to monopoly of business as their reward, and because, if the Governments fence them off with tariffs, the Americans, being Protectionists, do not scruple to commence

quick and severe reprisals. As the Governments are always trembling with nervousness lest their industrials, if driven out of work, should turn to Socialism as a refuge, this cause alone inspires them with a permanent suspicion and dislike of American action. Then they see, as yet dimly, but still without doubt, that America will interfere grievously with their plans for securing new and permanent markets. America does not interfere in Africa because Africa is negro; but the hopes of Continental Chancellors of the Exchequer turn to Asia, and in Asia it is clear that America will be sadly in their way. The whole action of Washington in this Chinese muddle points to a single conclusion, that although Americans took the Philippines, they are unwilling to see any but native Powers in possession or control of the richer countries of Asia. They do not much mind England, because she admits all the world to share her commerce, or Russia, because they regard Manchuria as a mere railway route, but they are utterly opposed to a partition of China, or a subjugation of Japan, or any other great change which would place their manufactures at a disadvantage. That opposition is most irritating to men who sincerely believe that open trade is of no use to them because America and England are sure to get it, and who look therefore to conquest in one form or another as the only permanent protection for their industry. The bitterness is all the deeper because it is, in a sense, philanthropic, those who feel it honestly pitying their own people because they cannot in the fierce competition which prevails get enough work to do. And lastly, every State on the Continent feels keenly the dog-in-the-manger attitude of America about the future of South America. She will neither take it nor let anybody else. There lies the vast continent with scarcely anybody in it.

with climates which, though varied, do not prohibit European labor, with sources of wealth in the soil that are practically limitless, and with vast rivers which render entrance into the far interior at once cheap and easy. There is no prize left in this rapidly dwindling little planet like South America. Germany would like the whole of Brazil, in which she is already strong; Italy, even now, sends her children by the hundred thousand to Argentina; France would feel richer if she could acquire the hinterland of Guiana and even Hungary would much rather that her Slav children, who in tens of thousands are doing the hard work of North America, should find acceptable homes under their own flag in Uruguay. All are warned off by the Union in a way which, as she will not annex, or even allow herself to be responsible for these territories, seems to the statesmen of the Continent the very height of selfish impertinence. Why, they think, should their children be shut out by a pure caprice from natural and profitable careers? The total result of these feelings is a bitter dislike of America, mixed with a certain dread that produces the sense expressed alike by Count Goluchowski and Count Canevaro, and not obscurely hinted at by Count von Bülow, that a league of Europe against America will ultimately prove to be "a necessity of civilization."

Our friends in America, who are in-

The Spectator.

curably optimist, believing that whatever happens all will go well with them, will not credit our description of the situation, or will even imagine that we are only pleading for the Anglo-Saxon alliance which we have so often predicted for the future. They are in error. We have not stated the case against the Continent—and especially in regard to Germany's aspirations and aims—half as strongly as we believe it ought to be stated, and we are entirely at ease about the Anglo-Saxon alliance. That is safe enough in the fulness of time without any help from publicists. Our object is only to waken Americans from an illusion, to induce them to increase their fleet steadily instead of by rushes, and to persuade them, if we can, to think out what they are doing, and not act as we too often do, upon the spur of the moment. They may rely on it that the Continent will lose nothing for want of planning, and that when the alliance against America of which Count Canevaro talks is transmuted from a hope into a fact, the fact will be full-grown and armed. They will then find, sorely, it may be, to their disgust, for they like to fancy themselves beloved, that, as in the Spanish War, their only ally is their half-suspected kinsman, and that, be the consequences good or bad, the freedom and the peace of the world can only be preserved by the rule, not yet accepted, that those who speak English must in the hour of danger stand together.

HEROINES AND BEAUTIES.

My own heart, "The Senile Heart," is lost to the most delightful of modern heroines. This lady is Celia in Mr. Alfred Sidgwick's novel, "The Inner Shrine." It is not about Esoteric Buddhism, as the title leads one to fear; it is about Celia. The novel is not a miracle of construction. I could not have done what the author does with Billy. Some may think the Major wooden, but only by being wooden could this military stoic avoid dishonor, under the most terrible temptations. The Clatworthys may be a little caricatured, but one can never forget them, especially Mr. Clatworthy, who, after being twice knocked down, was ready "to let bygones be bygones. A gentleman can say no more and no less." Lady Helen, too, is as original as she is sympathetic. But Celia alone is a jewel, a delightful, gay, honest English girl; without a touch of the modern in her frank and charming nature. I am sure she never even heard of Maeterlinck, and she would laugh at Ibsen. In fact if a reader wants to be honestly in love, now is his opportunity. To love Celia is indeed a liberal education.

So fair a creature reminds one of Beauty in general. I lately read a book by a lady, in which she took it for granted that beauty was universal in ancient Greece. But surely there is a Greek original, I forget where, of the passage in Lucretius about the lovers who adore the defects of the beloved, and they are just the defects which we see every day in pretty English faces. The pretty girls of Tanagra, in the clay figurines, are not classically perfect, and I do not suppose that the artists saw none but beauties, though, like Leech and Du Maurier, they made

all their young women pretty, as do our fashion-plates, granting the artists' peculiar ideal in these works of art. Perhaps we never do see an absolutely beautiful face, like that of the mutilated Psyche of Naples, for example. Possibly I did once see one, and it seemed so strangely familiar that I mentioned the name of a great living painter to the lady. Then she mentioned that she had sat for one of his most exquisite pictures of a Greek subject, and that was why the face of a stranger seemed familiar. No, one does not come across the ideal.

The prettiest faces seem to be worn in shops and omnibuses. They are not very common in the Park, rather notably the reverse. Nor are they very common in the "educated classes," or classes that are supposed to be educated. I mean among the ladies who have been firmly taught German, but cannot oblige one with a construe of a passage in that awful language. The prettiest persons are not of the class which has coped unsuccessfully with German and is highly cultivated. The old Houses, some of them, have for hundreds of years given birth to a series of beauties, "looking like angels," as an undergraduate wrote of Lady — — in 1643; our own generation has the counterpart of Lady — — in face and name. Natural selection comes in here, the wealthy being not without a good chance of deserving the fair. In a crowd neither men nor women look well—in a crowd or in a photographic group. A mass of schoolgirls make the observer despair, and a mob of schoolboys look all of one pattern. The finest head and most intellectual that I ever saw was that of a girl of fourteen looking over a gate in the

country. She resembled Shakespeare; but probably she is a dairymaid. Among our poets perhaps only Tennyson, Byron and Shelley looked the part; I speak but of the dead; many young poets look the part, but one is not so sure about the poetry.

Environment and climate have no doubt much to do with beauty—an original remark. There is an ancient city, much exposed to the east wind, where the children are pretty, but, as they grow up and fight the eastern blasts, things are no longer the same. Their ancestresses used wisely to wear masks, and Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Fleming and Mary Livingstone, with Mary Stuart, kept their looks. The cauld wind did not penetrate the masks or mufflers. Many places famed for beauty, like Arles, are disappointing. To be sure, at Arles we beheld no woman under fifty, so it would not be just to blame the town. There is an island famous for its verdure and its wrongs; I leave other critics to record their impressions of the beauty of its daughters, not selected examples, but on the average. An English town is known as "The City of the Plain," Queen Elizabeth is said to have remarked on the subject with despotic frankness. Without intending to be rude, I cannot help thinking that you see more handsome men in Germany than beautiful women; perhaps drill has something to do with it. If we could return to Athens for a day, old Athens, might we not be disappointed? These shawls over women's heads, like the kerchiefs of the women at Bologna, were perhaps deceptively becoming. In our time "fifty is the fashionable age," as Mr. Hardcastle is told in "*She Stoops to Conquer*." The decadent poets of the Greek anthology sometimes express the same taste very prettily. Still it is decadent. "*Youth will be served*," and "*Sweet and Twenty*" has a natural advantage over "*Sweet and Forty*."

in spite of all the modern novelists. I like my heroines to be young and unmarried, in the good old way, while denouncing the juvenile and daring critic who spoke of Queen Guinevere as "a wall-flower."

When your heroine is a married woman, her husband never really has a fair show. He is always a brute. This cannot be the case in actual life, if looked at without prejudice. Nobody will have the courage to marry a pretty lady if he is to become, *ex officio*, a brute: "Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's husband." He was not a brute when he came wooing, or why did the heroine marry him? He was good-looking, brave, clever, "and just as religious as my Isabella likes." But when he has passed the altar, and entered on the run home, "long and dusty and straight to the grave" (said Mr. Stevenson cheerfully), then his character becomes too horrid. Then Another appears, a sympathetic Another. Now the charm of Celia (to whom I return fondly) is that the idea of philandering with a married man never even occurred to her mind, any more than the notion of shop-lifting. Mr. Sidgwick says a word or two about the elegant doctrine of Passion being an excuse for everything. How many passions? How often? Is the passion of hatred an excuse for dirking the object of your aversion? Is the passion for alcohol an excuse for stealing whisky? Is a passion for angling an excuse for getting over your neighbor's fence and catching your neighbor's trout? Why is a fancy for a moustache, or a gray eye or so, or even for a sympathetic person who likes the same poetry as you prefer, and is a saintly character, to be an excuse for the practises of our married heroines? Poaching is poaching, even when performed for the purest and most soulful motives, which unluckily, lead to those rather vulgar and distressing reports in the newspapers. Shake-

speare's married heroines are not all immaculate. But Lady Macbeth was quite loyal to Mac; so was Desdemona to her Moor (a brute, if you like); and generally I do not remember that Shakespeare ever invites our sympathies for our modern kind of married heroines. In a novel Desdemona would have been fond of Iago; Lady Macbeth of Macduff or Banquo; Imogen of What's-his-name, and so forth. Æschylus did not approve of Clytaemnestra; Homer had a low opinion of Ægisthus; and as for Helen of Troy, that

was fate, and she could not help it, and was very sorry afterwards. We hear plenty about the delightfully free and easy ideas of the Greeks, from critics not familiar with their literature. But Penelope was Homer's idea of what "one unceasing wife" ought to be, and Nausicaa, an unwedded maid, was his idea of a heroine. She was just like Celia—excuse my infatuation! All this is "simply not modern," as the Englishwoman who wrote the Love-letters says with an air of some superiority.

Longman's Magazine.

Andrew Lang.

A SONG.

In the fairyland of sleep,
Where the crooning streams
Shine in many a wavy sweep
Round the Hill of Dreams,
Comes the world to wander, when
Night unlocks the gate to men.

They that sorrow, they that go
Softly in their mirth,
As the light is wearing low
Weary of the earth,
And, like children hand in hand,
Enter into fairyland.

All the phantoms of the day
Vanish with the sun,
Swift as smoke that melts away
When the flame is done;
In their stead in gay attire,
Shine the shapes of heart's desire.

Banished and forlorn, I dwell
By the outer towers,
Listening to the passing bell
Of the dying hours,
All the night long while I keep
Vigil by the gates of sleep.

Edward Wright.

Literature.

DIANE DE POITIERS.*

Miss Hay, in compiling this thorough little monograph, has done her readers two services: the first to recall with exactitude the details of a famous life, the second to lend matter for that general reverie which is for our Europe a memory of youth.

There runs through the sixteenth century a quality that fascinates by contrast, tempts forward and yet alarms our own. You may call it grandeur or freedom, but its closest name would be nature itself. By which I do not mean that, even then, men could follow—as Rousseau asked them to at last—every instinct or mix entirely with the life of the world. The breaking of bonds and custom could but affect the rich, and, even for the rich, could affect but a small part of their lives, but that little drop of wild dew, slipped into a corner of the cask, worked all the wine of the State, and you find springing out of the ruins of the Middle Ages such vigorous and happy shoots of life as never yet were seen in Europe since the times of the Heroes. The lyrics, the plays, the random essays, the laughter that swelled out larger than satire or irony, the architecture which still moves us with a sense of vague luxury, and the judicious delight in learning, all these things lead on the vigorous race of these creative generations from Leonardo through Goujon to de l'Orme, from Erasmus through Rabelais to Montaigne. And of all the gods released from prison, Love and the Graces went first, even beyond the Muses. The air of the Renaissance was full of a charm that coqueted with license, and that discovered restraint and measure in nothing less

subtle than such fine rules as art and proportion might enforce. The spirit was almost that mixture of the careless gods and the good beasts that it pretended to be, even though it could, of its nature, last but a very little time. Though men must performe re-enter sadness and perplexity even after such a holiday, yet for such time as it governed the rich of Europe it endowed them with a kind of noble ignorance as though they had touched a golden age and come to a place older than Eden, love without shame.

The great ladies who came into the ring of the Renaissance influence need a judgment special to themselves. For one must include in that gracious circle virtue and unrestraint, the wife and the mistress of a king. The purity of Dudley's bride who died yet a child, the luxury of the Valois court, the unforseeing lightness of Mary Stuart, the hardness of Catherine, perhaps even the tortuous ability of Elizabeth must be taken as part of a general spirit at whose origins lay the nobility of Margaret of Navarre and the strange but simple influence that shone from the woman who has furnished the subject of this book. Why do all these varied characters stand together in the mind of history? Because they inspired in common a passionate and exalted devotion which was more like an act of worship than an effect of passion. It was as though first love had settled even in the debauch of the time. You will not surpass, you will hardly match in the phrases of the youngest lovers the mingled exaltation and simplicity with which these ladies were addressed; nor are we ashamed to have included in the list Catherine and Elizabeth, who happened to outlive the sincerity of their followers, but whose

* Madame Dame Dianne de Poitiers: a Monograph by Marie Hay. London: Bum-
pus. 1900. 25s. net.

youth had breathed the same generous air as the rest.

Diane de Poitiers very singularly summed up in herself this wonder of the sixteenth century. A devoted, careful wife and yet for a whole reign the unlawful mistress of a Court, tolerated so strangely by Catherine and ruling so openly with Henry, she epitomizes the character in which that generation stands separate from all that came before and after it. The episode was classical in its dignity of movement and yet it almost touched upon the grotesque in the contrast of its various parts. Consider that scene where the Rue St. Antoine widens out beyond the Hôtel de Ville, and where there used to stand in it like an island, the narrow green that was used for fairs and tournaments. It was there that Henry was to meet with his death wound from the lance of Montgomery. The summer tourney of 1559 was strictly a Court function; it was organized in honor of a royal marriage and it was arranged in all its details with that minute etiquette which even then had grasped the King. Yet the King rode into the lists for Diane; gave her the honor of his facile victories and actually wore her livery, streaming into the charge with great pennons of black and white for his ensign. Even if so much pageantry had been but an empty symbol, some Froissart piece of stage-play, it would have been strange enough. This last true man of the dying Valois, with his strong horsemanship, his long forceful melancholy face calling half Europe and its dignitaries to witness in the presence of the Queen such devotion to another woman. But it was much more than stage-play, for the whole of Henry's perilous sad heart had been taken up with Diane from the beginning of his youth; forging at white heat phrases worthy of a great poet, and thinking of her as the light of himself and of his kingdom.

The inexplicable character of that union continued after death. You may discover it in the great dignity of the letter she sent to Catherine, when the Medicean woman found her full power after her husband's death and broke Diane into exile. She was more the widow than Catherine, as she had been during Henry's life more the mother to Catherine's own children than Catherine herself had been. In her retirement, in the fairy-land of Anet, where she passed those last seven years, "making her soul," all the appurtenances of royalty came of themselves. De l'Orme built the Tuilleries for Catherine, but he built Anet for Diane. Goujon gave grudgingly or not at all to Paris after Henry's death, but everywhere at Anet his genius called up the French Renaissance and strengthened a hundred details. Palissy had his furnaces in the Tuilleries Gardens; his best work was in the service of Diane. She remained there, then, in a royalty of sorrow and something allied to but more noble than romance, making such a figure as the great soul of the sixteenth century loved to honor. The laced initials of her lover and herself, the "H. D.," might be effaced from the Louvre (one only remains), but she stamped them in profusion upon her splendid books and her hands touched them always on the binding as she read her Plato, and felt how her wide experience caught hands with the Greeks in spite of time. She dared to put the Crown above her arms, changing perhaps in old age the coronet of her birth and marriage into the Royal emblem; she quartered the Fleur de Lis. In the spring of 1556, she, who had never known autumn and whose unceasing beauty had been half the marvel of her life, died. She was nearly seventy years old. That also is a feature in which the sixteenth century works miracles, its contempt for time: the burden of Shakespeare's sonnets. This

woman was born just before the century itself. She was sixty years old when Henry had made that great show in her honor and had died, she was twenty years older than the man who had been absorbed in her grace and power.

But of all this story and of the eminent time which it illustrates and sums up, no character is more emphatic than its evanescence. The vision of the Renaissance passed in the deaths of but a score of men; the large air and the content in living, the endless experiment of freedom suddenly decayed. A little child that had seen Diane in her last years would indeed have passed his manhood in the traditions of this

pagan liberty, but he would have spent his latter maturity and old age in the grinding of the counter-Reformation and the Puritan, in a welter of theological dust, in the beginnings of Bureaucracy, in the furbelows and laces and verbal quips of the seventeenth century; brick for stone in the houses of Mansard, and in the place of the splendid porticoes of Lescot, rococo stuff from Italy all plaster and twirls. And this which is the tragedy of the spirit of the sixteenth century is also what makes it stand out in separate relief against the background of History; that it had so sharp a beginning and so definite an end.

Hilaire Belloc.

The Saturday Review.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

There is a noble river making glad
The City of our God. Its waves find rest
Within that harbor where we fain would be;
Its springs lie deep within each human breast.
Cast thou thy treasures on these watery ways,
And thou shalt find them—after many days.

The vivid gladness of thy dewy morns,
The fresh expansion of thy lifetime's spring,
Thy slain ideals and thy buried hopes:
All these, and more, the forceful tides shall bring.
Cast thou thy treasures on these watery ways,
And thou shalt find them—after many days.

Chambers's Journal.

Antonia Kennedy-Laurie Dickson.

